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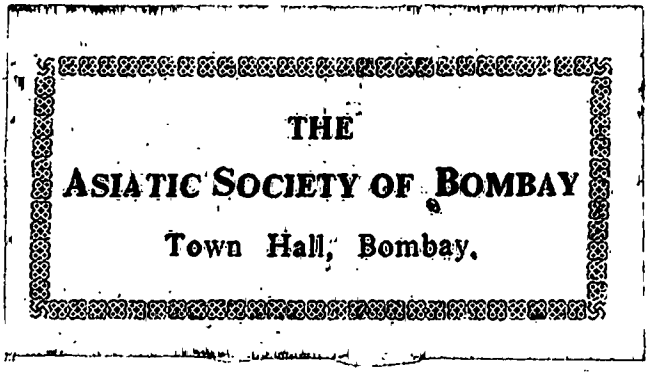

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ARTHUR MURPHY ESQR.

Published as the Act directs May 10th 1786 by Thos. Cadell in the Strand.

THE

WORKS

43815

OF

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

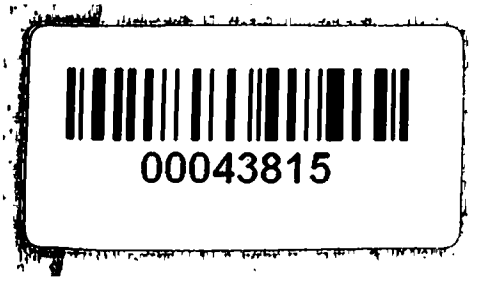
IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

——— ME TABULA SACER
VOTIVA PARIES INDICAT UVIDA
SUSPENDISSE POTENTI
VESTIMENTA MARIS DEO.

Hor.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.
M DCC LXXXVI.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PREFACE.

IN giving this edition of ſuch pieces as I have written in the courſe of ſeveral years, I hope I may be allowed the liberty of a few preliminary words, even though they relate chiefly to myſelf. It is not my intention to encroach too far upon the reader's patience, much leſs to trouble him with anſwers to the cavils of critics, or vindications of myſelf or my writings. The works here collected (except the tranſlations, and a new tragedy in the laſt volume) have been all, at different times, before the public. Their fate has been long ago decided. Nothing, that I now can offer, will extenuate faults, or place the beauties (if any there are) in a more advantageous light. I may, however, be permitted to obſerve, that the greateſt part of what is here offered to the public was finiſhed many years ago. I ſet out as an author at a very early period of life.

The *Gray's-Inn Journal* was begun, I may ſay, in a frolic: That it was continued, was owing to the reception it met with. A little temporary ſucceſs made me fancy that I could write. Since that time, I have often thought, that I was retailing my little ſtock, when I ought to have endeavoured to add to it: I was writing, when I ought to have been reading. The reſt of the ſeveral pieces followed in quick ſucceſſion, and, perhaps, with too much rapidity. *Statius*, as I remember, is the only author of antiquity, who deſires to take ſhelter under the excuſe of quickneſs and diſpatch. I may ſay with him, *Diu multumque dubitavi, an hos libellos, qui ſubito calore, et quâdam feſtinandi voluptate fluxerant, cum ſinguli de ſinu meo prodiiſſent, congregatos ipſe dimitterem.* That writer adds, and indeed ſeems to boaſt, that ſeveral of his poems were written in one day, and few in more than two. Being upon the point of publiſhing an entire collection of his detached pieces, he begins to fear that the celerity, with which they were written,

will be no longer an excuſe, when their novelty is loſt. *Neceſſe eſt multum illis pereat ex veniâ; cum amiſerint, quam ſolam habuerunt, gratiam celeritatis.* Though I cannot pretend to have felt, while I was writing, the vigour and ſpirit of that celebrated poet; yet now, when my work is over, I may be allowed to ſympathize with him in his doubts and fears. The dramatic pieces, here collected together, do not follow one another in order of time, as they were written; for the information, however, of ſuch, as may have that kind of curioſity, at the end of theſe ſheets, the reader will find an arrangement of them in their chronological order.

For the defects, that haſte may have occaſioned, I have endeavoured, by a careful reviſal, to make all the atonement in my power. While the pieces lay ſcattered abroad, like the Sybil's leaves, it was natural that I ſhould wiſh to ſee them in a more correct form. In giving this Edition, I hope that I ſhall not be charged with vanity or preſumption. The public, at

various times, have given to theſe works ſome degree of ſanction; and, if I have laid out a portion of my time in an honeſt endeavour to render what they approved leſs inexcuſable, the attempt, I hope, may be fairly deemed a mark of reſpect for thoſe, who have done me ſo much honour. In the whole Collection there is but one piece, to which a name of high rank is prefixed. The Public have been my only patrons. With a thorough confidence in their juſtice, I ſtood forth upon all occaſions; no party made, no cabal, no intereſt to protect me. Though the love of fame was among the inſtigations, that ſet me to work, I can boaſt, with pride, that I uſed no little artifices to obtain it. I had no ſhare in a Newſpaper, though I know thoſe, who thought ſuch an acquiſition a ſtep in their road to celebrity. But the praiſe, which a man gives himſelf, implies that no one elſe comes up to his mark; and the abuſe, which he throws out againſt others, will avail but little: he, who would eclipſe his rival, has no way of doing it but, by writing better.

In

In the courſe of my theatrical career, I beg leave to repeat, that I relied upon the Public, and the Public only. During the whole time I had no reaſon to think that I was in favour with the Manager. Were I inclined to revive the memory of petty diſputes, I could ſtate the number of impediments, that were thrown in my way by Mr. *Garrick*; but of that performer I am now willing to remember nothing but his inimitable talents. I regret the loſs of ſo great a genius in his art; and in the idea of the conſummate actor my reſentments are loſt. The misfortune of *Garrick* was, that he never had due confidence in his own talents. His love of fame was unbounded, but it was *tremblingly alive all o'er*. He lived in a whiſpering gallery, always liſtening, and anxious about himſelf. Upon ſuch a diſpoſition they, who lacquied after him, could make what impreſſion they pleaſed. A word was ſufficient. He took fire at the ſlighteſt hint; and they, who had ſiniſter purpoſes to anſwer, ſaw the avenues, by which they were to approach him. By the arts of ſuch men, he,

he, who might always have been at eaſe, and by his talents deſerved to be ſo, was ever involved in little diſputes and jealouſies, that made him unhappy through life.

Were I inclined to open wounds, which have long been cloſed, I could claim ſome merit with the Public, by ſtating the difficulties, which I often ſurmounted, to make my way to their favour. Of the ſmall tribe of wits and critics, who never ceaſed to nibble at every piece that I offered to the ſtage, I have but little to ſay. The truth is, they gave me no diſturbance. I ſometimes ſaw their libels, and I made no reply. The taſk were endleſs. Men, who cannot think through a dozen connected ſentences, can ſpin out a paragraph, and if it teem with virulence, they think they have performed wonders. To the degree of credit, whatever it be, that I have acquired with the public, they have been enemies, at leaſt, twenty years: but by repeating their efforts, they con-

feſs

feſs to this hour, that there is ſtill ſomething to be pulled down. I have ſometimes the pleaſure of hearing that the piece, which is groſsly abuſed in ſome morning paper, is applauded at the theatre in the evening. While this continues to be the caſe, have I not reaſon to ſmile at the ineffectual efforts of envy, or of malice? A bad critic is generally a bad man: he is out of humour himſelf, and he wants to communicate his rancour to others.

But I have, perhaps, treſpaſſed too long, and the ſubject, I know, is unintereſting. I ſhall only add, that, in this Edition will be found, all that I have written, or would now be anſwerable for, except an *Eſſay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding*, and a tranſlation of *Marmontel's Beliſarius*. Of the political papers, which fell from my pen many years ago, I hope no trace is left. With all the ardour of youth, and the inexperience which belongs to it, I engaged in that field of controverſy; but I was ſoon taught by Sir *Richard Steel* to abandon it for ever. In ſome part of his

his works, that lively and agreeable writer relates a ſtory, which determined me to purſue that road of ambition no further. Were the book at hand, I ſhould give it in his own words. It now muſt loſe that grace, with which he could decorate whatever he told. The ſubſtance is as follows: Two rival nations were divided from each other by a wide river. At their joint expence they threw a bridge over the current, and preſerved a communication. In the councils of one of theſe neighbouring ſtates, ambition and the rage of conqueſt were the leading principles. The plan of an invaſion was concerted with the profoundeſt ſecreſy. Their troops were put in motion: by a forced march they poured down on every ſide to croſs the river, and take their adverſary by ſurpriſe. A farmer, who lived at the foot of the bridge, reſolved to ſerve his country in the moment of danger. To prevent a ſudden inroad, he formed the plan of a barricade acroſs the bridge, and ſent off an expreſs to the metropolis. Having called all hands to work, he contrived, with

with his carts, his waggons, and implements of huſbandry, to ſecure the paſs. An army, in the mean time, marched down to the frontier, and the enemy, finding their deſign counteracted, retired without ſtriking a blow. The parliament met: addreſſes were voted: the commander of the forces received the thanks of both houſes, and the activity of government was painted forth in terms of adulation. A member, however, roſe in his place, and, after bluntly obſerving, that, in the tide of joy, the honeſt farmer was forgotten, gave notice of a motion in his favour. The miniſter aſſured the houſe, that he intended to take his caſe into conſideration. In two days afterwards, he was as good as his word. He brought in a bill, whereby it was enacted, that *the farmer* and his *poſterity* ſhould have the ſole privilege of

BEGGING UPON THE BRIDGE.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
18th May, 1786.

A

LIST

OF THE

SEVERAL PIECES

CONTAINED IN THIS EDITION,

In order of Time as they were written and acted.

	Written	Acted
THE Apprentice, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 -	1754	1756
The Orphan of China, a Tragedy, vol. 1 -	1756	1759
The Upholsterer, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1757	1758
The Way to Keep Him, a Comedy, vol. 3	1758	1760
The Desert Island, a Dramatic Poem, vol. 3	1759	1760
The Citizen, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1761	1761
All in the Wrong, a Comedy, vol. 3 -	1761	1761
The Old Maid, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1761	1761
Alzuma, a Tragedy, vol. 1 - - -	1763	1773
Know your own Mind, a Comedy, vol. 4	1764	1777
No One's Enemy but his Own, 2 Acts, vol. 2	1764	1764
Three Weeks after Marriage, 2 Acts, vol. 2	1764	1764
The Choice, in 2 Acts, vol. 4 - -	1764	1764
The School for Guardians, in 3 Acts, vol. 4	1766	1767
Zenobia, a Tragedy, vol. 1. - - -	1767	1768
The Grecian Daughter, vol. 1 - -	1769	1772
News from Parnassus, a Prelude, vol. 4 -	1776	1776
The Rival Sisters, a Tragedy, vol. 7 -	1783	——

THE

ORPHAN

OF

CHINA;

A

TRAGEDY,

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Nuncia fama ruit, matriſque allabitur aures;
Evolat infelix, et fæmineo ululatu
Sciſſa comam, muros amens atque agmina curſu
Prima petit: non illa virum, non illa Pericli,
Telorumque memor; cælum dehinc queſtibus implet.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, Earl of BUTE,

GROOM of the STOLE

TO HIS

Royal Highneſs the Prince of WALES.

MY LORD,

THE generous concern you were pleaſed to expreſs, at the firſt repreſentation of the following ſcenes, for the anxieties of a young Author, then wholly unknown to your Lordſhip, and trembling for his firſt attempt towards "the graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt

" profitable of all poems," as Milton calls a Tragedy, was the diſtinguiſhing mark of a mind truly great, and endued with thoſe fine feelings which are the ornaments of even greatneſs itſelf. To this your innate partiality for every endeavour in the polite arts I muſt aſcribe it, that the play met with an early approbation from your Lordſhip; an approbation that was at once the author's pride, and his ſtrongeſt aſſurance of ſucceſs.

The Public have indeed very far outgone my moſt ſanguine hopes, in their reception of this piece: but now, my Lord, *The Orphan* has another ſevere trial to go through; he muſt adventure into the world, unaſſiſted by the advantages of repreſentation: he muſt enter your Lordſhip's cloſet, and there ſtand the examination of the moſt accurate criticiſm. *In Meti deſcendat judicis aures.* This cannot but be an alarming circumſtance to a writer fully conſcious of his own inability; who has not been able entirely to pleaſe even his own taſte; who deſpairs of ſatisfying others of a more exalted reliſh in the arts, and therefore craves at your

Lord-

Lordſhip's hands that protection to his induſtry, which he is aware cannot be granted to his merit.

I have the honour to remain, with the trueſt reſpect, and moſt grateful acknowledgment,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obliged,

and moſt devoted

humble ſervant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Lincoln's Inn,
April 30, 1759.

PROLOGUE.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Eſq;

POET-LAUREAT.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome: Th' exhauſted ſtore
Of either nation now can charm no more:
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try:
Our triumphs languiſh in the public eye;
And grave proceſſions, muſically ſlow,
Here paſs unheeded, as a Lord Mayor's ſhew:

On eagle wings the poet of to-night
Soars for freſh virtues to the ſource of light;
To China's eaſtern realms: and boldly bears
Confucius', morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th' imported boon; as echoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece;
Nor only richer by the ſpoils become,
But praiſe the adventurous youth, who brings them home:

One dubious character, we own, he draws;
A patriot zealous in a monarch's cauſe!
Nice is the taſk the varying hand to guide,
And teach the blending colours to divide;
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with ſhade:

If then, aſſiduous to obtain his end,
You find too far the ſubject's zeal extend;
If undiſtinguiſh'd loyalty prevails,
Where nature ſhrinks, and ſtrong affection fails,
On China's tenets charge the fond miſtake,
And ſpare his error for his Virtue's ſake.

From nobler motives our allegiance ſprings,
For Britain knows no Right Divine in Kings:
From Freedom's choice that boaſted right aroſe,
And thro' each line from Freedom's choice it flows.
Juſtice, with Mercy join'd, the throne maintains;
And in his People's HEARTS OUR MONARCH *reigns.*

DRA-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

TIMURKAN, Emperor of the Tartars,	Mr. HAVARD.
ZAMTI, a Mandarine,	Mr. GARRICK.
ETAN, educated as his ſon,	Mr. MOSSOP.
HAMET, a youthful Captive,	Mr. HOLLAND.
MORAT, a friend of Zamti,	Mr. BURTON.
OCTAR, a Tartar General,	Mr. BRANSBY.
MIRVAN, a Chineſe in the Tartar's ſervice, ſecretly a friend of Zamti,	Mr. DAVIES.
ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, Two Conſpirators,	Mr. PACKER. Mr. AUSTIN.
MANDANE, Zamti's wife,	Mrs. YATES.

Meſſenger, Guards, &c.

SCENE, PEKIN, Capital of CHINA.

THE

ORPHAN of CHINA.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter ETAN, *meeting* SELIM.

ETAN.

SELIM, from whence? What ſtation? From what poſt?
How ſtands the fate of China? Whence that tumult,
That mingled burſt of horror and deſpair,
That roſe to Heav'n, as if the ſound imported
The wreck of Nature?

SELIM.

With too ſure preſage
It ſpeaks the fall of China: all who ruſh'd
With eager hope this morning to yon plains,
To learn the earlieſt tidings of their fate,
Now back recoil; they pour into the city;
Diſmay and horror wild in ev'ry face!
Soon as they reach'd the gates, a peal of groan
Burſt forth at once!---Then ſilence deep and vaſt
Enſued, and ſorrow without tongue or utt'rance
Roams through each ſtreet; matrons and hoary ſires
All to their ſev'ral habitations preſs,

Embrace their young ones, and in penſive mood
Await their final doom.

ETAN.

Then Timurkan
Has conquer'd, and that burſt, that rent the ſkies,
Was the laſt gaſp of freedom and of laws,
A dying nation's groan!---This dead repoſe
Deepens the horror of the dreadful ſcene.
Where, Selim, is my father? Where is Zamti?

SELIM.

On the high rampart near the Eaſtern gate
But now I left him: from that poſt he views
The gen'ral panic; there beholds the ruin,
Th' inevitable ruin that ſurrounds us.
Amazement for awhile ſuppreſs'd his voice;
With folded arms he ſtood; then with a ſigh
His lab'ring boſom heav'd; at length, he cried,
The Tartar has prevail'd, and reſignation
Is now the only virtue Fate has left us.

ETAN.

To bow the neck to the fell Tartar's yoke,
Is that the reſignation Heav'n demands?
No; let us ſummon all that's left of valor;
Oppoſe the Tartar's entry, man the works,
And arm each hand for freedom: Timurkan
Will ſhrink and look diſmay'd, when he beholds
That we have ſpirits here, who ſtill can mock
His utmoſt rage, and on the brink of ruin
Snatch the ſtill wav'ring, the unſettled victory
Ev'n from the conqu'ror's ſword.

SELIM.

My friend forbear;
This tow'ring ſpirit, this impetuous ardor

Can

Can nought avail; can only heap deſtruction
On thee, on Zamti, and that beſt of women,
Your wretched mother, the forlorn Mandane,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentiment, whoſe ev'ry paſſion
Big with the image of a much-lov'd ſon,
Still turns to thee; ev'n from her country's cauſe,
And our long line of Kings, to thee ſhe turns
With the ſtrong ardour of maternal love.

ETAN.

Yes, Selim, yes, her tenderneſs of ſoul,
Ever awake, alarm'd, and prone to melt
For other's good, regardleſs of herſelf,
Starts and turns pale at ev'ry cloud that low'rs;
Sees fancied ills, and each ſad moment proves
The ſtrong viciſſitude of hope and fear.
Be it thy care, my friend, to ſee Mandane;
Aſſuage her troubled ſpirit: in this hour,
This criſis of our fate, let her remain
Safe in her lone retreat: I'll round the walls,
And ſeek my father's preſence: in his ſoul
My voice ſhall wake the patriot flame, and rouze
All that is hero in him: Selim, yes;
We'll dare for Liberty, or bravely die.

[*Exit.*

SELIM. *(alone)*

Go, gen'rous youth, go ſeek thy father's preſence;
From him thoul't learn how vain this ſwelling tide
Of deſp'rate valour.---Ha! Mandane comes,
And her looks ſpeak the horror of the time.

Enter MANDANE *and* MIRVAN.

MANDANE.

No, never, Mirvan, never---urge no more;
'Tis vain, 'tis ineffectual; gracious Hea'n!
Will not this palace drench'd in gore; the crown

Of China's Kings fix'd on the Tartar's brow;
Will not a tract of twenty years in bondage,
Ah! will not theſe ſuffice, without freſh cauſe
Of bitter anguiſh in Mandane's breaſt?

MIRVAN.

The meaſure of our woes has long been full.
Our King's dethron'd, our country laid in ruin,
Nought elſe is worth a pang.

MANDANE.

Yes all, we all
Muſt feel the kindred touch: each day the cries
Of widows, orphans, father, ſon and brother
In vain are ſent to Heav'n; the ruthleſs fury
Of theſe barbarians, theſe accurs'd invaders,
Burns with increaſing fire; the thunder ſtill
Rolls o'er our heads, engend'ring in its courſe
New flame, new vengeance, with collected wrath
To burſt at once, and bury us in ruin.

MIRVAN.

And quickly fall it muſt: the hand of Heav'n
Weighs this great empire down.

MANDANE.

No---tax not Heav'n!
Almighty juſtice never bares its arm
'Gainſt innocence and truth: 'tis Timurkan,
That fell barbarian, that inſatiate waſter,
May curſes blaſt the Tartar!---He---'tis he
Has bore down all, and ſtill his reeking ſword,
In yonder field of Death; where Corea's troops
Made their laſt ſtand for Liberty and China,
Crimſons the land with blood.---This battle loſt---
And is there then no hope?---The Tartar comes---

In

In triumph ſaid'ſt thou?---from what quarter,--how,
Whence came the tidings?

SELIM.

From yon lofty tow'r,
As my eye ſtraining toward the diſtant plain
Sent forth an anxious look, thro' clouds of duſt
The ſavage bands appear'd; the weſtern ſun
Gleam'd on their burniſh'd helms; and ſoon a ſhout
From their glad multitude proclaim'd th' approach
Of Timurkan: once more inflam'd with conqueſt
The tyrant comes, and ſoon within our walls
Uprears his conq'ring banner.

MANDANE.

Selim, go;
Again look out; gather the flying news,
And let me know each circumſtance of ruin.

[*Exit* SELIM.

MIRVAN.

Better ſuppreſs thoſe unavailing tears,
That fruitleſs flood of grief.

MANDANE.

It will not be;
Ev'n midſt the horrors of this diſmal hour,
When Fate has all transferr'd from loſt Cathai,
To vile barbarian hands; yes even now,
In theſe black moments of deſpair and ruin,
This heart revolting from the public cauſe,
Bleeds from a private ſource; bleeds for the woes
That hang o'er Zamti's houſe.

MIRVAN.

Each ſun that riſes,

Brings

Brings ſome new grief, and where our fate will ſtop,
Heav'n only knows.

MANDANE.

Ay, there,---there lies the thought
At which imagination ſtarts appall'd
With horror at the ſcene, her buſy workings
Have colour'd to my ſight; there lies the thought
That wakens all a mother's fears. Protect,
Ye pow'rs, protect my ſon!

MIRVAN.

Your ſon, Mandane!
Have you not check'd his ardor? with your tears,
Your ſoft authority, reſtrain'd the hero
From the alarms of war?

MANDANE.

Unconſcious man!
Thou little know'ſt his danger; but that truth
Muſt never paſs theſe lips.

MIRVAN.

I hope Mandane
Doubts not my honeſt zeal. Full well you know,
I bear this tyrant deep and mortal hate;
That under him I liſt, and wear this garb
In hopes that ſome occaſion may arrive,
When I may ſtrike the unexpected blow,
And do my country right.

MANDANE.

Thy loyalty,
Thy truth and honour have been ever ſpotleſs.
Beſides the wrongs, the countleſs wrongs, the wounds
He gave your injur'd family and name,---

MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Alas! thoſe wounds muſt ſtill lie bleeding here,
Untented by the hand of Time. Not all
His lenient arts, his favours heap'd upon me,
Shall cool the burning anguiſh of my ſoul.
What he, who ſlew my father! dragg'd my ſiſter,
Blooming in years, to his deteſted bed!
Yes, tyrant, yes, thy unextinguiſh'd foe
Dwells in this boſom---ſurely then to me
Mandane may reveal her griefs---

MANDANE.

No more---
My woes muſt reſt conceal'd---yet ſhould the Tartar
Learn from the captives of yon vanquiſh'd hoſt,
That China's Orphan breathes the vital air,
And to himſelf unknown, within his breaſt
Unconſcious, bears the gen'rous glowing flame
Of all the virtues of his ancient line;
Oh! ſhould they know that the dear youth ſurvives,
Their fury then would kindle to a blaze
Might ſpread deſtruction round, and in the ruin
My blameleſs ſon muſt periſh.

MIRVAN.

Seek not thus
To multiply the ills that hover round you,
Nor from the ſtores of buſy Fancy add
New ſhafts to Fortune's quiver. Zamti's care
Averts impending danger from his friends,
And o'er the Mandarine his manners pure,
And ſacred function, have diffus'd an air
Of venerable awe, which ev'n can teach
Theſe Northern foes to ſoften into men.

MAN-

MANDANE.

Yes, Mirvan, yes, Religion wears a mien
In Zamti's perſon ſo ſeverely mild,
That the fierce Scythian reſts upon his ſpear,
And wonders what he feels: ſuch is the charm
Of heart-felt Virtue; ſuch is Nature's force
That ſpeaks abroad, and in rude Northern hearts
Can ſtamp the image of an awful God!
From that ſource ſprings ſome hope. Wretch that I am!
Hope idly flutters on my trembling tongue,
While Melancholy brooding o'er her wrongs,
Lays waſte the mind with anguiſh and deſpair.
What noiſe is that?

MIRVAN.

Compoſe this ſtorm of grief;
In ev'ry ſound your fancy hears the Tartar;
'Tis Zamti this way bends.

MANDANE.

Celeſtial Pow'rs!
What lab'ring ſighs heave in his breaſt? what horror
Rolls in the patriot's eye? Thou, Mirvan, leave me,
Leave me in thoſe lov'd arms to meet our fate.

[*Exit* MIRVAN.

Enter ZAMTI.

MANDANE.

Zamti!

ZAMTI.

Mandane!

MAN-

MANDANE.

Ah! what haſt thou ſeen?
What heard? ſay, quickly tell---has Fate decreed
The doom of China?

ZAMTI.

China is no more;
The Eaſtern world is loſt; the glorious fabric,
For ages that hath ſtood, the ſeat of empire,
Falls with the Univerſe beneath the ſtroke
Of ſavage pow'r; falls from its tow'ring hopes,
For ever, ever fall'n!

MANDANE.

Yet why, ye pow'rs,
Why ſhou'd a tyrant train'd to luſt and murder,
A lawleſs ravager from barren wilds,
Where chearful day ne'er dawns, but low'ring Heav'n,
For ever rolls a turbulence of clouds;
Why ſhould a monſter thus uſurp the world,
And trample fair integrity and truth
Beneath his ruffian feet?

ZAMTI.

Far hence, Mandane,
Thoſe happy days, alas! are fled, when Peace
Here nurs'd her blooming olives, and ſhed round
Her foſtering influence---in vain the plan
Of ſacred laws by hoary elders taught,
Laws founded on the baſe of public weal,
Gave leſſons to the world: in vain Confucius
Unlock'd his radiant ſtores of moral truth;
In vain fair ſcience, and each tender muſe
Beam'd ev'ry elegance on poliſh'd life;
Barbarian pow'r prevails; whate'er the wiſe,
Whate'er the ſons of genius could inſpire,

All that bright art could give, muſt fade away,
And ev'ry virtue wither at the blaſt
Of Northern domination.

MANDANE.

Fatal hour!
More fatal ev'n than that which firſt beheld
This race accurſt within theſe palace walls,
Since hope, that balm of wretched minds, is now
Irrevocably loſt.

ZAMTI.

Name not the day,
Which ſaw this city ſack'd: freſh ſtream my eyes,
Freſh bleeds my heart, whene'er the ſad idea
Comes o'er my tortur'd mind. Why, cruel pow'rs,
Why in that moment could not Zamti fall?

MANDANE.

Thy office, and the ſymbol of thy God,
Made ev'n the conqueror ſuſpend his blow,
And murmur ſoft humanity. High Heav'n
Protected thee for its own great deſigns.

ZAMTI.

Yes, my Mandane, in that hour of carnage
For purpoſes yet in the womb of Time
I was reſerv'd: I was ordain'd to ſave
The royal child, the dear, the precious babe,
The laſt of all my Kings. Full twenty years
I've hid him from the world, and from himſelf,
And now I ſwear---kneel we together here,
While in this dreadful pauſe our ſouls renew
Their ſolemn purpoſe. Thou all-gracious Being,
Whoſe tutelary care hath watch'd the fate
Of China's Orphan, who haſt taught his ſteps
The paths of ſafety, ſtill invelop him

In ſev'n-fold night, till your own hour is come,
Till your ſlow juſtice ſee the dread occaſion
To rouze his ſoul, and bid him walk abroad
Vicegerent of your pow'r; and if thy ſervant,
Or this his ſoft aſſociate e'er defeat,
By any word or deed, the great deſign,
Then ſtrait may all your horrible diſpleaſure
Be launch'd upon us from your red right arm,
And in one ruin daſh us both together,
The blaſted monuments of wrath.

MANDANE.

That here,
Mandane vows ne'er to betray his cauſe,
Be it enrolled in the records of Heav'n.

[*Both riſe.*

ZAMTI.

And now my heart more lightly beats; methinks
With ſtrength redoubled I can meet the ſhock
Of adverſe fate.

MANDANE.

And lo! the trial comes.
Etan, why ſudden thus---

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

My honour'd father,
And you, my helpleſs mother, ah! where now,
Illuſtrious wretched pair, where will you fly?
Where ſhall your miſeries now find a ſhelter?

ZAMTI.

In Virtue: I and this dear faithful woman,
We aſk no more.

MANDANE.

Oh! ſay---what new event
Brings on the work of Fate?

ZAMTI.

Say, does the Tartar
Return unglutted yet with blood?

ETAN.

He does;
Ev'n now his triumph moves within our gates
In dread Barbaric pomp: the iron ſwarms
Of Hyperborean's troop along the ſtreets
Reeking from ſlaughter; while from gazing crowds
Of their dire countrymen an uproar wild
Of joy ferocious through th' aſtoniſh'd air
Howls like a Northern tempeſt. O'er the ranks
Proud in ſuperior eminence of guilt
The tyrant rides ſublime; behind his car
The refuſe of his ſword, a captive train
Diſplay their honeſt ſcars, and gnaſh their teeth
With rage and deſperation.

MANDANE.

Cruel Fate!

ETAN.

With theſe a youth, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Proceeds in ſullen march: heroic fire
Glows in his cheek, and from his ardent eye
Beams amiable horror.

MANDANE.

What of this youth?---

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Be not alarm'd, Mandane;---what of him?

ETAN.

On him all eyes are fixed with eager gaze,
As if their ſpirits ſtruggling to come forth
Would ſtrain each viſual nerve; while thro' the crowd
A buſy murmur ran; "If Fame ſay right,
"Beneath that habit lurks a Prince, the laſt
"Of China's race."---The murmur ſpreads abroad
From man to man, and all with one acclaim
Pronounce their vengeance on him.

MANDANE.

Why on him?
Why on that youth?

ZAMTI. *(aſide)*

Ye groundleſs terrors hence.---

ETAN.

And yet, my father, this heroic youth,
Oh! ſhould he be the Prince---

ZAMTI.

Forbear, young man,
Nor yield to vain ſurmiſe: withdraw thee hence
To the religious grove, where oft I walk
In penſive ſolitude: I there will meet thee.
[*Exit* ETAN.
Heav'ns! how each black'ning hour in deeper horror
Comes charg'd with woe!---

MANDANE.

Can Hamet be their pris'ner?

Thoſe

Thoſe eyes upturn'd to Heav'n, alas! in vain!
Declare your inward conflict.

ZAMTI.

Lov'd Mandane!
Heed not the workings of a ſickly fancy,
Wrought on by ev'ry popular report:
Thou knowſt with Morat I convey'd our ſon
Far as the Eaſtern point of Corea's realm;
There, where no human trace is ſeen; no ſound
Aſſails the ear, ſave when the foaming ſurge
Breaks on the ſhelving beach, that there your boy
Might mock their buſy ſearch, while here the Prince
Train'd as your own, eludes ſuſpicion's eye.
What woulſt thou, Etan?

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

Eagerly without,
A rev'rend ſtranger craves acceſs to Zamti.

ZAMTI.

Give him admittance. My Mandane, leave me;
Retire my love awhile; I'll come anon,
And fortify thy ſoul with firm reſolve,
Becoming Zamti's wife.

MANDANE.

Yes, Zamti's wife
Shall never act unworthy of her Lord.
Then hence I'll go, and ſatisfy each doubt
This youthful captive raiſes in my heart,
Quick panting with its fears. And oh! ye Pow'rs!
Protect my King, my Huſband, and my Son.
[*Exit.*

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI. *(alone)*

My ſpirits ruſh tumultuous to my heart.
What may this mean?

Enter MORAT.

MORAT.

Zamti!---

ZAMTI.

Hâ!---through the veil
Of age,---that mien, thoſe features---Morat!

MORAT.

Yes;
Let me once more embrace thee---

ZAMTI.

Good old man!
But wherefore art thou here? What of my boy?

MIRVAN.

Ah! what indeed?---Ev'n from the ocean's margin,
Parch'd with the ſun, and chill'd with midnight damps,
O'er hills and rocks, and dreary continents
In vain I follow'd.

ZAMTI.

Why didſt let him forth?

MORAT.

Think not thy Morat urg'd him to the deed.
His valour was the cauſe, and ſoon as Fame
Proclaim'd the Prince alive, the mighty din
Of preparation through all Corea's realm
Alarm'd his breaſt; indignant of controul

He

He burſt his covert; and now, hapleſs youth!
Alas! ev'n now he drags the conqu'rors chain.

ZAMTI.

Mandane then may ſtill embrace her ſon.
My boy ſurvives, and ſtill may live in freedom.

MORAT.

Alas! the meaſure of your woes is full.
Unconſcious of our frauds, the tyrant thinks
The Prince his pris'ner.

ZAMTI.

Ah! what ſay'ſt thou, Morat?

MORAT.

Wild through the ſtreets the foe calls out on Zamti.
Thee they pronounce the author of the fraud,
And on your Hamet threaten inſtant vengeance.!

ZAMTI.

There was but this,---but this laſt ſtab to Nature,
And here it pierces.---Was it not enough
To tear my child from his fond mother's arms,
Doom'd for his Prince to wander o'er the world?
Alas! what needed more?---Fond fooliſh eyes
Stop your unbidden guſh---I will not yield;
Oh! what a ſacrifice muſt now be made?

MORAT.

But when the truth is known---

ZAMTI.

Too cruel taſk,
To conquer Nature while the heart-ſtrings break.

MORAT.

MORAT.

Why heave thoſe ſighs? and why that burſt of grief?

ZAMTI.

My ſon---his guiltleſs blood---I cannot ſpeak---

MORAT.

Ha! wilt thou ſhed his blood?

ZAMTI.

Thou wretched father!---

MORAT.

Oh! had you known the virtues of your ſon,
His truth, his courage, his enlighten'd mind---

ZAMTI.

I prithee urge no more---Here Nature's voice
Speaks in ſuch pleadings, ſuch reproaches, Morat
Here in my very heart,---gives woundings here,
Thou canſt not know, and only parents feel.

MORAT.

And wilt thou, cruel in thy tears---

ZAMTI.

Forbear,
In pity to a father---Oh! forbear---
Think of Zamphiri!---

MORAT.

Ah! how fares the Prince?

ZAMTI.

He fares, my Morat, like a god on earth,

Unknowing his celeſtial origin;
Yet quick, intenſe, and burſting into action;
His great heart lab'ring with he knows not what
Prodigious deeds; deeds, which ere long, ſhall rouze,
Aſtoniſh, and alarm the world.

MORAT.

What mean
Thoſe myſtic ſounds?

ZAMTI.

Revenge, conqueſt, and freedom!
The midnight hour ſhall call a choſen band
Of hidden patriots forth, who, when the foe
Sinks down in drunken revelry, ſhall pour
The gather'd rage of twenty years upon him,
And at one blow redeem the Eaſtern world.

MORAT.

By Heav'n, the glorious news---

ZAMTI.

And canſt thou think
To ſave one vulgar life, that Zamti now
Will mar the vaſt deſign?---no, let him bleed,
Let my boy bleed---In ſuch a cauſe as ours,
I can reſign my ſon, with tears of joy
Reſign him, and one complicated pang
Shall wrench him from my heart.

[*Warlike muſic is heard.*

The conqueror comes!
This is no hour for parlying---Morat, hence,
And leave me to my fix'd reſolve.

MORAT.

Yet think,
Think of ſome means to ſave your ſon---

ZAM-

ZAMTI.

No more;
It cannot be: the ſoul of Timurkan
Is bold and ſtirring: when occaſion calls,
He ſprings aloft like an expanding fire,
And marks his way with ruin.---Should I try
By any virtuous fraud to ſave my ſon,
The tyrant claims Zamphiri; ſince he knows
The Prince ſurvives, the thought will make him daring
Beyond his former crimes; for joy and riot,
Which this day's triumph brings, remorſeleſs rage
And maſſacre ſucceed; and all our hopes
Are blaſted for an unimportant boy.

[*Muſick heard again.*

MORAT.

That nearer ſound proclaims his dread approach.
Yet once more, Zamti, think---

ZAMTI.

Farewell! I'll ſend
Thoſe ſhall conduct thee where Oraſming lives:
There dwell unſeen of all. But, Morat, firſt
Seek my Mandane.---How ſhall I ſupport
Her ſtrong impetuoſity of grief,
When ſhe ſhall know my fatal purpoſe? Thou
Prepare her tender ſpirit: ſoothe her mind,
And ſave, oh! ſave me from the dreadful conflict.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Enter MANDANE *and* MORAT.

MANDANE.

OH! tell me, Morat, tell me of my ſon.
Is he return'd? Does he reviſit thus
His native clime? And does the Tartar deem him
Of royal race deſcended? Whence on him
Could that ſuſpicion glance?

MORAT.

This very morn
Ere yet the battle join'd, a faithful meſſenger,
Who through the friendly gloom of night had held
His darkling way, and paſs'd the Tartar's camp,
Brought me advices from the Corean chief;
That ſoon as Hamet reach'd the tented field,
His ſtory he explain'd; the gallant leader
With open arms receiv'd him; knew him for your ſon,
Train'd him to arms, and granted his requeſt
To join the martial train.

MANDANE.

Oh! love of glory,
Thou fatal foe to a fond mother's peace!
Source of heroic deeds! how bright thy flame
Shines in my boy!---

MORAT.

Pleaſed with his youthful ardour
The cautious chief-tain knew the ſon of Zamti,
In ſecret knew him, nor reveal'd he aught

That

That touch'd his birth; but ſtill the buſy voice
Of Fame, increaſing as ſhe goes, thro' all the ranks
Babbled abroad each circumſtance; from thee
How he was privately convey'd; ſent forth
A tender infant to be rear'd in ſolitude,
A ſtranger to himſelf. The ſoldier ſaw
With what a graceful port he mov'd in arms,
An early hero!---deem'd him far above
The common lot of life; deem'd him Zamphiri,
And all with loyalty, with love beheld him.

MANDANE.

Oh! I muſt ſee him; midſt the tyrants' ranks
I'll ſeek my ſon; from all his father's virtues
He could not derogate; his boſom fraught
With gen'rous inſtinct, with each fine incentive
That prompts the manly deed, he could not loiter
His days inglorious. Yes I will behold him,
See him with indignation clank his chains,
Perhaps provoke his fate, and in that moment
His mother ſhall protect him; in theſe arms
Infold him cloſe, and ſhelter him from Death.

MORAT.

Yet think, Mandane,---with a mother's fondneſs
If you too raſhly thus proclaim your ſon,
Who ſhall protect the Prince? Zamphiri then
By thee is mark'd the victim that muſt bleed.

MANDANE.

My ſon ſhall live:---to ſave Zamphiri's life
Is it of courſe that I muſt yield my child?
Thou didſt not mean it: give my ſon a victim!
Thou art a ſtranger to a mother's love;
Know'ſt not how Zamti doats upon his boy.
His heart will ne'er conſent---come, let us ſeek him;
He will inſtruct thee how a father feels.

[*Exit.*

Mo-

MORAT.

Yet ſtay, Mandane---hark!---the Tartar comes---
[*Warlike muſick is heard.*
I dread the wildneſs of thoſe glowing paſſions,
That violence of virtue: ſtrong affection
Has touch'd her ſoul, and will not know reſtraint.
[*Exit.*

Two large folding doors in the back ſcene are thrown open by the Tartars; TIMURKAN *enters, with his Train.*

TIMURKAN.

Hail to this regal dome, this gorgeous palace!
Where this inventive race have laviſh'd all
Their elegance---ye gay apartments hail!
Beneath your ſtoried roof, where mimic life
Glows to the eye, and at the painter's touch
A new creation lives along the walls,
Once more receive a conqueror, arriv'd
From rougher ſcenes, where ſtern rebellion dar'd
Draw forth his phalanx, till this warlike arm
Hurl'd deſolation on his falling ranks,
And now the monſter in yon field of death
Lies overwhelm'd in ruin.

OCTAR.

From this day
Beneath the victor's feet the Eaſtern world
Lies bound in adamantine chains.

TIMURKAN.

Henceforth
Shall Timurkan diſplay his conqu'ring banners
From Oriental climes to where the Tanais
Devolves his icy tribute to the ſea.

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

But firſt this captive Prince---

TIMURKAN.

Yes, Octar, firſt
Zaphimri gluts my rage---bring him before us---
For Zamti,---he, that falſe, inſidious ſlave,
Shall dearly pay the forfeit of his crimes.

OCTAR.

His guilt 'twere beſt to pardon: vers'd in wiles
Of ſly hypocriſy, he wins the love
Of the deluded multitude: 'twould ſeem,
Should we inflict the death his frauds deſerve,
As if we meant deſtruction to their faith;
And when the minds of a whole people burn
For their religious rites, the fury kindles
With rage more dreadful, as the ſource is holy

TIMURKAN.

Thy policy is juſt: henceforth my art,
To make this ſtubborn race receive the yoke,
Shall be by yielding to their ſofter manners,
Their veſture, laws, and cuſtoms; thus to blend,
And make the whole one undiſtinguiſh'd people.
Lo! where the boy comes forth! What ſullen paſſions
Swell in his breaſt in vain!---

Enter HAMET *in chains.*

TIMURKAN.

Thou art the youth,
Who fleſh'd your ſword in many a ſlaughter'd Tartar,
And this day mow'd our battle down.

HAMET.

I am.

TIMURKAN.

Too well I mark'd thy ſteps, and ſaw thee open
A waſtefull paſſage thro' th' embattled plain.

HAMET.

Then be thou witneſs for me, in that hour
I never ſhunn'd your thickeſt war; and if
In yonder field, where my poor countrymen
In mangled heaps lie many a rood extended,
Kind Fate had doom'd me to a noble fall,
With this right arm I earn'd it.

TIMURKAN.

Say, what motive
Unſheath'd thy rebel blade, and bade thee ſeek
Theſe wars?

HAMET.

The love of honourable deeds,
The groans of bleeding China, and the hate
Of tyrants.

TIMURKAN.

Ha!---take heed raſh youth---I ſee
This leſſon has been taught thee. Octar, haſte,
Summon the Mandarine. Now, tremble ſlave;
Thy motive to theſe wars is fully known.
Thou art Zaphimri.

HAMET.

I Zaphimri!

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Yes;
Thou art Zaphimri! Thou! whom treach'rous guile
Stole from my rage, and ſent to diſtant wilds,
Till years and horrid counſel ſhould mature thee
For war and wild commotion.

HAMET.

I the Prince!
The laſt of China's race! nay, mock not majeſty,
Nor with the borrow'd robes of ſacred Kings
Dreſs up a wretch like me. Were I Zaphimri,
Thinkſt thou thy trembling eye could bear the ſhock
Of a much injur'd King? couldſt thou ſuſtain it?
Say, couldſt thou bear to view a Royal Orphan,
Whoſe father, mother, brothers, ſiſters, all,
Thy murd'rous arm hath long ſince laid in duſt?
Whoſe native crown on thy ignoble brow
Thou dar'ſt diſhonour? Whoſe wide waſted country
Thy deſolating ſword hath made a wilderneſs?

TIMURKAN.

Thou haſt been tutor'd in thy lone retreat
By ſome ſententious pedant; ſoon theſe vain,
Theſe turgid maxims ſhall be all ſubdued
By thy approaching death.

HAMET.

Let death come on;
Guilt, guilt alone, ſhrinks back appall'd; the brave,
And honeſt ſtill defy his dart; the wiſe
Calmly can eye his frown, and miſery
Invokes his friendly aid to end her woes.

TIMURKAN.

Thy woes, preſumptuous boy, with all my fears
Shall ſoon lie buried.

Enter ZAMTI, *and* OCTAR.

TIMURKAN.

Pious falſe one ſay,
For well thou know'ſt, who is that ſtubborn youth?

ZAMTI.

His air, his features, and his honeſt mien
Proclaim all fair within; but, mighty Sir,
I know him not.

TIMURKAN.

Reflect, old man, nor dare
As thou doſt dread my pow'r, to practiſe guile
Beneath a maſk of ſacerdotal perfidy.
Prieſtcraft I think, calls it a pious fraud.

ZAMTI.

Prieſtcraft and ſacerdotal perfidy
To me are yet unknown: religion's garb
Here never ſerves to conſecrate a crime;
We have not yet, thank Heav'n, ſo far imbib'd
The vices of the North.

TIMURKAN.

Thou vile impoſtor!
Know that the ſlaves, whom this day ſaw impal'd,
Have own'd the horrid truth; have own'd they fought
To ſeat Zaphimri on the throne of China.
Thou ſtripling, mark my words: dar'ſt thou be honeſt,
And anſwer who thou art?

HAMET.

HAMET.

Dare I be honeſt?
I dare: a mind grown up in native honour
Dares not be otherwiſe. If then thy troops
Aſk from the lightning of whoſe blade they fled;
Tell 'em 'twas Hamet's.

ZAMTI.

'Tis; it is my ſon---
My boy---my Hamet! *(Aſide.)*

TIMURKAN.

Where was thy abode?

HAMET.

Far hence remote, in Corea's happy realm;
Where the firſt beams of day with Orient bluſhes
Tinge the ſalt wave; there, on the ſea beat ſhore
A cavern'd rock yielded a lone retreat
To virtuous Morat.

ZAMTI.

Oh! ill fated youth! *(Aſide.)*

HAMET.

The pious hermit in that moſs-grown dwelling
Found an aſylum from heart piercing woes,
From ſlavery, and that reſtleſs din of arms,
With which thy fell ambition ſhook the world;
There too the ſage nurtur'd my greener years;
With him and contemplation have I walk'd
The paths of wiſdom; what the great Confucius
Of moral beauty taught; whate'er the wiſe,
Still wooing knowledge in her ſecret haunts,
Diſclos'd of nature to the ſons of men

My wond'ring mind has heard; but above all
The hermit taught me the moſt uſeful ſcience,
The noble ſcience to be brave and good.

ZAMTI.

Hear him immortal pow'rs!---His ev'ry word
Pierces my heart. *(Aſide)*

TIMURKAN.

Who ſaid he was your father?

HAMET.

My birth, the pious ſage, I know not why,
Still wrapp'd in ſilence; and when urg'd to ſpeak,
He only anſwer'd that a time might come,
When Hamet ſhould not bluſh to know his father.

TIMURKAN.

Now then declare, haſt thou ne'er heard of Zamti?

HAMET.

Of Zamti? oft enraptur'd with his name,
My heart has glow'd within me, as I heard
The praiſes of that venerable man.

TIMURKAN. *(To* ZAMTI.)

Thou ſlave! Each circumſtance arraigns thy guilt.

HAMET.

Can that be Zamti?

TIMURKAN.

Lo!---Behold the traitor!

HAMET.

HAMET.

Oh! let me thus adore that rev'rend form,
Thus on my knees adore.

TIMURKAN.

Pernicious ſlave!
Confuſion has o'erta'en thy ſubtle frauds,
Thy guilt is manifeſt. Now own your King,
Or to make vengeance ſure, through all the Eaſt
Each youth ſhall die, and carnage thin mankind,
Till in the gen'ral wreck your boaſted Orphan
Shall undiſtinguiſh'd fall. When treaſon lurks
Each moment's big with danger. Octar, thou
Attend my words, and ſee our will obey'd.
[*Talks apart with Octar.*

ZAMTI.

Now virtuous cruelty repreſs my tears.
Ceaſe your fond conflict Nature!---hear me, Tartar---
That youth---his air---his look unmans me quite.---

TIMURKAN.

This moment, vile diſſembler, ſpeak.---

ZAMTI.

That youth---
I've dealt by him, as ev'ry King would wiſh,---
In a like caſe his faithful ſubjects would.

TIMURKAN.

Do'ſt thou avow it? triumph, Timurkan,
And in Zaphimri's grave lie huſh'd my fears.
Octar, this moment lead the victim forth
To yonder ſacred temple: at the tomb,
Where the long boaſted line of China's Kings

Lies

Lies hers'd in death, this very hour ſhall ſee
The victim offer'd to our living Lama,
For this day's conqueſt. Thence a golden train
Of radiant years ſhall mark my future ſway.

[*Exit.*

ZAMTI.

Flow, flow my tears, and eaſe my burſting heart.

HAMET.

Nay, do not weep for me thou good old man.
If it will cloſe the wounds of bleeding China,
That a poor wretch like me muſt yield his life,
I give it freely.---If I am a King,
Though ſure it cannot be, what greater bleſſing
Can a young Prince enjoy, than to diffuſe
By one great act that happineſs on millions,
For which his life ſhould be a round of care?
Come lead me to my fate.

[*Exit with Octar, &c.*

ZAMTI. *(alone)*

Mandane's air,
His mother's dear reſemblance rives my ſoul.
Yet let him die: yes, Tartar, wreak thy fury
Upon a helpleſs, an inglorious boy.
If from his death this groaning empire riſe
Once more itſelf, reſplendent, rich in arts
That humanize the world, he pays a debt
Due to his King, his Country, and his God.

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

May I approach my father?---Even now
I met the captive youth; the gen'ral voice

With

With one conſent proclaim him China's Orphan,
And you, Sir, you have own'd th' important truth.

ZAMTI.

Come nearer Etan: thou perceiv'ſt the toils
That now incircle me.

ETAN.

But wherefore, Sir,
Why thus acknowledge him? Why own the Prince,
And yield him thus to death?

ZAMTI.

Dream not young man
To ſtand ſecure, yet blooming into life,
While dangers hover round your father's head.
The ſtock once fallen, each Scyon muſt decay.

ETAN.

Then let me periſh: witneſs for me Heav'n,
Could Etan's fall appeaſe the tyrant's wrath,
A willing victim he would yield his life,
And aſk no greater boon of Heav'n.

ZAMTI.

This zeal
So fervid in a ſtranger's cauſe---

ETAN.

A ſtranger!
My King a ſtranger! Sir, you never meant it.
Perhaps you would explore the fiery ſeeds
Of Etan's temper, ever prompt to blaze
At honour's ſacred name. Periſh the man,
Who, when his country calls him to defend
The rights of human kind, or bravely die,

Who

Who then to glory dead can ſhrink aghaſt,
And hold a council with his abject fears.

ZAMTI.

Theſe tow'rings of the ſoul alas! are vain.
I know the Tartar well---we muſt reſign.---

ETAN.

Oh! Sir, at your command each honeſt hand
Will graſp a ſword, and midſt incircling guards
Reach the uſurper's heart;---or ſhould we fail,
Should overwhelming bands obſtruct the deed,
We'll greatly dare to die;---better to die
With falling liberty, than baſely lead
An ignominious life; Zaphimri loſt,
Ne'er ſhall fair order dawn, but thro' the land
Slav'ry ſhall clank her chains, and violation
Rapine and murder riot at the will
Of luſt and lawleſs pow'r.

ZAMTI.

Thou, brave young man,
Come to this fond embrace---To eaſe at once
Thy generous fears,---The Prince Zaphimri's ſafe,
Safe in my guardian care.

ETAN.

This pris'ner, Sir,
He is not then the Prince?

ZAMTI.

Obſcure by birth,
He is no public loſs.

ETAN.

And yet his youth,
And his untimely fate plead ſtrongly for him.

And

And then methinks---perhaps 'tis fancy's error,
Methinks he bears a ſemblance of Mandane.

ZAMTI.

His words transfix my heart. *(Aſide)*

ETAN.

And where mean time,
Where is the royal heir? If right I judge,
He will not tamely ſee a blameleſs youth
A victim in his cauſe.

ZAMTI.

Seek not too ſoon
To know the Prince: now I'll diſcloſe the work,
The work of vengeance, which my lab'ring ſoul
Has long been faſhioning.---This very hour,
Stupendous ruin hovers o'er the heads
Of this accurſed race.

ETAN.

Ruin!

ZAMTI.

I'll tell thee.---
When Timurkan led forth his ſavage bands,
Unpeopling this great city, I then ſeiz'd
The hour to tamper with a choſen few,
Who have reſolv'd, when the barbarians lie
Buried in ſleep and wine, and hotly dream
Their havoc o'er again, then, then, my ſon,
In one collected blow to burſt upon 'em,
Like their own northern clouds, whoſe midnight horror
Impending o'er the world, at length breaks forth
In the vaunt light'ning's blaze, in ſtorms and thunder
Thro' all the redning air, till frighted Nature

Start from her couch, and waken to a ſcene
Of uproar and deſtruction.

ETAN.

Oh! my father,
The glorious enterprize---

ZAMTI.

Mark me, young man.
Seek thou my friends Oraſming and Zimventi.
In the dim holy cloyſter of yon temple
Thou'lt find them muſing; bid them ne'er abate
Their high, heroic ardour; let them know
Whate'er ſhall fall on this old mouldring clay,
The tyrant never ſhall ſubdue my mind.

MANDANE, *within.*

Oh! let me fly, and find the barb'rous man.
Where, where is Zamti?

ZAMTI.

Ha!---Mandane's voice!---
Go leave me, Etan, and obſerve my orders.
[*Exit* ETAN.
Wild as the winds, the mother all alive
In ev'ry heartſtring, the forlorn one comes
To claim her boy.

Enter MANDANE.

MANDANE.

And can it then be true?
Is human nature exil'd from thy breaſt?
Art thou indeed ſo barb'rous?

ZAMTI.

Lov'd Mandane,

Fix

Fix not your ſcorpions here---a bearded ſhaft
Already drinks my ſpirits up.

MANDANE.

I've ſeen
Thy truſty Morat---I have heard it all.---

ZAMTI.

I cannot ſpeak to thee---

MANDANE.

Think'ſt thou thoſe tears,
Thoſe falſe, thoſe cruel tears will choak the voice
Of a fond mother's love now ſtung to madneſs?
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations,
Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breaſt;
Turn all connubial joys to bitterneſs,
To fell deſpair, to anguiſh and remorſe,
Unleſs my ſon---

ZAMTI.

Thou ever faithfull woman,
Oh! leave me to my woes?

MANDANE.

Give me my child,
Thou worſe than Tartar, give me back my ſon.
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
And let me ſtrain him to my heart.

ZAMTI.

Heav'n knows
How dear my boy is here:---But our firſt duty
Now claims obſervance: to our country's love
All other tender fondneſſes muſt yield.
I was a ſubject, ere I was a father.

MANDANE.

You were a ſavage bred in Scythian wilds,
And humanizing pity never reach'd
Your heart---Was it for this, Oh! thou unkind one!
Was it for this,---Oh! thou inhuman father!
For this you wooed me to your nuptial bed?
For this I claſp'd thee in theſe circling arms,
And made this breaſt your pillow? Cruel ſay,
Are theſe your vows? are theſe your fond endearments?
Nay, look upon me; if this waſted form,
Theſe faded eyes have turn'd your heart againſt me,
With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.

ZAMTI.

Why thus transfix my heart?

MANDANE.

Alas, my ſon,
Did I then fold thee in theſe matron arms,
To ſee thee bleed? Thus doſt thou then return?
This could your mother hope, when firſt ſhe ſent
Her infant exile to a diſtant clime?
Ah! could I think thy early love of fame
Would urge thee to this peril? Thus to fall
By a ſtern father's will? By thee to die;
From thee inhuman to receive his doom!
Murder'd by thee!---yet hear me, Zamti, hear me;
Thus on my knees---I threaten now no more---
'Tis Nature's voice that pleads; Nature alarm'd,
Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmoſt feeling,
When force would tear her tender young ones from her.

ZANTI.

Oh! ſeek not with enfeebling fond ideas
To ſwell the flood of grief?---it is in vain---
He muſt ſubmit to fate.---

MAN-

MANDANE. *(Riſing)*

Barbarian, no;
He ſhall not die; rather---I prithee, Zamti,
Urge not a grief-diſtracted woman; tremble
At the wild fury of a mother's love.

ZANTI.

I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
But thou break thine; bathe your perfidious hands
In this life-blood; betray the righteous cauſe
Of all our ſacred Kings.

MANDANE.

Our ſacred Kings!
What are the ſcepter'd rulers of the world?
Form'd of one common clay are they not all,
Doom'd with each ſubject, with the meaneſt ſlave,
To drink the cup of human woe? alike
All levell'd by affliction?---Sacred Kings!
'Tis human policy ſets up their claim;
Mine is a mother cauſe; yes, mine the cauſe
Of huſband, wife, and child, thoſe firſt of ties,
Superior to your right divine of Kings.

ZANTI.

Then go, Mandane, thou once faithfull woman,
Dear to this heart in vain! Forget at once
Thoſe virtuous leſſons, which I oft have taught thee,
In fond credulity, while on each word
You hung enamour'd;---go,---to Timurkan
Reveal the awfull truth; be thou ſpectatreſs
Of murder'd Majeſty;---embrace your ſon,
And let him lead in ſhame and ſervitude
A life ignobly bought.---Then let thoſe eyes,
Thoſe faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,
With guilty joy reanimate their luſtre,

To

To brighten ſlavery, and beam their fires
On the fell Scythian murderer.

MANDANE.

And is it thus,
Thus is Mandane known? Come, lead me hence,
Where I may lay down life to ſave my King,
But ſave my Hamet too, then, then you'll find
A heart beats here as warm and great as thine.

ZAMTI.

Then make with me one ever-glorious effort,
And rank with thoſe, who from the firſt of time
In fame's eternal archives ſtand rever'd,
For conqu'ring all the deareſt ties of nature,
To ſerve the gen'ral weal.

MANDANE.

That ſavage virtue
Loſes with me its horrid charms---I've ſworn
To ſave my King, but ſhould a mother turn
A dire aſſaſſin?---Madneſs at the thought
Shoots through my brain---and look! they ſeize my child,
They lead him forth; they fix him on the rack;
His father---ſee---forbear---his father ſtrikes---
Hold, Zamti, hold;---ah! ſee---he dies; he dies.
[*She faints into his arms.*

ZAMTI.

She faints; ſhe faints; th' impetuous ſtorm of paſſion
Shakes her weak frame---
[*Enter an attendant.*
Quickly, Arſace, help,
Support her; lend your aid---ſoft! wand'ring life
Rekindles in her cheek---conduct her hence---

Propitious

Propitious Heav'n, behold a father's ſuff'rings;
Support our frailty; kindle in our ſouls
A ray of your divine enthuſiaſm,
Such as inflames the patriot's breaſt, and lifts
Th' impaſſion'd mind to that ſublime of virtue,
That even on the rack it feels the good,
Which in a ſingle hour it works for millions,
And leaves the legacy to times unborn.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT the THIRD.

Scene a Temple: A Tomb in the Middle.

Enter MORAT.

THIS is the place; theſe the long-winding iſles,
The ſolemn arches, whoſe religious awe
Attunes the mind to melancholy muſing,
Such as befits freemen reduc'd to bondage.
Here Zamti meets his friends; amid theſe tombs,
Where lie the ſacred manes of our Kings,
They pour their oriſons; hold converſe here
With the illuſtrious ſhades of murder'd heroes,
And meditate a great revenge---a groan!---
The burſt of anguiſh from ſome care-worn wretch,
That ſorrows o'er his country---ha!---'tis Zamti.
[ZAMTI *enters, from the tomb.*

ZAMTI.

Who's he that ſeeks theſe manſions of the dead?

MORAT.

The friend of Zamti and of China.

ZAMTI.

Morat!
Come to my arms, thou brave, thou gen'rous man!
I have been weeping o'er the ſacred relicks
Of a dear murder'd King.---Where are our friends?
Haſt ſeen Oraſming?

MORAT.

Through theſe vaults of death
Lonely he wanders, plung'd in deep deſpair.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Haſt thou inform'd him? Haſt thou aught reveal'd
Touching Zaphimri?

MORAT.

There I wait thy will.

ZAMTI.

Oh! thou art ever faithful: on thy lips
Sits penſive ſilence, with her hallow'd finger
Guarding the pure receſſes of the mind.
But lo! they come.---

[*Enter* ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, *and others.*

ZAMTI.

Droop ye my gallant friends?

ORASMING.

Oh! Zamti, all is loſt: our dreams of liberty
Are vaniſh'd into air. Ev'n Heav'n combin'd
With lawleſs might abandons us and virtue.

ZAMTI.

Can your great ſouls thus ſhrink within ye? thus
From heroes will you dwindle into ſlaves?

ZIMVENTI.

Oh! could you give us back the royal Orphan;
Danger would ſmile, and death loſe all its terror.

ZAMTI.

What? would his preſence fire you?

ORASMING.

Yes, by Heav'n!
This night ſhould free us from the Tartar's yoke.

ZAMTI.

Then mark the care of the all-ruling mind.
This youthful captive, whom in chains they hold,
Is not Zaphimri.

ORASMING *and* ZIMVENTI.

Not Zaphimri!

ZAMTI.

No:
Unconſcious of himſelf, and to the world unknown
He walks at large among us.

ORASMING.

Heav'nly pow'rs!

ZAMTI.

This night, my friends, this very night to riſe
Refulgent from the blow that frees us all,
From the uſurper's fate; the firſt of men,
Deliv'rer of his country.

ORASMING.

Mighty Gods!
Can this be poſſible?

ZAMTI.

It is moſt true.
This very hour ſhall give you China's heir.
What ho! *(looking at the tomb)* come forth: 'tis
Zamti's voice that calls.

You

You ſeem transfix'd with wonder; Oh! my friends,
Watch all the motions of your riſing ſpirit,
Direct your ardour, when anon you hear
What fate, long pregnant with the vaſt event,
Is lab'ring into birth.

ETAN *comes out of the Tomb.*

ETAN.

Each ſtep I move,
A deeper horror ſits on all the tombs,
The ſhrines look pale around: each altar ſhakes,
Conſcious of ſome important criſis.

ZAMTI.

Yes;
A criſis great indeed is now at hand.
Heav'n holds it's golden ballance forth, and weighs
Zaphimri's and the Tartar's deſtiny,
While hov'ring angels tremble round the beam.
Haſt thou beheld that picture?

ETAN.

Fix'd attention
Hath gaz'd on ev'ry part, yet ſtill to me
It ſhadows forth the forms of things unknown,
All imag'ry obſcure, and wrapp'd in darkneſs.

ZAMTI.

That darkneſs my informing breath ſhall clear,
As morn diſpells the night---lo! here diſplay'd,
This mighty kingdom's fall.---Behold that child,
That royal infant, the laſt ſacred relique
Of China's Kings:---ſee, where a Mandarine
Conveys the babe to his wife's foſt'ring breaſt,
There to be nouriſh'd in an humble ſtate,
While their own ſon is ſent to climes remote,
That ſhould the fell uſurper e'er ſuſpect

The Prince alive, he for his King might bleed,
And mock the murd'rer's rage.

ETAN.

Amazement thrills
Through all my frame, and my mind big with wonder
Feels ev'ry pow'r ſuſpended.

ZAMTI.

Rather ſay,
That ſtrong imagination burns within thee.
Doſt thou not feel a more than common ardour?

ETAN.

By Heav'n, ſome impulſe never felt before,
Some ſtrange-inſpir'd emotion ſtirs within me.
A thouſand images all riſe at once,
And o'er-inform my ſoul. Oh! that the hour
Of fate were come. This very night I'll ſheathe
My dagger's point deep in the Tyrant's heart.

ZAMTI.

Wilt thou?

ETAN.

By ev'ry pow'r, that now beholds me,
By all the mighty dead that round us lie;
By all, who this day groan in chains, I will.

ZAMTI.

And when thou do'ſt, tell the devoted Tyrant,
It is the Prince that ſtrikes.

ETAN.

The Prince's wrongs
Shall nerve my arm, and urge the blow for freedom
With tenfold vengeance.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Tell the groaning Tartar,
It is Zaphimri---'tis the Prince himſelf.

ETAN.

What ſays my father?

ZAMTI.

Thou art China's Orphan;-
The laſt of all our Kings; no longer Etan,
But now Zaphimri.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ha!---

ORASMING.

Myſterious hand
Of wonder-working Heav'n!

ZAPHIMRI.

Can this be true?
A buſy crowd of circumſtances riſe;
Thy frequent hints obſcure; thy pious care
To train my youth to greatneſs;---lend your aid
To my aſtoniſh'd pow'rs, that feebly bear
This unexpected ſhock of royalty.

ZAMTI.

Thou art, thou art my Sov'reign. Oh! my friends,
Morat will tell you all; each circumſtance;
Mean time---lo! there, behold---there is your King.

MORAT, ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, *all kneeling.*

Long live the father of the eaſtern world.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Sole governor of earth!

ZAPHIMRI.

All-ruling pow'rs!
Is then a great revenge for all the wrongs
Of bleeding China, are the fame and fate
Of all poſterity included here
Within my boſom?

ZAMTI.

All; yes, all: the ſhades
Of your great anceſtors now riſe before thee,
Heroes and demi gods! aloud they call
For the fell Tartar's blood.

ZAPHIMRI.

Oh! Zamti, all
That can alarm the pow'rs of man, now ſtirs
In this expanding breaſt.

ZAMTI.

Anon to burſt
With hideous ruin on the foe. My gallant heroes,
Are our friends ſtation'd at their poſts?

ORASMING.

They are.

ZAMTI.

Each gate ſecur'd?

ORASMING.

All ſafe.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

The ſignal fix'd?

ORASMING.

It is: will Mirvan join us?

ZAMTI.

Doubt him not;
He pants for vengeance;---when the aſſault begins,
He'll turn his arms upon th' aſtoniſh'd foe,
And add new horrors to the wild commotion.

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, bloody ſpoiler, now thy hour draws nigh,
And ere the dawn thy guilty reign ſhall end.

ZAMTI.

How my heart burns within me! oh! my friends,
Call now to mind the ſcene of deſolation,
Which Timurkan, in one accurſed hour
Heap'd on this groaning land.---Ev'n now I ſee
The ſavage bands o'er purple heaps of ſlain
Forcing their rapid way: I ſee them urge
With rage unhallow'd to the ſacred temple,
Where good Oſmingti with his Queen and children
Fatigu'd the gods averſe---ſee where Orphiſa
Rending the air with agonizing ſhrieks
Tears her diſhevell'd hair; then with a look
Fix'd on her babes, grief choaks it's paſſage up,
And all the feelings of a mother's breaſt
Throbbing in one mix'd pang, breathleſs ſhe faints
Within her Monarch's arms; adown his cheek
In copious ſtreams faſt flow'd the manly ſorrow,
While cluſt'ring round his knees his little offspring
In tears all-eloquent, with arms outſtretch'd
Sue for parental aid.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Go on; the tale
Will fit me for a ſcene of horror.

ZAMTI.

Oh! my Prince,
The charge which your great father gave me, ſtill
Sounds in my ear. Ere yet the foe burſt in,
" Zamti" ſaid he, " preſerve my cradled infant,
" Save him from ruffians; train his youth to virtue;
" Virtue will rouze him to a great revenge,
" Or failing, virtue will ſtill make him happy."
He could no more; the cruel ſpoiler ſeiz'd him,
And dragg'd my King, my ever honour'd King,
The father of his people, baſely dragg'd him
By his white rev'rend locks from yonder altar,
Here on the blood ſtain'd pavement, while the Queen
And her dear fondlings, in one mangled heap,
Died in each other's arms.

ZAPHIMRI.

Revenge! revenge!
With more than lyon's rage I'll ſpring upon him,
And at one blow relieve the groaning world.
Let us this moment carry ſword and fire
To yon devoted walls, and whelm him down
In ruin and diſmay.

ZAMTI.

Zaphimri, no;
By raſhneſs you may mar a noble cauſe.
To you, my friends, I render up my charge.
To you I give your King!---farewell, my Sov'reign.

ZAPHIMRI.

Zamti,---thou gen'rous man!---a thouſand feelings
Of

Of warmeſt friendſhip, all the tendencies
Of heart-felt gratitude are ſtruggling here,
And fain would ſpeak to thee, my more than father.
Farewell--ſure we ſhall meet again?

ZAMTI.

We ſhall.

ZAPHIMRI.

Thou beſt of friends, farewell.---Oraſming, now
The nobleſt duty calls---let us remember,
We are the men, whom from all human kind
Our fate hath now ſelected, to ſtand forth
Aſſertors of the public weal; to drench our ſwords
In the oppreſſor's heart; to do a deed,
Which Heav'n intent on its own holy work
Shall pauſe with pleaſure to behold.
[*Exit with conſpirator.*

ZAMTI *(alone)*

May the Moſt High
Pour down his bleſſings on him; and anon
In the dead waſte of night, when awfull juſtice
Walks with her crimſon ſteel o'er ſlaughter'd heaps
Of groaning Tartars, may he then direct
His youthful footſteps through the paths of peril;
Oh! may he guide the horrors of the ſtorm,
An angel of your wrath, to point your vengeance
On ev'ry guilty head.---There let him ſtop,---
When you have broken the oppreſſor's rod,
Your reign will then be manifeſt; mankind will ſee
That truth and virtue ſtill deſerve your care.
[*A dead march is heard.*
What mean thoſe deathfull ſounds? again! they lead
My boy to ſlaughter.---Fond, parental feelings!
Tear, tear me piece-meal! ſtill you plead in vain.
Ye Hoſt of Heav'n, look down; behold me here

Beleaguer'd thus with ills: I now muſt prove
Perjur'd to you,---or ceaſe to be a father.
In your own cauſe ſupport me; lend me ſtrength
To triumph o'er that nature which you gave.

A dead March: Enter HAMET.

OCTAR, *Guards, &c.*

OCTAR.

Here let the victim fall, and with his blood
Waſh his forefather's tomb. The hated race
Shall here lie cruſhed, and from this glorious æra
The eaſtern world through all her wide domain
Shall bend ſubmiſſive to the Scythian yoke.

HAMET *(ſtanding near the Tomb.)*

Where is the tyrant? I would have him ſee,
With envy ſee th' unconquer'd pow'r of virtue;
How it can calmly bleed, ſmile on the rack,
And with ſtrong pinion ſoar above his pow'r,
To regions of perennial day.

OCTAR.

The conqueror
Shall mark thee well, when at tomorrow's dawn
Shall be diſplayed, thro' the wide city's round,
Thy breathleſs corſe, a ſpectacle of horror.
It now befits thee to prepare for death.

HAMET.

I am prepared: I have no luſt or rapine,
No murders to repent of; undiſmay'd
I can behold all judging Heav'n, whoſe hand
Still compaſſing its wond'rous ends, by means
Inextricable to all mortal clue,

Hath

Hath now inclos'd me in it's awfull maze.
Since 'tis by your decree, that thus beſet,
Th' inexorable angel hovers o'er me,
Be your great bidding done.

OCTAR.

The ſabre's edge
Thirſts for his blood: diſpatch and end his being.

Enter MANDANE.

MANDANE.

Off, ſet me free,---I muſt, I will have way.
Me, me, on me convert your rage; ſtrike here,
Plunge in this boſom your abhorred ſteel,
And ſpare his precious life.

OCTAR.

Hence quickly bear,
This wild, this frantic woman---

MANDANE.

Never; never;
You ſhall not force me hence; here will I cling,
Faſt to the earth, and rivet here my hands
In all the fury of the laſt deſpair.
He is my ſon;---oh! ſpare him, ſpare my child.

OCTAR.

How woman! yours! your ſon!

MANDANE.

Yes, Octar, mine;
My boy, my Hamet; let me eager love
Fly all unbounded to him, claſp him thus,
Thus in his mother's arms---my child! my child!

OCTAR.

Suſpend the ſtroke, ye miniſters of death,
Till Timurkan hear of this new event.

[*Exit.*

MANDANE.

Why didſt thou dare return? Oh! rather why
Didſt thou ſo long defer with ev'ry grace,
And every growing virtue, thus to raiſe
Your mother's dear delight to rapture?

HAMET.

Loſt
In the deep miſts of darkling ignorance,
To me my birth's unknown. But ſure that look,
Thoſe tears, thoſe ſhrieks, that animated grief,
Defying danger, all declare th' effect
Of nature's workings in a parent's heart.
Then let me pay my filial duty here,
Kneel to her native dignity, and pour
In tears of joy the tranſport of a ſon.

MANDANE.

Thou art, thou art my ſon; thy father's face,
His ev'ry feature blooming in his boy.
Oh! tell me, tell me all; how haſt thou liv'd
With virtuous Morat? how did he ſupport
In dreary ſolitude thy tender years?
How train thy growing virtue? quickly tell me,
Oh! tell me all, and charm me with thy tongue.

HAMET.

Myſterious pow'rs! have I then liv'd to this,
Thus on the brink of death to find a parent,
In virtue firm, majeſtic in diſtreſs,

At

At length to feel unutterable bliſs
In her dear circling arms?

Enter TIMURKAN, OCTAR, *&c.*

TIMURKAN.

Where is this wild,
This frantic woman, who with headlong grief
Suſpends my dread command? tear them aſunder---
Send her to ſome dark cell to rave and ſhriek,
And dwell with madneſs; and let inſtant death
Leave that raſh youth a headleſs trunk before me.

MANDANE.

Now by the ever burning lamps, that light
Our holy ſhrines, by great Confucius altar,
By the prime ſource of life, and light, and being,
This is my child, the bloſſom of my joys.
Send for his cruel father; he, 'tis he
Intends a fraud; he, for a ſtranger's life,
Would give his offspring to the cruel ax,
And rend a wretched mother's brain with madneſs.

Enter ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Sure the ſad accents of Mandane's voice
Struck on my frighted ſenſe.

TIMURKAN.

Once more, thou traitor!
Who is that ſtubborn youth?---

ZAMTI.

Alas! what needs
This iteration of my griefs?

MAN-

MANDANE.

Forbear;
Thou marble-hearted father!---'tis your ſon,
And wouldſt thou ſee him bleed?

ZAMTI.

On him,---on him
Let fall your rage.

MANDANE.

Oh! my devoted child! *(ſhe faints)*

HAMET.

Support her Heav'n, ſupport her tender frame.
Now, tyrant, now I beg to live; lo! here
I plead for life; not for the wretched boon
To breathe the air, which thy ambition taints,
But, oh! to eaſe a mother's woes; for her,
For that dear object, let me live for her.

TIMURKAN.

Spite of their frauds, the truth begins to dawn:
In her wild vehemence of grief, I hear
The genuine voice of nature.

MANDANE. *(recovering)*

Where's my child?
Oh! let me ſtrain him to my heart; thy hard,
Thy cruel father ſhall not tear thee from me.

TIMURKAN.

Hear me, thou frantic mourner; dry thoſe tears;
Perhaps you ſtill may ſave your darling ſon.

MAN-

MANDANE.

Oh! quickly give the means.

TIMURKAN.

Reſign your King,
Your phantom of a King, and ſave your child.

HAMET.

No, my much honoured mother, never hear
The baſe, the dire propoſal; let me rather
Exhauſt my life blood at each guſhing vein;
Mandane then,---then you may well rejoice
To find your child; then you may truly know
The beſt delight a mother's heart can prove,
When her ſon dies with glory.

TIMURKAN.

Curſes blaſt
The ſtripling's pride---*(talks apart with Ottar.)*

ZAMTI.

Ye pow'rs, enthron'd above!
You never meant entirely to deſtroy
This groaning land, when your benignant care
Lends us a youth like him.---Let me infold
That lovely ardor in his father's arms.---
My brave, my generous boy!---

TIMURKAN.

Doſt thou at length
Confeſs it, traitor?

ZAMTI.

Yes, I boaſt it, tyrant;

Boaſt it to thee, to earth, and heav'n I boaſt;
This,---this is Zamti's ſon.

HAMET.

At length the hour;
The glorious hour is come, by Morat promis'd,
" When Hamet ſhall not bluſh to know his father."

ZAMTI.

Oh! thou intrepid youth, what bright reward
Can your glad ſire beſtow on ſuch deſert?
The righteous gods, and your own inward feelings
Shall give the ſweeteſt retritubion.---Now,
Mandane, now my ſoul forgives thee all;
Since I have made acquaintance with my boy;
But oh! I charge thee by a huſband's right---

TIMURKAN.

A huſband's right! a traitor has no rights;
Society diſclaims him. Woman hear,
And mark my words; abjure the Mandarine;
Renounce all Hymeneal vows; reveal
This myſtery, and ſtill your ſon may live,
While juſtice whirls that traitor to his fate,

MANDANE.

Thou vile adviſer!---what betray my lord,
My honour'd huſband; turn a Scythian wife;
Forget the many years of fond delight,
In which my heart ne'er knew decreaſing love,
Charm'd with his noble, all-accompliſh'd mind!
No, tyrant, no; with him I'll dare to die;
With him in ruin more ſupremely bleſt,
Than guilt upon a throne triumphant.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Now,
Inhuman Tartar, I defy thy pow'r.---
Lo! here,---the father, mother and the ſon!
Try all your tortures on us;---here we ſtand,
Reſolv'd to leave a tract of bright renown
To mark our being; reſolv'd all to die,
The votaries of honour!---

TIMURKAN.

Then, by Heav'n!
Your doom is fix'd. This moment ſeize the ſlaves;
Deep in ſome balefull dungeon's midnight gloom
Let each apart be plung'd, and Etan too---
Let him forthwith be found---he too ſhall ſhare
His father's fate.---

MIRVAN.

Be it my taſk, dread Sir,
To make the rack ingenious in new pains;
Till even cruelty almoſt relent
At their keen agonizing groans.

TIMURKAN.

Be that,
Mirvan, thy care. By the immortal Lama,
I'll wreſt the ſecret from them; or once more
My rage is up in arms---'gainſt Corea's chief
I will unfurl my banners; his proud cities
Shall dread my thunder at their gates, and mourn
Their ſmoaking ramparts; o'er his verdant plains
And peacefull vales I'll drive my rapid carr,
And ne'er know reſt, ne'er ſheathe th'avenging ſword,
Till their King fall, and treaſon is no more.

[*Exit.*

OCTAR.

Mirvan, bear hence thoſe miſcreants to their fate----
Thou, Zamti, art my charge.

ZAMTI.

Willing I come.
My ſon thy father doubts not of thy fortitude.
Mandane ſummon all thy ſtrength; the gods,
Who try thy virtue, may reward it ſtill.
[*Exit with* OCTAR.

MANDANE.

Hamet! reſtor'd and loſt again!
[*Struggling with the guards.*

HAMET.

Alas!
No means to reſcue thee! inhuman villains!
And will you tear me from her?
[*He is dragged off.*

MANDANE.

Oh! my child!---
Now then, barbarians, you have ſeiz'd on all
My ſoul holds dear.---What have I now to dread?
I gave him being; in the hour of peril
I flew to reſcue him; I could no more.---
If he muſt fall, I'll emulate his virtues;
True to the ſolemn vow I've breathed to Heav'n,
True to my Sov'reign ſtill!---in honour's cauſe
The mother from her ſon ſhall learn to die.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT the FOURTH.

Scene a Priſon: HAMET *lies ſtretched on the Ground in Chains.*

Enter ZAPHIMRI *(in a Tartar dreſs) and* MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

THERE ſtretch'd at length on the dank ground he lies,
Scorning his fate: your meeting muſt be ſhort.

ZAPHIMRI.

It ſhall.

MIRVAN.

And yet I tremble for th' event.

ZAPHIMRI.

Mirvan, no more: I will hold converſe with him,
Tho' death were arm'd againſt the interview.
[*Exit* MIRVAN.

HAMET.

What wouldſt thou Tartar?

ZAPHIMRI.

Riſe, thou gen'rous youth!
No vulgar errand mine.

HAMET. *(Riſing)*

Now ſpeak thy purpoſe.

ZAPHIMRI.

To theſe lone walls, where oft the Scythian ſtabber,
With murd'rous ſtride hath come; theſe walls that oft
Have ſeen the aſſaſſin's deeds, I bring a mind
Firm, virtuous, upright. Under this vile garb
Lo! here a ſon of China---

HAMET.

Yes thy garb
Denotes a ſon of China, and thoſe eyes
Roll with no black intent,---Say on.---

ZAPHIMRI.

Inflam'd
With admiration of heroic deeds,
I come to ſeek acquaintance with the youth,
Who for his King would die;

HAMET.

And does thy heart
Applaud the deed?

ZAPHIMRI.

It does, by Heav'n, it does.
Yes virtuous envy riſes in my ſoul.
Thy ardour charms, and even now I pant
To change conditions with thee.

HAMET.

Then my heart
Accepts thy proferr'd friendſhip---in a baſe
A prone, degen'rate age, when foreign force
And foreign manners have o'erwhelm'd us all,
And ſunk our native genius, thou retain'ſt
A ſenſe of ancient worth. But wherefore here,

To

To this ſad manſion, this abode of ſorrow
Com'ſt thou to know a wretch that ſoon muſt die?

ZAPHIMRI.

Oh, no; thou ſhall not die. By me the King,
By me Zaphimri ſays.

HAMET.

Zaphimri ſays!
Kind Heav'n! where is the King?

ZAPHIMRI.

His ſteps are ſafe,
Unſeen as is the arrow's path. By me he ſays,
He knows, he loves, he wonders at thy virtue.
By me he ſwears, rather than thou ſhouldſt fall,
He will emerge from dark obſcurity,
And greatly brave his fate.

HAMET.

Ha!---die for me!
For me, ignoble in the ſcale of being,
An unimportant wretch!---Whoe'er thou art,
I prithee, ſtranger, bear my anſwer back.
Oh! tell my Sovereign, that here dwells a heart
Above all pain and peril. When I fall,
A worm, an inſect dies; but in his life
Are wrapp'd the glories of our ancient line,
The liberties of China: then let him
Live for his people, be it mine to die.

ZAPHIMRI.

Can I hear this, juſt gods! and not diſſolve
In tears of gratitude and love. (*Aſide*)

HAMET.

Why ſtreams

That

That flood of grief? and why that ſtifled groan?
Thro' the dark miſt his ſorrow caſts around him,
He ſeems no common man. Say, gen'rous youth,
Who and what art thou?

ZAPHIMRI.

Who and what am I?
The verrieſt wretch that ever groan'd in anguiſh.
One loſt, abandon'd, plung'd in woe
Beyond redemption's aid---to tell thee all
In one dire word, big with the laſt diſtreſs,
In one accumulated term of horror,
Zaphimri!

HAMET.

Ha!---my King!---

ZAPHIMRI.

That fatal wretch,
Exalted into miſery ſupreme!
Oh! I was happy, while good Zamti's ſon
I walk'd the common tracts of life, and ſtrove
Humbly to copy my imagin'd ſire,
But now---

HAMET.

Yes now---if thou art he---as ſure
'Tis wond'rous like,---rais'd to a ſtate, in which
A nation's happineſs on thee depends.

ZAPHIMRI.

A nation's happineſs!---there---there I bleed---
There are my pangs---for me this war began;
For me hath purple ſlaughter drench'd yon plains;
I am the cauſe of all---I forg'd thoſe chains---
For Zamti and Mandane too!---by me they fall;

Them

Them have I thrown into a dungeon's gloom---
Theſe are the horrors of Zaphimri's reign!
I am the tyrant; I aſcend the throne,
By baſe ingratitude, by the vile means
Of ſelfiſh cowardice, that can behold
Thee, and thy father, mother, all in chains,
All loſt, all murder'd, that I thus may riſe
Inglorious to a throne.

HAMET.

Alas! thy ſpirit,
Thy wild diſorder'd fancy picture's forth
Ills that are not, or being ills, not worth
A moment's pauſe.

ZAPHIMRI.

Not ills!---thou canſt not mean it---
The angry fates amidſt their hoards of malice
Had nought but this; they meant to render me
Peculiarly diſtreſs'd.---Tell me, thou gallant youth,
A ſoul like thine knows ev'ry fine emotion,
Is there a nerve in which the heart of man
Can prove ſuch torture, as when thus it meets
Unequall'd friendſhip, honour, truth and love,
And no return can make?

HAMET.

That pow'r will come.

ZAPHIMRI.

But when?---when thou art loſt!
When Zamti and Mandane are no more!
Oh! for a dagger's point, to plunge it deep,
Deep in this---ha!---deep in the tyrant's heart.

HAMET.

HAMET.

There your revenge ſhould point---alas! my Sov'reign,
Why didſt thou venture to this place of danger?

ZAPHIMRI.

And canſt thou deem me then ſo baſe of ſoul,
To dwell ſecure in ignominious ſafety;
With cold inſenſibility to wait
The lingring hours, with coward patience wait them,
Deliberating on myſelf, while ruin
Nods over Zamti's houſe?---No---generous youth---
I'll not think meanly of thee---no---that thought
Is foreign to thy heart.

HAMET.

Withdraw thee hence;
Nor lightly hazard thus ſo dear a life;
Think of thy anceſtors.

ZAPHIMRI.

My anceſtors!
What is to me a long deſcended line,
A race of worthies, legiſlators, heroes,
Unleſs I bring their virtues too? No more:
This very night I'll burſt thoſe guilty walls,
Rend thoſe vile mannacles and give thee freedom.

Enter MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

The time forbids delay: whilſt thou art here,
Thy fate's ſuſpended on each dreadfull moment.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

This garb will cloak me from each jealous eye;
Thou needſt not fear detection.

[*a flouriſh of trumpets.*

HAMET.

Ha! what means
That ſudden and wild harmony?

MIRVAN.

Ev'n now
The conqu'ror and his fell barbaric rout
For this day's victory indulge their joy.

ZAPHIMRI.

Joy ſoon to end in groans; for all conſpires
To forward our deſign: a band of heroes
Ev'n now are ready; honourably leagu'd
To vindicate their rights.---Thy father's care
Plann'd and inſpir'd the whole. And lo! the lights
That whilom blaz'd to Heav'n, now rarely ſeen
Shed a pale glimmer, and the foe ſecure
Sinks down in deep debauch, while all awake
The genius of the land broods o'er the work
Of juſtice and revenge.

MIRVAN.

The gallant chiefs
At their appointed ſtation are conven'd;
In ſilent terror all intent they ſtand,
And wait the ſignal in each gale that blows.

HAMET.

Dream on, deluded Tartar, yes dream on;

Still unſuſpecting plunge in guilty joy,
And bury thee in riot.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ne'er again
To wake from that vile trance; for ère the dawn,
Deteſted ſpoiler, thy hot blood ſhall ſmoke
On the ſtain'd marble, and thy limbs abhorr'd
I'll ſcatter to the dogs of China.

MIRVAN.

Ha!
Break off your conference:---Octar this way comes---
Beware, my Prince:---*(enter Octar)* Well, Octar,
there's your pris'ner.
[*pointing to* HAMET.

OCTAR.

Convey him hence to where Mandane's grief
Rings thro' the vaulted roof.

HAMET.

Yes, lead me hence
To ſoften anguiſh in a parent's breaſt.
[*Exit with* MIRVAN.

ZAPHIMRI.

What may this mean? I dread ſome lurking miſchief.
[*Exit.*

OCTAR. *(alone)*

When the boy clings around his mother's heart,
Then, in that tender moment, tear him from her,
And in her impotence of grief the truth
Will burſt it's way.

Enter

Enter TIMURKAN.

OCTAR.

Why from the genial banquet
Thus will my Sov'reign ſeek a dungeon's gloom?

TIMURKAN.

A more than midnight gloom involves my ſoul.
What boots the conqu'ring ſword, the plume of victory,
If ſtill this coward boy in ſecret lives;
If ſerpent-like amidſt the flow'ry garlands
He wreaths his folds, to daſh my promis'd joy,
And poiſon my delight?

OCTAR.

Then at once
To end your fears, give Zamti to the ſword,
His wife, and all, who aid him in his guilt,
'Twill cruſh the ſeeds of dark conſpiracy.

TIMURKAN.

No; Zamti's death but multiplies my fears.
With him the truth lies buried in the tomb.
Haſt thou beheld the ſtubborn Mandarine?

OCTAR.

Unconquer'd yet by words he ſtands unmov'd,
Smiling contempt, as if ſome inward joy,
Like the ſun lab'ring in a night of clouds,
Shot forth at intervals a gladſome ray,
Bright'ning the face of woe.

TIMURKAN.

He muſt not die:
The ſlave ſhall linger out his days in torment.

OCTAR.

Might I adviſe, Mandane may be won.
She ſtill, Sir, may be yours: a conqu'ror's ſighs
Shall waft a thouſand wiſhes to her heart,
Till female vanity aſpire to reach
The Eaſtern throne.

TIMURKAN.

No, Octar;---'tis not mine
To melt in languiſhing deſire, and try
The hopes, the fears, and the caprice of love.
Enur'd to rougher ſcenes, far other arts
My mind employ'd: to fling the well-ſtor'd quiver
Over this manly arm, and wing the dart
At the fleet rain-deer ſweeping down the vale,
Or up the mountain ſtraining ev'ry nerve;
To vault the neighing ſteed, and urge his courſe
Swifter than whirlwinds;---thro' the ranks of war
Reeking with gore to drive my charriot wheels;
Theſe are my paſſions, this my only ſcience.
Rais'd from a ſoldier to imperial ſway,
I ſtill will reign in terror. Bring that traitor,
The hoary prieſt before me.

[*Exit* OCTAR.

TIMURKAN.

Now by Heav'n!
Their ſtubborn fortitude erects a fence
To ſhield 'em from my wrath, more pow'rfull far
Than their high boaſted wall, which long hath ſtood
The ſhock of time, of war, of ſtorms and thunder,
The wonder of the world. What art thou, virtue,
That giv'ſt theſe joys, my heart hath never known?

Enter

Enter ZAMTI *in chains.*

TIMURKAN.

Thy hated ſight once more I brook, to try
If yet the ſenſe of deeds abhorr'd as thine
Has touch'd your ſoul: while yet the hour permits,
Repent thee of thy crimes.

ZAMTI.

The crime would be
To yield to thy unjuſt commands. But know
A louder voice than thine forbids the deed,
The voice of all my Kings; forth from their tombs
Ev'n now they ſend a peal of groans to Heav'n,
Where all thy murders are long ſince gone up,
And ſtand in dread array againſt thee.

TIMURKAN.

Murders!
Ungratefull Mandarine! ſay, did not I
When civil diſcord lighted up her brand,
And ſcatter'd wide her flames; when fierce contention
Twixt Zorohamti and Zaphimri's father
Sorely convuls'd the realm, did not I then
Lead forth my Tartars from their northern frontier,
And bid fair order riſe?

ZAMTI.

Bid order riſe!
Haſt thou not ſmote us with a hand of wrath?
By thee each art has died, and ev'ry ſcience
Gone out at thy fell blaſt. Art thou not come
To ſack our cities, to ſubvert our temples,
The temples of our gods, and with the worſhip,
The monſtrous worſhip of your living Lama,
Profane our holy ſhrines?

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Reſolve my doubts,
Nor think with groundleſs, with ill-tim'd reproach
To talk me from my purpoſe.

ZAMTI.

Tyrant, yes;
Yes, thou haſt ſmote us with a hand of wrath,
Full twenty years haſt ſmote us; but at length
Will come the hour of Heav'n's juſt viſitation,
When thou ſhalt rue---hear me thou man of blood!---
Yes, thou ſhalt rue the day,---the day that ſaw thee
Imbrue thoſe hands accurſt in royal blood---
Now, tyrant, now---yes, tremble at my words,
The arm of the Moſt High is bar'd againſt thee;
And lo! the hand of fate deſcribes thy doom
In glaring letters on yon rubied wall!
Each gleam of light is periſh'd out of Heav'n,
And darkneſs ruſhes o'er the face of earth.

TIMURKAN.

And thinkſt thou, ſlave, with viſionary fears
I e'er can ſhrink appall'd? thou moonſtruck ſeer!
No more I'll bear this mockery of words.
What, Octar, ho! *(enter Octar)* lead forth that frantic woman.
Ruin involves ye all---this very hour
Shall ſee your ſon impal'd---yes, both your ſons---
Bring Etan too before us---

OCTAR.

Etan, Sir,
Is fled for ſafety.

TIMURKAN.

Thou pernicious ſlave! *(to Zamti)*

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

The righteous gods protect him from thy rage.
[*Exit Octar.*

TIMURKAN.

Him too thou wouldſt withdraw from juſtice? him
Thy perfidy would ſend to Corea's realm,
To brood in ſecret o'er ſome work of treaſon.

Enter OCTAR, MANDANE, HAMET, *Guards, &c.*

TIMURKAN.

Now then, deluded fair, if fix'd in error
You ſtill perſiſt, the rack ſhall have its prey.

MANDANE.

I tell thee, homicide, my ſoul is bound
By ſolemn vows, and wouldſt thou have me break
What angels wafted on their wings to Heav'n?

TIMURKAN.

This moment ſaves your child, or dooms him dead.

MANDANE.

Goddeſs of vengeance, from your realms above
Where near the throne of the Moſt High thou ſitſt,
Inſpher'd in darkneſs, amidſt hoards of thunder
Serenely dreadfull, till dire human crimes
Provoke thee down, now on the whirlwind's wing
Deſcend, and with your flaming ſword, your bolts
Red with Allmighty wrath, let looſe your rage,
And blaſt this vile ſeducer in his guilt.

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Then ſeize her ſon, and give him to the rack.

MANDANE.

No; by the pow'rs above, by ev'ry tie
Of humanizing pity, ſeize me firſt;
Diſpatch his mother; end this wretched being.

ZAPHIMRI *(ruſhing from among the Guards.)*

Hold, murd'rers, hold; I charge you, ſlaves, forbear.

ZAMTI.

Ha! China totters on the brink of ruin. *(aſide)*

TIMURKAN.

Etan!---thou'rt wellcome to my great revenge!

ZAPHIMRI.

I come on matters of importance deep
Unto thy throne and life.

ZAMTI.

Heed not an idle boy.

TIMURKAN.

Proceed, and tell thy purpoſe.

ZAPHIMRI.

Even now
Thy death is plotting.

TIMURKAN.

Ha! by whom?

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Zaphimri!---

ZAMTI.

What means my ſon?

TIMURKAN.

Reſign him to my vengeance,
And then our mercy ſhall to thee extend.

ZAPHIMRI.

Think not I come to ſave this worthleſs life.
Pity Mandane; ſave her tender frame---
Pity that youth---*(kneels)* oh! ſave that godlike man.

ZAMTI.

Wilt thou diſhonour me, degrade thyſelf,
Thy native dignity, by baſely kneeling?
Quit that vile poſture---

TIMURKAN.

To appeaſe our wrath,
Bring me Zaphimri's head.

ZAPHIMRI.

Will that ſuffice?

TIMURKAN.

His blood attones for all.

ZAPHIMRI. *(Riſing)*

Then take it, tyrant;
I am Zaphimri; I your mortal foe.

ZAMTI.

Angels of light, quick on your rapid wing
Dart from your thrones above, and hover round him.

MANDANE.

Alas! all's ruin'd---China is no more.

ZAPHIMRI.

Behold me, Tartar; hear the voice of truth;
Thus on his knees Zaphimri begs to die.

TIMURKAN.

Thou early traitor! by thy guilty father
Train'd up in fraud! wouldſt thou deceive me too?

HAMET.

He would: all would deceive you: all conſpire
Againſt my claim: all wreſt my title from me:
The father's art, the mother's fond ambition
Upon my ruins to exalt their name,
And raiſe their ſon to empire.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ha! forbear,
Raſh youth, forbear, nor thus inſult your King.
Mine is the crown: it's miſeries are mine:
Mine the worſt malice fortune hath in ſtore:
I claim it all, and will not bear a rival.

HAMET.

Horror! believe him not---for me the troops
From Corea's realm dar'd to approach your walls;
I led them on; I came from climes remote;

The

The captives of your ſword have own'd they fought
To ſee me ſeated on the throne of China.

ZAPHIMRI.

By Heav'n, he's innocent; the guilt is mine.
Miſguided boy! I charge thee dare no more
Uſurp a Monarch's right; reſign at once
My lawfull claim, the honours of my birth;
Give back my name; I aſk it but to die.

TIMURKAN.

Their wond'rous conflict but involves me deeper
In doubt, miſtruſt, perplexity, and fear.
Miſguided fair-one, ſay, which is your King?

MANDANE.

Behold their virtue, and reſpect them both.

TIMURKAN.

Perdition ſeize her!---Zamti mark my words---
This moment, clear each doubt, or keeneſt pangs
Shall hunt the ſecret thro' each trembling nerve.

ZAMTI.

I have already yielded up my ſon;
I gave him to your ſword; and after that,
After that conflict, thinkſt thou there is aught
Zamti has left to fear?

TIMURKAN.

Yes learn to fear
My will, my Sov'reign will, which here is law,
And treads upon the neck of ſlaves.

ZAMTI.

Thy will
The law in China: ill inſtructed man!
Now learn an awfull truth. Tho' ruffian pow'r
May for a while ſuppreſs all ſacred order,
And trample on the rights of man, the ſoul
Which gave our legiſlation life and vigour
Shall ſtill ſubſiſt, above the tyrant's reach.
The ſpirit of the laws can never die.

TIMURKAN.

Here then all parley ends: thy doom is fix'd:
This very moment drag 'em from my ſight.
[*The guards ſeize on Zamti.*

MANDANE.

Yes, lead me with him: in his arms to die
Mandane goes reſign'd. But tyrant know
The great important truth is treaſur'd here.
Thy pow'r can ne'er extort it. Yes, live on
In the worſt agony of doubt and fear,
With us the ſecret dies: that joy is ours;
With that we triumph ſtill; with that we bid thee
Fear while we live, and tremble in our fall.
[*Exit with Zamti and guards.*

HAMET.

No ſpare 'em, yet forbear; here point thy ſword,
Unſluice theſe veins, but ſpare their matchleſs lives.
[*He is carried off.*

ZAPHIMRI.

I am your victim, by the gods I am.
[*Kneeling and holding Timurkan.*

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Away, vile ſlave; go ſee them bleed; behold
How they will writhe in pangs; pangs doom'd for thee,
And all who deal in treachery like thine.

[*Exit.*

ZAPHIMRI. *(on the ground)*

Yet hear me; yet a moment! barb'rous Scythians!
Wilt thou not open, Earth, and take me down,
Down to thy caverns of eternal darkneſs?
And ſleeps Allmighty juſtice? will it not
Awaken all its terrors? arm yon band
Of ſecret heroes with avenging thunder?
By Heav'n *(riſing)* that thought lifts up my kindling ſoul
With renovated fire. My glorious friends,
Who now convene big with your country's fate,
When I am dead, oh! give me juſt revenge;
Let me not die inglorious; make my fall,
By ſome great act of yet unheard of vengeance,
Reſound throughout the world; that fartheſt Scythia
May ſtand appall'd at the huge diſtant roar
Of one vaſt ruin tumbling on the heads
Of this fell tyrant, and his hated race.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT the FIFTH.

Scene the Palace.

Enter ZAMTI *and* MANDANE, *followed by* OCTAR.

ZAMTI.

WHY doſt thou lead us to this hated manſion?
Muſt we again behold the tyrant's frown?
Thou know'ſt our hearts are fix'd.

OCTAR.

The war of words
We ſcorn again to wage. Beneath this roof
The rack is now prepar'd, and Timurkan
Anon ſhall view your pangs, and count each groan
Ev'n to the fulleſt luxury of vengeance.
Guard well that paſſage *(to the guards within)* ſee the traitors find
No means of flight, while to the conqueror
I haſten, to receive his laſt commands.

[*Exit.*

ZAMTI.

Thou ever faithfull woman!

MANDANE.

Canſt thou, Zamti,
Still call me faithfull? by that honour'd name
Wilt thou call her, whoſe wild maternal love
Hath buried all in ruin?

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Yes, thou art,
Thou art my wife, whoſe virtue ev'n in bondage
Hath chear'd my ſoul; and now thy ev'ry charm
Endear'd by danger, kindled by diſtreſs
To higher luſtre, all my paſſions beat
Unutterable gratitude and love.
And muſt---oh! cruel!---muſt I ſee thee bleed?

MANDANE.

For me death wears no terror on his brow.
Full twenty years hath this afflicted breaſt
Been ſmote with theſe ſad hands; theſe haggard eyes
Have ſeen my country's ruin; ſeen my huſband,
My ſon, my king,---all in the Tartar's hands.
What then remains for me? death, only death.

ZAMTI.

Ah! can thy tenderneſs endure the pangs
Inventive cruelty ev'n now prepares?
Muſt this lov'd form, this ſoft perfection bleed?
Thy decent limbs be ſtrain'd with cruel cords,
To glut a ruffian's rage?

MANDANE.

Alas! this frame,
This feeble texture never can ſuſtain it.
But this---this I can bear. *(Shews a dagger)*

ZAMTI.

Ha!

MANDANE.

Yes; this dagger!
Do thou but lodge it in this faithfull breaſt,
My heart ſhall ſpring to meet thee.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Oh!

MANDANE.

Do thou,
My honour'd lord, who taught'ſt me ev'ry virtue,
Afford the friendly, the laſt human office,
And teach me now to die:

ZAMTI.

It muſt not be.---
Hence let me bear this inſtrument of death.
[*Takes the dagger.*
Shall we uſurp the dread prerogative
Of life and death, and meaſure out the thread
Of our own being?---'tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril.
Be that the practice of th' untutor'd ſavage;
Be it the practice of the gloomy North.

MANDANE.

Muſt we then wait the haughty tyrant's nod,
The vaſſals of his will? no, let us rather
Nobly break through the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of ſome other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring ſouls,
And hail our flight with wonder and applauſe.

ZAMTI.

Diſtreſs too exquiſite! ye holy pow'rs,
If aught below can ſuperſede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare ſelf impell'd
Ruſh to your awfull preſence; 'tis not then,
When the diſtemper'd paſſions rage; when pride
Is ſtung to madneſs; when ambition falls
From her high ſcaffolding---oh! no; if aught

Can

Can juſtify the blow, it is when virtue
No more can ſtand at bay; when liberty
No longer breathes at large; 'tis with the groans
Of our lov'd country when we dare to die.

MANDANE.

Then here at once direct the friendly ſteel.

ZAMTI.

Now then prepare thee---ah! does this become
Thy huſband's love? thus with uplifted blade
Can I approach that boſom-bliſs, where oft
With other looks than theſe, oh! my Mandane,
I've huſh'd my cares within thy ſhelt'ring arms?

MANDANE.

Alas! the loves, that bleſt our happier days,
Have ſpread their pinions, never to return,
And the pale fates ſurround us. Zamti, come;
Here lay me down in honourable reſt;
Come as thou art, all hero to my arms,
And free a virtuous wife.

ZAMTI.

It muſt be ſo!
Now then prepare thee---my arm flags and droops
Conſcious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve.
[*Throws down the dagger.*
By Heav'n, once more I would not raiſe the point
Againſt that hoard of ſweets, for endleſs years
Of univerſal empire.---

MANDANE.

Ha! they come;
The miniſters of vengeance come; and yet,

They ſhall not long inſult us in our woes;
Myſelf will ſtill preſerve the means of death.
[*Takes up the dagger.*

Enter TIMURKAN, OCTAR, *and Guards.*

TIMURKAN.

Now then, deteſted pair, your hour is come.
I hate this dull delay: ſeize Zamti firſt;
Let ſtudied art with ſlow conſuming pangs
Explore the truth, nor let him know relief
In his worſt agonies, till ev'ry ſecret
Burſt forth in groans, and end my doubts and fears.

ZAMTI.

Begin your tortures; end this wretched being;
I care not now how ſoon.
[*The guards ſeize Zamti.*

MANDANE.

Stay, Zamti, ſtay;
And will you force him thus? *(he is forc'd off)* inhuman villains!
Oh! Timurkan, behold me humbled here,
Thus lowly on my knees, thus prone to earth,
And groveling at your feet. I aſk to die;
Grant my requeſt; it will not ſtain thy name
With weak humanity; deal ſtill in blood;
Oh! let me periſh in my huſband's arms;
It will be mercy to indulge my pray'r,
And murder ſhall for once be virtue in thee.

TIMURKAN.

Behold him firſt, behold the hoary traitor
Gaſping in death, and welt'ring in his gore.
Thy turn will follow---by thy treach'rous arts
The hated Orphan lives.

MAN-

MANDANE. *(Riſing)*

And if he lives,
May Heav'n protect him, till the awfull truth
In ſome dread hour of horror and revenge
Shall burſt like thunder on thee.---If by me
Zaphimri lives, then tyrant know thy duty;
Deſcend at once from a throne gain'd by murder,
And yield the crown, reſign it to your maſter.

TIMURKAN.

Pernicious traitreſs! ha! what wouldſt thou Mirvan?

Enter MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Near to the Eaſtern gate, a ſlave reports,
As at his watch he ſtood, the gleam of arms
Caſt a dim luſtre through the night, and ſtrait
The ſteps of men thick ſounded in his ear,
In cloſe array they march'd.

TIMURKAN.

Ha! lurking treaſon!
What ho! my arms---ourſelf will ſally forth.

MIRVAN.

My liege, their ſcanty and raſh levied numbers
Want not a monarch's ſword: with eager zeal
Upon the inſtant I drew off the guards,
That round the palace walls: let Octar, Sir,
Who oft has led them to renown in arms,
Let him but head the ranks, his valour ſoon
Shall bring the traitors bound in chains before you.

TIMURKAN.

Well, be it ſo.---Octar, do thou go forth,
And give the rebels to the ſabre's edge.
[*Exit Octar.*

MANDANE.

Why muſt I linger thus? lo! Mirvan too
Leagu'd with the foe, a traitor to his King!

MIRVAN.

With ſure conviction we have further learn'd
The long-contended truth. Etan's their King---
The traitor Zamti counted but one ſon,
And him he ſent,---Mandane knows it all---
Far hence to Corea's realm.

TIMURKAN.

At length thy guilt
Glares to the ſight: this hour Zaphimri dies.

MIRVAN.

To Morat's care th' inſidious Mandarine
With that complotter in his dark deſigns,
Gave up their boy, while unſuſpected here
They fix'd a ſafe aſylum for their prince.

MANDANE. *(Looking at Mirvan)*

When ſhall I quit a world, where men like thee
Are only fit to dwell?---

TIMURKAN.

Let Morat ſtreight
Attend our preſence; bring the ſlave before us.

MIR-

MIRVAN.

This hour approves my loyalty and truth.

[*Exit.*

TIMURKAN.

Thanks to great Lama, treaſon is no more,
And their boy-king is found. Yes, traitreſs, now
Thou ſhalt behold the ſtripling's forfeit head,
Soon as the dawn ſhall purple yonder Eaſt,
Aloft in air all China ſhall behold it
Parch'd by the ſun, and welt'ring to the wind.

Enter MIRVAN.

TIMURKAN.

Well, Mirvan, haſt thou brought the treach'rous ſlave?

MIRVAN.

My liege, he comes obedient to your will.

Enter ZAPHIMRI, *with a Sabre.*

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, bloody Tartar, now then know Zaphimri.

TIMURKAN.

Accurſed treaſon!---to behold thee thus
In arms before me, blaſts my acking ſight.
My blood forgets to move; each pow'r dies in me.

MANDANE.

Yes, monſter, yes; thy fated hour is come.
Deſcend, thou tyrant, from a throne uſurp'd,
And yield the crown, now yield it to thy maſter.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Well mayſt thou tremble, well may guilt like thine
Shrink back diſmay'd; for thus avenging Heav'n
In me ſends forth his miniſter of wrath
To deal deſtruction on thee.

TIMURKAN.

Coward-ſlave!
A midnight ruffian, in th' unguarded hour,
Secure thou com'ſt, thus to aſſault a warrior
Thy heart would never dare to meet in arms.

ZAPHIMRI.

Not meet thee Tartar!---ha!---in me thou ſee'ſt
One, on whoſe head unnumber'd wrongs thou'ſt heap'd,
Elſe could I ſcorn thee thus defenceleſs---yes,
My great revenge could bid thee try each ſhape,
Aſſume each horrid form, come forth array'd
In all the terrors of deſtructive guilt.
But now a dear, a murder'd father calls;
He beckons to the ſpot, the ſacred altar
Which thy fell hand imbrued with royal blood.
Go, ſeek the temple; at that dread tribunal
Receive thy doom, and expiate thy crimes.

TIMURKAN.

By Heav'n I'll dare thee ſtill; reſign it ſlave,
Reſign the blade to nobler hands.
[*Seizes Mirvan's Sabre.*

MANDANE.

Oh! horror!
Bring inſtant help; let not the fate of China
Hang on the iſſue of a doubtfull combat.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, lawleſs ravager, Zaphimri comes
To wreak his juſtice on thee.
[*They fight and Zaphimri drives Timurkan off.*

MANDANE.

Now, juſt gods,
Sinew his arm, and guide the blow for freedom.

MIRVAN.

See there, behold, he darts upon his prey.

ZAPHIMRI. *(Within)*

Die, bloodhound, die.

MIRVAN.

The Tartar drops his point.

MANDANE.

He falls, the victim falls.

ZAPHIMRI. *(Within)*

My father ſtrikes;
He gives the blow; and this, thou fell deſtroyer,
This for a nation's groans.

Enter HAMET.

HAMET.

Where is Zaphimri?
Direct me to him---

MANDANE.

Hamet!---oh! my ſon;

Once

Once more I clasp thee in thy mother's arms,
Lo! where the monster quivers on the ground!
Let me seek Zamti with the glorious tidings,
And call him back to liberty and joy.

[*Exit with Mirvan.*

Enter ZAPHIMRI.

ZAPHIMRI.

This reeking blade hath drunk the tyrant's blood.

HAMET.

China again is free---there lies the corse
That breath'd destruction to the world.

ZAPHIMRI.

Yes there,
Tyrannic guilt, behold thy fatal end,
The wages of thy sins.

Enter MORAT.

HAMET.

Oh! Morat wellcome,
Wellcome to conquest, freedom and revenge.

MORAT.

Revenge now stalks abroad: our valiant leaders
True to the destin'd hour at once broke forth
From ev'ry quarter, on th' astonish'd foe.

ZAPHIMRI.

Lo! Timurkan lies levell'd with the dust.

MORAT.

MORAT.

Oppreſſion's iron rod at length is broke.
My King! my Sov'reign!
[*Kneels to Zaphimri.*

ZAPHIMRI.

Riſe: the time demands
Far other cares: where are my gallant friends?
Is the wild tumult o'er, and have they conquer'd?

MORAT.

The gates, the ramparts, and the citadel,
Each paſs is ours: the unſuſpecting foe
Hemm'd in on ev'ry ſide reſiſts in vain.
Octar is fall'n: all cover'd o'er with wounds
He met his fate, and ſtill the ſlaught'ring ſword
Invades the city ſunk in ſleep and wine.

ZAPHIMRI.

Send forth, and let Oraſming ſtrait proclaim
Zaphimri King, my ſubjects rights reſtor'd.
[*Exit Morat.*
Now where is Zamti? where my more than father?
Where is Mandane? Lead me, lead me to them.

Enter MIRVAN.

ZAPHIMRI.

What means that pale deſpair?

MIRVAN.

Oh! dire miſchance!
While here I trembled for the great event,
The unrelenting ſlaves, whoſe trade is death,

Began their work; nor piety, nor age
Could touch their felon-hearts; they ſeiz'd on Zamti
And bound him on the wheel; a prey to villains
We found the good, the venerable man
Smiling in pangs; all frantic at the ſight
Mandane plung'd a poniard in her breaſt.
With him I liv'd, ſhe cried, with him will die.

HAMET.

Oh! Heav'n! my mother! ſummon ev'ry aid
To call her back to life.---

MIRVAN.

In th' arms of death
Ev'n now ſhe ſtruggles.

ZAPHIMRI.

Fatal raſhneſs. Say,
Is Zamti too deſtroy'd?

MIRVAN.

Life ebbs apace.
Releas'd from anguiſh, with what ſtrength remain'd,
He reach'd the couch, where loſt Mandane lies,
There threw his mangled limbs, there clinging to her
He pours his ſad lamentings, in a ſtrain
Might call each pitying angel from the ſky
To ſympathize with human woe.

The Back-ſcene opens.

ZAPHIMRI.

And ſee,
See on that mournfull bier he claſps her ſtill;
Still hangs upon each faded feature; ſtill
To her deaf ear complains in bitter anguiſh.
Zamti and Mandane are brought forward on a couch.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Yet live, Mandane; thou may'ſt ſtill be happy---
Thou haſt not merited an end like this.

MANDANE.

The hand of death ev'n now is heavy on me.

ZAPHIMRI.

Are theſe our triumphs? theſe our promis'd joys?

ZAMTI.

The muſick of that voice recalls my ſoul.
Riſes, and runs to embrace Zaphimri; his ſtrength fails, and he falls at his feet.
My Prince! my King!---

ZAPHIMRI.

Support him; bear him up.

MANDANE.

Where is my child, my Hamet? lives he ſtill?

HAMET.

He lives, but oh! to ſee my mother thus---

MANDANE.

Oh! let me fold thee *(riſes)* ha!---it is too much---
I thank you Heav'n; theſe are a mother's joys,---
And theſe you give to chear me in my paſſage.
Soft; lay me, lay me down---

HAMET.

Her eyes are fixed;
A death like paleneſs ſpreads o'er ev'ry feature.

ZAPHIMRI *(Raiſing* ZAMTI.*)*

How fares it Zamti now?

ZAMTI.

Oh! bleſt event!
I could not hope ſuch tidings; thee, my King,
And Hamet too, I thought you both deſtroy'd.
My ſlow remains of life cannot endure
Theſe ſtrong viciſſitudes of grief and joy.
And there---there lies Mandane---lead me to her.
Mandane, look upon me; once again
Let me behold the day-light of thy eyes.

MANDANE.

Alas! thoſe eyes no more muſt gaze upon thee;
That dear delight is fled;---thee too, my ſon,
No more I now muſt ſee thee; ſnatch'd from death,
This day reſtor'd,---after whole years of abſence---
I leave thee now;---I leave my child for ever---
The heart-ſtring breaks---oh! that thought tears---
it cleaves---
It drowns me in my tears.

ZAMTI.

I pray ye lead me---
Conduct me to her---nearer ſtill---that both---
Alas! I faint---ſupport me---

[*Faints in their arms.*

HAMET.

Once again
Mandane ſpeak, and let me hear thy voice---

MANDANE.

Hamet,---thy hand---forgive---forgive my raſhneſs.
Could

Could I ſurvive your father? no---with him
The ſcene was clos'd---but---is the tyrant dead?

HAMET.

His debt is paid.

MANDANE.

Alas! I follow him---
I follow thither, where eternal juſtice
Exalts the juſt, and humbles the oppreſſor.
And thee, my ſon, I leave thee here in freedom.
That joy is mine---copy your father's actions---
You need no more: mankind will bleſs thee for it.
Remember all his precepts: his example
Will guide thy ſteps, and marſhal thee to glory---
I die reſign'd---and yet---and yet its hard,---
When freedom dawns,---and after all my ſufferings---
Its hard, my child, your mother now ſhould thee---
Zamti---where is he?

ZAMTI. *(Coming to himſelf)*

Bend me, bend me forward---

MANDANE.

Alas! that ſight---oh! Zamti---Hamet---oh!
[*Dies.*

ZAMTI.

She's gone, for ever, ever gone,---Mandane!
[*Sinks down by her.*
Thus do I ſee thee?---cold---alas! death-cold!
Cold is that breaſt, where virtue from above
Fix'd her delighted manſion; and thoſe lips
That utter'd heav'nly truth---pale! pale! dead---
dead!
Pray ye entomb me with her.---

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Take, ye pow'rs,
Your throne, your crown; take all your conqueſts back,
Zaphimri never can ſurvive---

ZAMTI.

I charge thee live---
A baſe deſertion of the public weal
Will ill become a King---alas! my ſon---
By that dear tender name if once again
Zamti may call thee---this is now the laſt,
The only interview we ever ſhall have---

ZAPHIMRI.

And will ye then, inexorable gods
Will ye then tear him from my acking heart?

ZAMTI.

The moral duties of the private man
Are grafted in thy ſoul. But oh! remember,
The mean immutable of happineſs,
Or in the vale of life, or on a throne,
Is virtue:---each bad action of a King
Extends beyond his life, and oft renews
Its tyranny o'er ages yet unborn.
To error mild, ſevere to guilt, protect
The helpleſs innocent; be truth thy paſſion;
Spurn the baſe flatterer, and learn to feel
The beſt delight of ſerving human kind.

HAMET.

He dies, he dies, the agony is on him---

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Life haraſs'd out, purſued with barb'rous art
Thro' ev'ry trembling joint now fails at once---
Zaphimri---oh! farewell---I ſhall not ſee
The glories of thy reign---my ſon---my Hamet---
Thou good young man, farewell---Mandane, yes,
My ſoul with pleaſure wings her flight, that thus
Faithfull in death I leave theſe cold remains
Near thy dear honour'd clay.

[*Dies.*

ZAPHIMRI.

And art thou dead,
Thou beſt of men? then muſt Zaphimri pine
In ever-during grief, ſince thou art loſt,
Since that firm patriot, whoſe parental care
Should raiſe, ſhould guide, ſhould animate my virtues,
Lies there a breathleſs corſe.

HAMET.

My liege, forbear;
Live for your people; madneſs and deſpair
Belong to woes like mine.

ZAPHIMRI.

Thy woes, indeed,
Are great, thou pious youth; yes I will live
To ſoften thy afflictions; to aſſuage
A nation's grief when ſuch a pair expires.
Come to my heart; in thee another Zamti
Shall bleſs the realm---now let me hence to hail
My people with the ſound of peace; that done,
To theſe a gratefull monument ſhall riſe,
With all ſepulchral honour; frequent there

We'll

We'll offer incence; there each weeping muſe
Shall grave the tributary verſe; with tears
Embalm their memories, and teach mankind
Howe'er oppreſſion ſtalk the groaning earth,
Yet Heav'n, in its own hour, can bring relief,
Can blaſt the tyrant in his guilty pride,
And prove the Orphan's guardian to the laſt.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

THROUGH five long acts I've wore my ſighing face,
Confin'd by critic laws to time and place:
Releas'd at length, I ramble as I pleaſe;
Back to dear London whiſk o'er land and ſeas;
Ladies excuſe my dreſs; 'tis true Chineze.

And now, no huſband to torment my brain,
Eſcap'd from daggers, and from tragic ſtrain,
Let us enjoy our dear ſmall talk again.

How could this bard ſucceſsfull hope to prove;
So many heroes, and not one in love!
No ſuitor here to talk of flames that thrill;
To ſay the civil thing---"your eyes ſo kill"---
No raviſher, to force one---to one's will.
That Timurkan!---an odious, horrid brute!
Whom only wars, and blood and horror ſuit.
If in the guards he firſt had learn'd his trade,
Gam'd at the Tilt-yard, loung'd on the Parade;
At Play and Opera blaz'd an am'rous ſpark,
And ſhone the MACCARONI *of the Park;*
Had he march'd boldly to the Tow'r for fame;
And at St. James's felt the tender flame;
Think ye, for Zamti I had died a martyr?
The man; in that caſe, would have caught a TARTAR.

You've ſeen their Eaſtern virtues, patriot paſſions;
But now for ſomething of their taſte and faſhions.

" Oh! Lord! that's charming," cries my Lady Fidget,
" I long to know it; do the creatures viſit?
" Dear Mrs. Yates, do, tell us---well, how is it?"
Firſt as to beauty, ſet your hearts at reſt;
They've all broad foreheads, and pigs eyes at beſt.
And then they lead ſuch ſtrange, ſuch formal lives;
A little more at home than Engliſh wives!
Leſt the poor things ſhould roam, and prove untrue,
They all are crippled in the tiny ſhoe.
A hopefull ſcheme to keep a wife from madding!
We pinch our feet, and yet are ever gadding.
Then they've no cards; no routs; ne'er take their fling;
And pin-money is an unheard of thing.
And how d'ye think they write?---you'll ne'er divine;
From top to bottom down in one ſtraight line.
We, ladies, when our flames we cannot ſmother,
Write letters---from one corner down to t'other.
One mode there is in which both climes agree;
I ſcarce can tell---'mongſt friends then let it be;
The creatures love to cheat as well as we.
But bleſs my wits! I've quite forgot the bard;
A civil ſoul!---by me he ſends this card.
" PRESENTS RESPECTS"---*to ev'ry lady here;*
" HOPES FOR THE HONOUR"---*of a ſingle tear.*
The critics then will throw their dirt in vain;
Tears from thoſe eyes will waſh out ev'ry ſtain;
Your tears true verdure to the laurel give;
The ſcene, that moves your hearts, deſerves to live;
All elſe is labour'd rant, and fuſtian rage;
Each drop, you fall, embalms the poet's page.

TO

TO

M. DE VOLTAIRE,

SIR,

A LETTER to you from an Engliſh author may carry with it the appearance of correſponding with the enemy, not only as the two nations are at preſent involved in a difficult and important war, but alſo becauſe in many of your late writings you ſeem determined to live in a ſtate of hoſtility with the Britiſh nation. Whenever we come in your way, "we are ferocious; we are iſlanders; "we are the people whom your country has taught; we "fall behind other nations in point of taſte and elegance "of compoſition; the ſame cauſe that has witheld from "us a genius for painting and muſic, has alſo deprived us "of the true ſpirit of Tragedy; and, in ſhort, barbariſm "ſtill prevails among us."

Of theſe high-toned deciſions, as boldly hazarded, as they are feebly ſupported, it ſhall be my buſineſs to addreſs my ſentiments to you upon ſome future occaſion. The enquiry will lead to a wide field of diſcuſſion: relying upon the great name, eſtabliſhed by two or three writers of the laſt century, writers indeed of great value, and juſtly admired throughout Europe, you have aſſumed in favour of France, the prize of dramatic excellence: the claim is roundly aſſerted, and ſhould it hereafter appear to have no foundation in truth, you are ſure at leaſt of proving yourſelf a good citizen, though not the beſt of critics *. The national vanity, which has given riſe to many reflections upon the theatric genius of the Engliſh nation, may be excuſable; but the fallacy, with which a great deal of miſrepreſentation has been artfully coloured, to aſſiſt your favourite hypotheſis, deſerves to be minutely examined. The intereſts of the drama and the cauſe of truth ſeem to require it. For the purpoſe of the preſent letter it will be ſufficient to ſay, notwithſtanding the vein of prejudice, which has diſcoloured moſt of your *fugitive* pieces, that there ſtill breathes throughout your writings ſuch a general

* Dum patriam laudat, damnat dum poggius hoſtam,
Nec malus eſt civis, nec bonus hiſtoricus.

ſpirit of humanity and zeal for the honour of the Republic of Letters, that I am inclined to imagine the author of the Engliſh Orphan of China (an obſcure iſlander) may ſtill addreſs you upon terms of amity and literary benevolence.

I have attempted a Tragedy upon a ſubject that has exerciſed your excellent talents: I have dared to try my ſtrength in the Bow of ULYSSES; I hold myſelf therefore, in ſome ſort accountable to M. De VOLTAIRE for the departure I have made from his plan, and the ſubſtitution of a new fable of my own.

My firſt propenſity to this ſtory was occaſioned by the remarks of an admirable critic * of our own, upon the ORPHAN OF THE HOUSE OF CHAU, preſerved to us by the induſtrious and ſenſible P. DU HALDE.

The Chineze piece, as our learned commentator obſerves, amidſt great wildneſs and irregularity, has ſome traces of reſemblance to the beautiful models of antiquity. In my reflections upon it, I imagined I ſaw a blemiſh in the manner of ſaving the Orphan, by the tame reſignation of another infant in his place; eſpecially when the ſubject afforded a fair opportunity to delineate the ſtrugglings of a parent, on ſo trying an occaſion. It therefore occurred to me, that if a fable could be framed, in which the Father and the two Young Men might be interwoven with probability and perſpicuity, without being embarraſſed with all the perplexities of a riddle, as, you know, is the caſe of the HERACLIUS of CORNEILLE, many ſituations might ariſe, in which ſome of the neareſt affections of the heart might be awakened: but even then I was too conſcious that this muſt be executed in its full force, by a genius very different from myſelf.

In this ſtate of mind, ſir, I heard with pleaſure that M. De VOLTAIRE had produced at Paris his L'ORPHELIN DE LA CHINE: I ardently longed for a peruſal of the piece, expecting that ſuch a writer would certainly ſeize all the ſtriking incidents which might naturally grow out of ſo pregnant a ſtory, and that he would leave no ſource of paſſion unopened. I was in ſome ſort, but not wholly diſappointed: I ſaw M. De VOLTAIRE ruſhing into the midſt of things at once; opening his ſubject in an alarming manner; and, after the narrative relating to GENGISKAN is over, working up his firſt act like a poet indeed.

* Mr. Hurd, in his Commentary upon Horace,

Meum

Meum qui pectus inaniter angit
Ut Magus.

In the beginning of the ſecond act, he again touches our affections with a maſter-hand; but, like a rower who has put forth all his ſtrength, and ſuddenly ſlackens his exertion, I ſaw, or imagined I ſaw, him give way all at once: the great tumult of the paſſions is over; the intereſt wears away; Gengiskan talks politics; the tenderneſs of a mother, flying with all the ſtrong impulſes of nature to the relief of her child, is thrown into cold unimpaſſioned narrative; the *role pour l'amoureux* muſt have its place, and the rough conqueror of a whole people becomes *Le Chevalier* Gengiskan, as errant a lover as ever ſighed in the Thuilleries at Paris. Your own words, ſir, ſtrongly expreſſive of that manly and ſenſible taſte, which diſtinguiſhes you throughout Europe, occurred to me upon this occaſion: "Quelle place pour la galanterie que le parricide & l'inceſte, qui déſolent une famille, & la contagion qui ravage un pais? Et quel exemple plus frapant du ridicule de notre theatre, & du pouvoir de l'habitude, que Corneille d'un côté, qui fait dire à Théfée.----

"Quelque ravage affreux qu'étale ici la Peſte;
"L'abſence aux vrais amans eſt encore plus funeſte,

"Et moi, qui, ſoixante ans apres lui, viens faire parler une vielle Jocaſte d'un viel amour: & tout cela pour complaire au goût le plus fade & le plus faux qui ait jamais corrompu la literature." Indeed, ſir, Gengiskan, in the very moment of overwhelming a whole nation, uſurping a crown, and maſſacring the royal family, except one infant, whom he is in queſt of, appeared to me exactly like the amorous Theseus in the midſt of a deſtructive plague. "Nunc non erat his locus."----How would that noble performance, that *Chef d'œuvre* of your country, the Athalie of Racine, have been defaced by the gallantry of an intrigue, if a tyrant had been introduced under the ſoft and gentle influence of a tender paſſion for the wife of the high-prieſt? or if Joad, entertaining a ſecret affection for Athalie, and being aſked what orders he would give relating to the delivery of his country, ſhould anſwer, "aucune," none at all.----And yet this is the language of a northern conqueror, whining for a Mandarine's wife, who had no power of reſiſting, and having no relation to the royal family, could not, by an intermarriage, ſtrengthen his intereſt in the crown. But to you, who have told us that

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that Love ſhould reign a very tyrant in Tragedy, or not appear there at all, being unfit for the ſecond place; to you, who have ſaid that NERO ſhould not hide himſelf behind a tapeſtry to overhear the converſation of his miſtreſs and his rival; to you, ſir, what need I urge theſe remarks?---To fill up the long career of a tragedy with this epiſodic love muſt certainly have been the motive that led you into this error: an error I take the liberty to call it, becauſe I have obſerved it to be the hackneyed and ineffectual ſtratagem of many modern writers as well in England as in France. Within the compaſs of my reading, there is hardly a bad man in any play, but he is in love with ſome very good woman: the ſcenes that paſs between them, I have always remarked, are found dull and unawakening by the audience, even though adorned with all the graces of compoſition ſuch as yours, of which it is but juſtice to ſay, that it beſtows embelliſhments upon every ſubject.

For me, ſir, who only draw in crayons, who have no reſource to thoſe laſting colours of imagination with which you ſet off every thing; a writer ſuch as I am, ſir, could not preſume to ſupport that duplicity of paſſion which runs through your piece, I could not pretend, by the powers of ſtyle, to ſuborn an audience in favour of thoſe ſecondary paſſages, from which their attention naturally revolts. A plainer and more ſimple method lay before me. I was obliged to keep the main object as much as poſſible before the eye; and therefore it was that I took a ſurvey of my ſubject, in order to catch at every thing that ſeemed to me to reſult with order and propriety from it. A ſcantineſs of intereſting buſineſs ſeemed to me a primary defect in the conſtruction of the French ORPHAN OF CHINA, and that defect I imagined had its ſource in the early date of your play. By beginning "gemino ab ovo," by making the Orphan and the Mandarine's ſon children in their cradles, it appeared to me that you had ſtripped yourſelf of two characters, which might be produced in an amiable light, ſo as to engage the affections of their auditors, not only for themſelves, but conſequentially for thoſe alſo to whom they ſtand in any degree of relation. From this conduct I propoſed a further advantage, that of effacing the very obvious reſemblance to the ANDROMACHE, which now ſtrikes every body in your plan. This laſt remark I do not urge againſt accidental and diſtant coincidencies of ſentiment, diction, or fable. Many of the Greek plays, we know, had a family-

likeneſs,

likeneſs, ſuch as an Œdipus, an Electra, an Iphigenia in Tauris, in Aulis, a Merope, &c. But what is a beauty in Racine, ſeems in his great ſucceſſor to be a blemiſh. In the former, nothing depends on the life of Astyanax but what was very natural, the happineſs of the mother: in the latter, the fate of a kingdom is grafted upon the fortunes of an infant; and I aſk your own feelings, (for no body knows the human heart better) whether an audience is likely to take any conſiderable intereſt in the deſtiny of a babe, who, when your Zamti has ſaved him, cannot produce any change, any revolution in the affairs of China? No, ſir; the conquered remain in the ſame abject ſtate of vaſſalage, and the preſervation of the infant king becomes therefore almoſt unintereſting, certainly unimportant: whereas when the Orphan is grown up to maturity, when he is a moral agent in the piece, when he has a plan for revenging himſelf on the deſtroyers of his family, it then becomes a more preſſing motive in the Mandarine's mind; nay, it is almoſt his duty, in ſuch a caſe, to ſacrifice even his own offspring for the good of his country. In your ſtory, ſir, give me leave to ſay, I do not ſee what end can be anſwered by Zamti's loyalty: his proſpect of any real ſervice to his country is ſo diſtant, that it becomes almoſt chimerical. For this reaſon, and becauſe hiſtory warrants an expulſion of the Tartars; becauſe it was not upon the firſt inroad, but in proceſs of time and experience, that they learned to incorporate themſelves with the conquered, by adopting their laws and cuſtoms, I had recourſe to my own preconceived notions. Whether I was partially attached to them, or whether my reaſonings upon your fable were juſt, you, ſir, and the public, will determine.

You will perceive, ſir, in the Engliſh Orphan a few occaſional inſertions of ſentiment from your elegant performance. To uſe the expreſſion of Mr. Dryden, when he talks of Ben Johnson's imitation of the ancients, you *will often track me in your ſnow.* For this I ſhall make no apology, either to the public or to you: none to the public, becauſe they have applauded ſome ſtrokes for which I am indebted to you; and none certainly to you, becauſe you are well aware I have in this inſtance followed the example of many admired writers; Boileau, Corneille, and Racine, in France; and in England, Milton, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Pope. It was finely ſaid by you, (I have read the ſtory, and take it upon truſt) when it was objected

to the celebrated METASTASIO, as a reproach, that he had frequent transfuſions of thought from your writings, "Ah! le cher voleur! il m'a bien embelli." This talent of embelliſhing I do not pretend to; to avail myſelf of my reading, and to improve my own productions, is all I can pretend to; and this I flatter myſelf I have done, not only by tranſplanting from you, but alſo from many of the writers of antiquity. If the authorities I have above mentioned were not ſufficient, I could add another very bright example, the example of M. De VOLTAIRE, whom I have often tracked, to uſe the ſame expreſſion again, in the *ſnow of Shakeſpear*. The ſnow of SHAKESPEAR is but a cold expreſſion; but perhaps it will be more agreeable to you, than a word of greater energy, ſtrong enough to convey a full idea of the aſtoniſhing powers of that great man; for we iſlanders have remarked of late, that M. De VOLTAIRE has a particular ſatisfaction in deſcanting on the faults of that wonderfull genius, the greateſt perhaps, that ever exiſted ſince the æra of HOMER. In this treatment of SHAKESPEAR, we obſerve, ſir, a ſpecies of ingratitude; for in many of your plays we perceive you under obligations to that SAVAGE, as you are pleaſed to call him, for ſome of the ſtriking beauties both of your fable and the ſentiment. Of what is here advanced, it is not now the time to give the particular inſtances. The number of thoſe inſtances is, however, very conſiderable; inſomuch, that an ingenious and excellent perſon tells me, whenever you ſpeak, in your *avant propos*, in terms degrading of the great Engliſh bard, he always deems it a ſure prognoſtic that your play is the better for him.

If the great ſcenes of SHAKESPEAR, ſir; if his boundleſs view of all nature, the lawn, the wilderneſs, the blaſted heath, mountains, and craggy rocks, with thunder and lightning on their brows; if theſe cannot ſtrike the imagination of Mr. De VOLTAIRE, how can I expect that the ſtudied regularity of my little ſhrubbery ſhould afford him any kind of pleaſure? To drop the metaphor, if the following tragedy does not appear to you a MONSTROUS FARCE, it is all I can reaſonably expect. But whatever may be your opinion of it, I muſt beg that you will not make it the criterion by which you would decide concerning the taſte of the Engliſh nation, or the preſent ſtate of literature among us. What you have humbly ſaid of yourſelf, in order to do honour to your nation, I can aſſert with

truth

truth of the author of the Engliſh ORPHAN, that he is one of the worſt poets now in this country. It is true, indeed, that the play has been received with uncommon applauſe; that ſo elegant a writer as the author of CREUSA and THE ROMAN FATHER was my critic and my friend; and that a great deal of very particular honour has been done me by many perſons of the firſt diſtinction. But, give me leave to ſay, they all know the faults of the piece as well as if it had been diſcuſſed by the academy of *Belles Lettres*. We are a generous nation, ſir; and even the fainteſt approaches to merit, always meet here the warmeſt encouragement. Permit me further to aſſure you, in caſe you ſhould diſcover any traces of barbariſm in the ſtyle or fable, that if you had been preſent at the repreſentation, you would have ſeen a theatrical ſplendor conducted with a *bienſeance* unknown to the *ſcene Francoiſe*. The performers of ZAPHIMRI and HAMET, by their intereſting manner, would have made you regret that you had not enriched your piece with two characters, to which a colouriſt, like you, would have given the moſt beautiful touches of the pencil, had the idea ſtruck your fancy; and, though a weak ſtate of health deprived the play of ſo fine an actreſs as Mrs. CIBBER, you would have beheld in MANDANE a figure that would adorn any ſtage in Europe, and you would have acknowledged that her Acting promiſes to equal the elegance of her perſon: moreover, you would have ſeen a ZAMTI, whoſe exquiſite powers are capable of adding Pathos and Harmony even to our great SHAKESPEAR; and let me add, ſir, that the genius of this performer has been in MAHOMET, in MEROPE, and ZARA, the chief ſupport of your own ſcenes upon the Engliſh ſtage.

Upon the whole, I beg you will not imagine that I have written this Tragedy in the fond hope of eclipſing ſo celebrated a writer as M. De VOLTAIRE: I had an humbler motive; *propter amorem quod te imitari aveo.* Could I do that in any diſtant degree, it would very amply gratify the ambition of,

Sir, your real admirer,

and moſt humble ſervant,

London, April 30, 1759.

The AUTHOR of
The ORPHAN of CHINA.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

OF old,---when Greece in a declining age
Of lawleſs pow'r had felt the barb'rous rage,
This was the tyrant's art:---He gave a prize
To him, who a new pleaſure ſhould deviſe.
Ye tyrants of the Pit, whoſe cold diſdain
Rejects and nauſeates the repeated ſtrain;
Who call for rarities to quicken ſenſe,
Say, do you always the reward diſpenſe?
Ye bards, to whom French wit gives kind relief,
Are ye not oft the firſt---to cry STOP THIEF!
Say, to a brother do you e're allow
One little ſprig, one leaf to deck his brow?
No; fierce invective ſtuns the play-wright's ears,
Wits, Poets corner, Ledgers, Gazetteers?
'Tis ſaid, the Tartar, e're he pierce the heart,
Inſcribes his name upon his poiſon'd dart.
That ſcheme's rejected by each ſcribbling ſpark;
Our Chriſtian ſyſtem---ſtabs you in the dark.
And yet the deſp'rate author of to-night
Dares on the muſes wing another flight;
Once more, a dupe to Fame, forſakes his eaſe,
And feels th' ambition here again to pleaſe.
He brings a tale from a far diſtant age,
Ennobled by the grave hiſtoric page! *
Zenobia's woes have touch'd each poliſh'd ſtate;
The brighteſt eyes of France have mourn'd her fate.
Harmonious Italy her tribute paid,
And ſung a dirge to her lamented ſhade.
Yet think not that we mean to mock the eye
With pilfer'd colours of a foreign dye.

* Tacitus Ann. Lib. 12. Sect. 44, to the end of 51.

NOT

NOT *to tranſlate our bard his pen doth dip;*
He takes a play, as Britons take a ſhip;
They heave her down;---with many a ſturdy ſtroke,
Repair her well, and build with heart of oak.
To ev'ry breeze ſet Britain's ſtreamers free,
NEW-MAN *her, and away again to ſea.*
This is our author's aim;---and if his art
Waken to ſentiment the feeling heart;
If in his ſcenes alternate paſſion burn,
And friendſhip, love, guilt, virtue take their turn;
If innocence oppreſs'd lie bleeding here,
You'll give---'tis all he aſks---one VIRTUOUS TEAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PHARASMANES,	Mr. AICKIN.
RHADAMISTUS,	Mr. BARRY.
TERIBAZUS,	Mr. HOLLAND.
ZOPIRON,	Mr. PACKER.
TIGRANES,	Mr. HURST.
MEGISTUS,	Mr. HAVARD.
ZENOBIA,	Mrs. BARRY.
ZELMIRA,	Mrs. W. BARRY.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE lies in Pharaſmanes' Camp, on the Banks of the Araxes.

ZENOBIA:

A

TRAGEDY.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

---------- ut atrum
Corpore combiberet Venenum;
Deliberatâ morte ferocior.

HOR.

ZENOBIA.

ACT the FIRST.

ZELMIRA.

THRO' the wide camp 'tis awful ſolitude!
On ev'ry tent, which at the morning's dawn
Rung with the din of arms, deep ſilence ſits
Adding new terrors to the dreadful ſcene!
My heart dies in me!---hark!---with hideous roar
The turbulent Araxes foams along,
And rolls his torrent thro' yon depth of woods!
'Tis terrible to hear!---who's there?---Zopiron!
My lord, my huſband, help me, lend your aid.

Enter ZOPIRON.

ZOPIRON.

Why didſt thou leave thy tent?---why thus afflict
Thy anxious breaſt?---ere yonder ſun ſhall viſit
The weſtern ſky, all will be huſh'd to peace.

ZELMIRA.

The interval is horrid; big with woe,
With conſternation, peril and diſmay!
And oh! if here, while yet the fate of nations
Suſpended hangs upon the doubtful ſword,
If here the trembling heart thus ſhrink with horror,
Here in theſe tents, in this unpeopled camp,
Oh! think, Zopiron, in yon field of death

Where

Where numbers ſoon in purple heaps ſhall bleed,
What feelings there muſt throb in ev'ry breaſt?
How long, ambition, wilt thou ſtalk the earth
And thus lay waſte mankind!----

ZOPIRON.

This day at length
The warlike king, victorious Pharaſmanes
Cloſes the ſcene of war. The Roman bands
But ill can cope with the embattled numbers
Aſia pours forth, a firm undaunted hoſt!
A nation under arms! and every boſom
To deeds of glory fir'd!---Iberia then----

ZELMIRA.

Periſh Iberia! may the ſons of Rome
Pour rapid vengeance on her falling ranks,
That he, who tramples on the rights of nature,
May ſee his vaſſals over-whelm'd in ruin,
May from yon field be led in ſullen chains,
To grace the triumph of imperial Rome,
And from th' aſſembled ſenate humbly learn
The dictates of humanity and juſtice!

ZOPIRON.

Thy generous zeal, thy ev'ry ſentiment
Charms my delighted ſoul. But thou be cautious,
And check the riſing ardor that inflames thee.
The tyrant ſpares nor ſex, nor innocence.

ZELMIRA.

Indignant of controul, he ſpurns each law,
Each holy ſanction, that reſtrains the nations,
And forms 'twixt man and man the bond of peace.

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

This is the tyger's den; with human gore
For ever floats the pavement; with the ſhrieks
Of matrons weeping o'er their ſlaughter'd ſons,
The cries of virgins to the brutal arms
Of violation dragg'd, with ceaſeleſs groans
Of varied miſery for ever rings
The dreary region of his curs'd domain.

ZELMIRA.

To multiply his crimes, a beauteous captive,
Th' afflicted Ariana---ſhe---for her,
For that fair excellence my boſom bleeds!
She, in the prime of ev'ry blooming grace,
When next the glowing hour of riot comes,
Shall fall a victim to his baſe deſires.

ZOPIRON.

The bounteous gods may ſuccour virtue ſtill!
In this day's battle, which perhaps e're now
The charging hoſts have join'd, ſhould Roman valour
Prevail o'er Aſia's numbers---

ZELMIRA.

That event
Is all our hope.---And lo! on yonder rampart
Trembling with wild anxiety ſhe ſtands,
Invokes each god, and bids her ſtraining eye
Explore the diſtant field.

ZOPIRON.

Yes, there ſhe's fix'd
A ſtatue of deſpair!---That tender boſom
Heaves with no common grief: I've mark'd her oft,
And if I read aright, ſome mighty cauſe
Of hoarded anguiſh, ſome peculiar woe

Preys on her mind unſeen!---But, ha! behold,
She faints;---her fears too pow'rful for her fame
Sink that frail beauty drooping to the earth.
[*Exit haſtily.*

ZELMIRA.

Haſte, fly, Zopiron, fly with inſtant ſuccour;
Aſſuage the ſorrows of that gentle ſpirit!
Her flutt'ring ſenſe returns;---and now this way
The virgins lead her.---May the avenging gods!
In pity of the woes ſuch virtue feels,
In pity of the wrongs a world endures,
With pow'r reſiſtleſs arm the Roman legions,
That they may hurl in one collected blow
Aſſur'd deſtruction on the tyrant's head!

Enter ZENOBIA, *leaning on two attendants.*

ZENOBIA.

A little onward, ſtill a little onward
Support my ſteps---

ZELMIRA.

How fares it, madam, now?

ZENOBIA.

My ſtrength returns; I thank ye, gen'rous maids,
And would I could requite you: fruitleſs thanks
Are all a wretch can give.

Firſt attendant.

The gentle office
Of mild benevolence our nature prompts;
Your merit too commands: on Ariana
We tend with willing, with delighted care,
And that delight o'er pays us for our trouble.

ZE-

ZENOBIA.

Your cares for me denote a heart that feels
For others woes. Methinks with ſtrength renew'd
I could adventure forth again.

Second attendant.

'Twere beſt
Repoſe your wearied ſpirits. We will ſeek
Yon riſing ground, and bring the ſwifteſt tidings
Of all the mingled tumult.

ZENOBIA.

Go, my virgins;
Watch well each movement of the marſhall'd field;
Each turn of fortune; let me know it all;
Each varying circumſtance.

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

ZELMIRA.

And will you thus,
Be doom'd for ever, Ariana, thus
A willing prey to viſionary ills,
The ſelf-conſuming votariſt of care?

ZENOBIA.

Alas! I'm doom'd to weep; the wrath of heav'n
With inexhauſted vengeance follows ſtill,
And each day comes with aggravated woes.

ZELMIRA.

Yet when Iberia's king, when Pharaſmanes,
With all a lover's fondneſs---

ZENOBIA.

Name him not!
Name not a monſter horrible with blood,
The widows, orphans, and the virgin's tears!

ZELMIRA.

Yet ſavage as he is, at ſight of thee
Each fiercer paſſion ſoftens into love.
To you he bends; the monarch of the eaſt
Dejected droops beneath your cold diſdain,
And all the tyranny of female pride.

ZENOBIA.

That pride is virtue; virtue that abhors
The tyrant reeking from a brother's murder!
Oh! Mithridates! ever honour'd ſhade!
Peaceful he reign'd, diſpenſing good around him,
In the mild eye of honourable days!
Thro' all her peopled realm Armenia felt
His equal ſway; the ſunſet of his pow'r
With fainter beams, but undiminiſh'd glory,
Still ſhone ſerene, while ev'ry conſcious ſubject
With tears of praiſe beheld his calm decline,
And bleſs'd the parting ray! yet then, Zelmira,
Oh! fact accurs'd! yes Pharaſmanes then,
Deteſted perfidy! nor ties of blood,
Nor ſacred laws, nor the juſt gods reſtrain him;
In the dead midnight hour the fell aſſaſſin
Ruſh'd on the ſlumber of the virtuous man;
His life blood guſh'd; the venerable king
Wak'd, ſaw a brother arm'd againſt his life,
Forgave him and expir'd!

ZELMIRA.

Yet wherefore open
Afreſh the wounds, which time long ſince hath clos'd?
This day confirms his ſcepter in his hand.

ZE-

ZENOBIA.

Confirms his ſceptre!---his!---indignant gods,
Will no red vengeance from your ſtores of wrath
Burſt down to cruſh the tyrant in his guilt?
His ſceptre, ſaidſt thou? urge that word no more;
The ſceptre of his ſon! the ſolemn right
Of Rhadamiſtus! Mithridates' choice,
That call'd him to his daughter's nuptial bed,
Approv'd him lineal heir; conſenting nobles,
The public will, the ſanction of the laws,
All ratified his claim; yet curs'd ambition,
Deaf to a nation's voice, a nation's charter,
Nor ſatisfied to fill Iberia's throne,
Made war, unnatural war, againſt a ſon,
Uſurp'd his crown, and with remorſeleſs rage
Purſued his life.

ZELMIRA.

Can Ariana plead
For ſuch a ſon? means ſhe to varniſh o'er
The guilt of Rhadamiſtus?

ZENOBIA.

Guilt, Zelmira!

ZELMIRA.

Guilt that ſhoots horror thro' my aching heart!
Poor loſt Zenobia!

ZENOBIA.

And do her misfortunes
Awaken tender pity in your breaſt?

ZELMIRA.

Ill-fated princeſs! in her vernal bloom

By

By a falſe huſband murder'd! from the ſtem
A Roſe-bud torn, and in ſome deſert cave
Thrown by to moulder into ſilent duſt!

ZENOBIA.

You knew not Rhadamiſtus! Pharaſmanes
Knew not the early virtues of his ſon.
As yet an infant, in his tend'reſt years
His father ſent him to Armenia's court,
That Mithridates' care might form his mind
To arts, to wiſdom, and to manners worthy
Armenia's ſceptre, and Zenobia's love.
The world delighted ſaw each dawning virtue,
Each nameleſs grace to full perfection riſing!
Oh! he was all the fondeſt maid could wiſh,
All truth, all honour, tenderneſs and love!
Yet from his empire thrown! with mercileſs fury
His father following, ſlaughter raging round,
What could the hero in that dire extreme?

ZELMIRA.

Thoſe ſtrong impaſſion'd looks! ſome fatal ſecret
Works in her heart, and melts her into tears. [*Aſide.*

ZENOBIA.

Driv'n to the margin of Araxes' flood,
No means of flight, aghaſt he look'd around:
Wild throbb'd his boſom with conflicting paſſions,
And muſt I then? tears guſh'd and choak'd his voice,
And muſt I leave thee then Zenobia? muſt
Thy beauteous form---he paus'd, then aim'd a poniard
At his great heart---but oh! I ruſh'd upon him,
And with theſe arms cloſe-wreathing round his neck,
With all the vehemence of pray'rs and ſhrieks,
Implor'd the only boon he then could grant
To periſh with him in a fond embrace.

The

The foe drew near; time preſs'd, no way was left;
He claſp'd me to his heart; together both,
Lock'd in the folds of love, we plung'd at once,
And fought a requiem in the roaring flood.

ZELMIRA.

This wondrous tale, this ſudden burſt of paſſion,

ZENOBIA.

Ha!---whither has my frenzy led me?---hark!
That ſound of triumph! loſt, for ever loſt!
Ruin'd Armenia! oh! devoted race!
A flouriſh of trumpets.

Enter TIGRANES, Soldiers, *and ſome* Priſoners.

ZENOBIA.

Thy looks, Tigranes, indicate thy purpoſe!
The armies met, and Pharaſmanes conquer'd;
Is it not ſo?

TIGRANES.

As yet with pent up fury
The ſoldier pants to let deſtruction looſe.
With eager ſpeed we urg'd our rapid march,
To where the Romans tented in the vale
With cold delay protract the ling'ring war.
At our approach their ſcanty numbers form'd
Their feeble lines, the future prey of vengeance.

ZENOBIA.

And wherefore, when thy ſword demands its ſhare
Of havock in that ſcene of blood and horror,
Wherefore return'ſt thou to this lonely camp?

TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

With cautious eye as I explor'd the foreſt,
Which riſes thick near yonder ridge of mountains,
And ſtretches o'er th' interminable plain,
I ſaw theſe captives in the gloomy wood
Seeking with ſilent march the Roman legions.
Here in this camp 'tis Pharaſmanes' will
They wait their death in miſery of torment.

ZENOBIA.

Unhappy men! and muſt they---ha!---that face,
That aged mien! that venerable form!
Immortal pow'rs!---is it my more than father?
Is that Megiſtus?

MEGISTUS.

Ariana here!
Gods! could I ever hope to ſee her more?
Thou virtuous maid! thou darling of my age!

ZENOBIA.

It is---it is Megiſtus!---once again
Thus let me fall and claſp his rev'rend knee,
Print the warm kiſs of gratitude and love
Upon his trembling hand, and pour the tears,
The mingled tears of wonder and of joy.

MEGISTUS.

Riſe, Ariana, riſe: allmighty gods!
The tide of joy and tranſport pours too faſt
Along theſe wither'd veins: it is too much
For a poor weak old man, worn out with grief
And palſied age, it is too much to bear!
Oh! Ariana, daughter of affliction,
Have I then found thee? do I thus behold thee!
Now I can die content!

ZE-

ZENOBIA.

Thou beſt of men!
Theſe joys our tears and looks can only ſpeak.

MEGISTUS.

Yet they are cruel joys: myſterious Heav'n!
You bid the ſtorm o'ercaſt our darkſome ways;
You gild the cloud with gleams of cheering light;
Then comes a breath from you, and all is vaniſh'd!

ZENOBIA.

Wherefore dejected thus?

MEGISTUS.

Alas! to meet thee
But for a moment, and then part for ever!
To add to thy afflictions, wound that boſom
Where mild affection, where each virtue dwells,
Juſt to behold thee, and then cloſe my eyes
In endleſs night, while you ſurvey my pangs
In the approaching agony of torment.

ZENOBIA.

Talk not of agony; 'tis rapture all!
And who has pow'r to tear thee from my heart?

MEGISTUS.

Alas! the charge of vile imputed guilt---

ZENOBIA.

I know thy truth, thy pure exalted mind,
Thy ſenſe of noble deeds---imputed guilt!
Oh! none will dare---haſt thou Tigranes?---what,

What is his crime?---bluſh, foul traducer, bluſh!
Oh! *(to Megiſtus)* the wide world muſt own thy ev'ry virtue.

TIGRANES.

If in the conſcious foreſt I beheld
Their dark complottings---

ZENOBIA.

Peace, vile ſland'rer, peace!
Thou know'ſt who captivates a monarch's heart.
'Tis I protect him; Ariana does it!
Thou, venerable man! in my pavillion
I'll lodge thee ſafe from danger. Oh! this joy,
This beſt ſupreme delight the gods have ſent,
In pity for whole years of countleſs woe.
[*Exit with* Megiſtus.

ZELMIRA, TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

With what wild fury her conflicting paſſions
Riſe to a ſtorm, a tempeſt of the ſoul!
I know the latent cauſe: her heart revolts,
And leagues in ſecret with the Roman arms.

ZELMIRA.

Beware Tigranes; that exceſs of joy,
Thoſe quick, thoſe varied paſſions ſtrongly ſpeak
The ſtranger has an int'reſt in her heart.
Beſides, thou know'ſt o'er Pharaſmanes' will
She holds ſupreme dominion.

TIGRANES.

True, ſhe rules him
With boundleſs ſway.

ZELMIRA.

Nay, more to wake thy fears,
The youthful prince, the valiant Teribazus
In ſecret ſighs, and feels the ray of beauty
Through ev'ry ſenſe ſoft-thrilling to his heart.
He too becomes thy foe.

TIGRANES.

Unguarded man!
Whate'er he loves or hates, with gen'rous warmth,
As nature prompts, that dares he to avow,
And lets each paſſion ſtand confeſs'd to view;
Such too is Ariana; bold and open
She kindly gives inſtructions to her foe,
To marr her beſt deſigns.

ZELMIRA.

Her foe, Tigranes!
That lovely form inſhrines the gentleſt virtues,
Softeſt compaſſion, unaffected wiſdom,
To outward beauty lending higher charms
Adorning and adorn'd! the gen'rous prince,
He too, full well thou know'ſt him---he unites
In the heroic mould of manly firmneſs,
Each mild attractive art---oh! ſurely none
Envy the fair renown that's earn'd by virtue.

TIGRANES.

None ſhould Zelmira! ha! thoſe warlike notes!

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Each weary ſoldier reſt upon his arms,
And wait the King's return. Zelmira ſay,

In theſe dark moments of impending horror,
How fares thy beauteous friend? her tender ſpirit
But ill ſupports the fierce alarms of war.

Enter ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Where is he? let me fly! oh! Pharaſmanes,---
Methought thoſe ſounds beſpoke the King's approach.
Oh! Teribazus, tell me, have the fates---
This horrible ſuſpenſe.

TERIBAZUS.

I came, bright maid,
To huſh the wild emotions of thy heart.
Devouring ſlaughter for a while ſuſpends
His ruthleſs rage; as either hoſt advanc'd
In dread array, and from the burniſh'd arms
Of Aſia's ranks redoubled ſunbeams play'd,
Burning with bright diverſities of day,
Came forth an herald from the Roman camp
With proferr'd terms: my father deign'd for once
To yield to mild perſuaſion: in his tent
Th' ambaſſador of Rome will ſoon attend him
To ſheathe the ſword, and give the nations peace.

ZENOBIA.

But oh! no peace for me, misfortune's heir!
The wretched heir of miſery! but now
A more than father found,---yet cruel men
Would tear him from me---gen'rous, gen'rous prince,
Spare an old man, whoſe head is white with age,
Nor let 'em wound me with the ſharpeſt pang
That ever tortur'd a poor bleeding heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Ariſe my fair; let not a ſtorm of grief

Thus

Thus bend to earth my Ariana's beauties;
Soon ſhall they all revive---

ZENOBIA.

They brought him fetter'd,
Bound like a murderer!---Tigranes,---he,
This is the author of the horrid charge:
He threatens inſtant death: but oh! protect,
Protect an innocent, a good old man,
Or ſtretch me with him on the mournful bier.

TERIBAZUS.

By Heav'n, whoe'er he is, ſince dear to you,
He ſhall not ſuffer. Quick, direct me to him;
My guards ſhall ſafe incloſe him.

ZENOBIA.

In my pavillion
He waits his doom.

TERIBAZUS.

Myſelf will bear the tidings
Of life, of joy, and liberty reſtor'd.
And thou artificer of ill, thou falſe,
Thou vile defamer! leave thy treach'rous arts,
Nor dare accuſe whom Ariana loves.

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

ZENOBIA.

Zelmira, this is happineſs ſupreme!
Oh! to have met with unexampl'd goodneſs
To owe my all, my very life itſelf,
To an unknown but hoſpitable hand,
And thus enabled by the bounteous gods,
To pay the vaſt, vaſt debt! 'tis ecſtacy

That

That ſwells above all bounds, till the fond heart
Ache with delight, and thus run o'er in tears.

ZELMIRA.

What muſt Zelmira think? at firſt your tongue
Grew laviſh in the praiſe of Rhadamiſtus,
With hints obſcure touching your high deſcent;
And now this hoary ſage---is he your father?
My mind is loſt in wonder and in doubt.

ZENOBIA.

Then to diſpel thy doubts, and tell at once
What deep reſerve has hid within my heart,
I am Zenobia! I that ill-ſtarr'd wretch!
The daughter of a ſcepter'd anceſtry,
And now the ſlave of Mithridates' brother!

ZELMIRA.

Long loſt Zenobia, and reſtor'd at length!
I am your ſubject; oh! my queen! my ſov'reign!

ZENOBIA.

Thou gen'rous friend! riſe, my Zelmira, riſe.
That good old man!---oh! it was he beheld me
Borne far away from Rhadamiſtus' arms,
Juſt periſhing, juſt loſt!---
He daſh'd into the flood, redeem'd me thence,
And brought me back to life. My op'ning eyes
Juſt ſaw the light, and clos'd again to ſhun it.
Each vital pow'r was ſunk, but he, well ſkill'd
In potent herbs, recall'd my flutt'ring ſoul.

ZELMIRA.

May the propitious gods reward his care.

ZENOBIA.

With me he ſav'd a dear, a precious boy,
Then in the womb conceal'd; he ſav'd my child
To trace his father's lov'd reſemblance to me,
The dear, dear offspring of our bridal loves.

ZELMIRA.

Oh! bleſſings on him, bleſſings on his head!

ZENOBIA.

Reſign'd and patient I ſince dwelt with him,
Far in the mazes of a winding wood,
Midſt hoary mountains, and deep cavern'd rocks.
But oh! the fond idea of my lord
Purſued me ſtill, or in the cavern'd rock,
The mountain's brow, and pendent foreſt's gloom.
The ſun look'd joyleſs down; each lonely night
Heard my griefs ecchoing thro' the woodland ſhade.
My infant Rhadamiſtus!---he is loſt,
He too is wreſted from me!---'midſt the rage
And the wide waſte of war, the hell-hound troops
Of Pharaſmanes ſought my lone retreat,
And from the violated ſhades, from all
My ſoul held dear, the barb'rous ruffians tore me,
And never ſhall the wretched mother ſee
Her child again!

ZELMIRA.

Heav'n may reſtore him ſtill;
May ſtill reſtore your royal huſband too.
Who knows but ſome protecting god---

ZENOBIA.

No god,
No guardian pow'r was preſent. He is loſt!
Oh! Rhadamiſtus!---oh! my honour'd lord!

No

No pitying eye beheld thy decent form;
The rolling flood devour'd thee! thou haſt found
A watry grave, and the laſt diſmal accents
That trembled on thy tongue, came bubbling up,
And murmur'd loſt Zenobia!

ZELMIRA.

Yet be calm.
The gods may bring redreſs: even now they give
To miſery like thine, the heartfelt joy
Of ſhielding injur'd virtue.

ZENOBIA.

Yes, Zelmira,
That pure delight is mine, a ray from Heav'n
That bids affliction ſmile---All gracious pow'rs!
Make me your agent here to ſave Megiſtus,
I'll bear the load of life, bear all its ills
Till you ſhall bid this ſad world-weary ſpirit
To peaceful regions wing her happy flight,
And ſeek my lord in the dark realms of night;
Seek his dear ſhade in ev'ry penſive grove,
And bear him all my conſtancy and love.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

TIGRANES.

A Falſe accuſer deem'd! artificer of fraud!
Thoſe words intemp'rate boy; thy phrenzy too,
Deluded fair! ſhall coſt you dear atonement.
[*Grand warlike muſic.*

A Military Proceſſion: Enter PHARASMANES, *&c.*.

PHARASMANES.

At length the fame of Pharaſmanes' arms
Hath aw'd the nations round: Rome ſhrinks aghaſt
With pale diſmay, recalls her trembling legions,
And deprecates the war. Oh! what a ſcene
Of glorious havoc had yon field beheld,
If peaceful counſels had not check'd my fury!
Valiant Tigranes, thoſe rebellious ſlaves,
Thy care detected, have they ſuffer'd death?

TIGRANES.

Your pardon, Sir: I would not utter aught
Should injure Teribazus.

PHARASMANES.

Ha!---proceed,
And give me all the truth.

TIGRANES.

By his command---
His tender nature deem'd it barb'rous rigour,
To urge their ſentence.

PHARASMANES.

Vain aſpiring boy!
Tell Teribazus, [*Enter* ZENOBIA]
---tell th' unthinking prince,
Theſe practices of popular demeanour,
Are treaſon to his father: let him know
Thro' wide Armenia and Iberia's realm
My will is fate: the ſlaves ſhall meet their doom.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! mighty King,---thus bending lowly down,
An humble ſuppliant---

PHARASMANES.

Ariana here!
Thou beauteous mourner, let no care moleſt
Thy tender boſom; riſe and bid thy charms
Beam forth thy gentleſt luſtre, to adorn
The glories of my triumph.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! a wretch like me
It beſt befits thus groveling on the earth
To bathe your feet with tears.

PHARASMANES.

It muſt not be: [*He raiſes her.*
By Heav'n renown in arms in vain attends me,
If the lov'd graces of thy matchleſs form
Are thus depreſs'd and languiſh in affliction,
Like flow'rs that droop and hang their pining heads
Beneath the rigour of relentleſs ſkies.

ZENOBIA.

If thou would'ſt raiſe me from the depths of woe,
For-

Forgive thoſe captives, whom thy fatal anger
Adjudg'd to death, nor let ill-tim'd reſentment
Fall on the prince your ſon. 'Twas I---my tears,
My piercing lamentations won his heart
To arreſt their doom.

PHARASMANES.

For traitors to my crown
Does Ariana plead?

ZENOBIA.

For mild humanity
My ſuppliant voice is rais'd. I point the means
To add new glory to your fame in arms.
In nought ſo near can men approach the gods
As the dear act of giving life to others.
In feats of war the glory is divided,
To all imparted, to each common man,
And fortune too ſhall vindicate her ſhare.
But of ſweet mercy, the vaſt, vaſt renown
Is all your own; nor officer nor ſoldier
Can claim a part: the praiſe, the honour'd praiſe,
Adorns the victor, nor is the eccho loſt
'Midſt ſhouts of armies, and the trumpet's ſound.
He conquers even victory itſelf,
Than hero more---a bleſſing to the world!

PHARASMANES.

Ha! wherefore urgent thus?---amidſt the band
Is there who claims thy ſoft ſolicitude?

ZENOBIA.

A hoary ſage---alas! a more than father,
The beſt of men, preſerver of my being,
A blameleſs ſhepherd! rude of fraud and guilt,
Innoxious thro' his life---oh! mighty King,
Spare an old man, a venerable ſire!

Nought has your fortune greater than the pow'r
To ſerve humanity !---ſhew that your heart
Has the ſweet grace, the gen'rous virtue too!

PHARASMANES.

My ſoul relents, and yields to thy entreaty,
Thy violence of pray'r: releaſe him ſtreight:
My brighteſt honours wait him; honours fit
For him who gave thee birth; for him whoſe virtue
Thy gen'rous ſoul deems worthy its eſteem.

ZENOBIA.

Our humble ſtation ſeeks nor pomp nor ſplendor:
We only aſk, unenvied and obſcure,
To live in blameleſs innocence; to ſeek
Our calm retreat, embrac'd in depth of woods,
And dwell with peace and humble virtue there.

PHARASMANES.

That cold diſdain, which ſhuns admiring eyes,
Attracts the more, exalting ev'ry charm.
No more of humble birth; thy matchleſs beauty,
Like gems, that in the mine conceal their luſtre,
Was form'd to dignify the eaſtern throne.
My ſceptre, that ſtrikes terror to each heart,
Grac'd by thy decent hand ſhall make each ſubject
Adore thy ſofter ſway: The glorious æra
Of Pharaſmanes' love, his date of empire
With Ariana ſhar'd, henceforth begins,
And leads the laughing hours. But firſt the ſtorm
Of war and wild commotion muſt be huſh'd.
That mighty care now calls me to my throne,
To give the Roman audience; audience fit
To ſtrike a citizen of Rome with awe,
When he beholds the majeſty of Kings. [*going.*

Enter

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Dread Sir, the Roman embaſſy approaches.
From yonder rampart, that inveſts your camp,
I heard their horſes hoofs with eager ſpeed
Beat the reſounding ſoil.

PHARASMANES.

Let 'em approach.
And thou, whoſe arrogance---but I forbear
When Ariana pardons, my reſentment
Yields to her ſmiles, and looks away its rage.
As when the crimes of men Jove's wrath demand,
And the red thunder quivers in his hand;
The queen of love his vengeance can diſarm
With the ſoft eloquence of every charm;
Controul his paſſions with reſiſtleſs ſway,
And the impending ſtorm ſmile to ſereneſt day.
[*Exit with his train.*

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

And may I then once more, thou bright perfection,
May Teribazus once again approach thee,
While thus my father, my ambitious father,
At ſight of thee forgets his cruel nature,
And wonders how he feels thy beauty's pow'r?
Oh! may I---but I'm too importunate;
Your looks rebuke me from you, and I ſee
How hateful I am grown.

ZENOBIA.

Miſtake me not,
Nor raſhly thus arraign the looks of one,
Whoſe heart lies bleeding here---thy gen'rous worth
Is oft the live-long day my fav'rite theme.

But

But oh! for me, for wretched Ariana,
The god of love long ſince hath quench'd his torch,
And ev'ry ſource of joy lies dead within me.

TERIBAZUS.

That cold averted look!---but I am us'd
To bear your ſcorn; your ſcorn that wounds the deeper,
Maſk'd as it is with pity and eſteem.
Yet love incurable, relentleſs love
Burns here a conſtant flame; it riſes ſtill,
And will to madneſs kindle, ſhould I ſee
That hoard of ſweets, that treaſury of charms
Yield to another, to a barb'rous rival
Who perſecutes a ſon to his undoing.

ZENOBIA.

If Ariana's happineſs would wound thee,
Thou'lt ne'er have cauſe to murmur or repine.
Nought can divorce me from the black deſpair
To which I've long been wedded.---

TERIBAZUS.

Calm diſdain,
I grant you, well becomes the tyrant fair
Whom Pharaſmanes deſtines for his throne.
But oh! in pity to this breaking heart,
Give me, in mercy give ſome other rival,
Whom I may ſtab, without remorſe may ſtab,
'Midſt his delight, in all his heav'n of bliſs,
And ſpurn him from the joys, that ſcorpion-like
Shoot anguiſh here, here thro' my very ſoul.

ZENOBIA.

Alas! too gen'rous prince, the gods long ſince
Between us both fix'd their eternal bar.

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

What ſay'ſt thou Ariana?--ha! beware,
Nor urge me to deſtraction---love like mine,
Fierce, gen'rous, wild, with diſappointment wild,
May rouſe my deſp'rate rage to do a deed
Will make all nature ſhudder. Love deſpis'd
Not always can reſpect the ties of nature!
Driven to extremes the tend'reſt paſſion ſcorn'd
May hate at length the object it adores,
And ſtung to madneſs---no!---inhuman fair,
You ſtill muſt be,---in all viciſſitudes,
In all the ſcenes misfortune has in ſtore,
You ſtill muſt be the ſov'reign of my ſoul.
But for the favour'd, for the happy rival,
By heav'n, whoe'er he be, deſpair and phrenzy
May ſtrike the blow, and daſh him from your arms
A ſacrifice to violated love.

ZENOBIA.

Why thus diſtract yourſelf with vain ſuſpicions?
You have no rival, whom your rage can murder;
None in the pow'r of fate---oh! Teribazus,
The wretched Ariana, long, long ſince---
My heart ſwells o'er---I cannot ſpeak---a duty,
A rigorous duty bids me ne'er accept
Thy proferr'd love; a duty, which, if known,
Would in eternal ſilence ſeal thy vows,
Turn all thy rage to tears, and, oh! my prince!
Bid thee reſpect calamities like mine. [*Exit.*

TERIBAZUS.

Yet Ariana ſtay, turn, turn and hear me:
She's gone, the cruel, unrelenting fair!
And leaves me thus to miſery of ſoul.

Enter

Enter ZOPIRON.

Flamminius, from the Romans is arriv'd,
And bears the olive-branch: the King your father
Aſſembles all his nobles.

TERIBAZUS.

Say, Zopiron,
Does Rome yield up Armenia?

ZOPIRON.

Rome is ſtill
The ſcourge of lawleſs pow'r: a people's rights
The conſcript fathers have reſolv'd to ſhield,
And to the lineal heir aſſert the crown.

TERIBAZUS.

May the ſtern god of battles aid their arms,
And fight with the deliverers of mankind!
Unnatural father! that would ſeize my ſcepter,
Mine as my brother's heir, and raviſh with it
The idol of my ſoul! but now no more
His tyranny prevails; to empire rais'd,
'Twill be the pride of my exulting heart,
To lay my crown at Ariana's feet.

[*Exit.*

ZOPIRON.

Unhappy prince! ſhould Pharaſmanes know
His ardent paſſion for the captive maid,
I dread th' event: may Rome's ambaſſador,
Oh! may he come with concord in his train,
And far avert the ills my heart forbodes!
But lo! Flamminius.

Enter

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

ZOPIRON.

Welcome to theſe tents
The harbinger of peace!

RHADAMISTUS.

Does your King know
Flamminius waits his leiſure?

ZOPIRON.

He prepares
To hear you, Roman!

RHADAMISTUS.

As I tread his camp
There is I know not what of horror ſhoots
Thro' all my frame, and diſconcerted reaſon
Suſpends her function. A black train of crimes,
Murders, and luſt, and rapine, cities ſack'd,
Nations laid waſte by the deſtructive ſword,
A thouſand ruthleſs deeds all riſe to view,
And ſhake my inmoſt ſoul, as I approach
The author of calamity and ruin.

ZOPIRON.

Then from a Roman, from a ſon of freedom
Let the fell tyrant hear the voice of truth,
The ſtrong reſiſtleſs ſtrain, which liberty
Breathes in her Capitol, till his proud heart
Shudder with inward horror at itſelf.

RHADAMISTUS.

In Pharaſmanes' camp that honeſt ſtile!

Thy viſage bears the characters of virtue.
Wilt thou impart thy name and quality?

ZOPIRON.

In me you ſee Zopiron! deem me not
A vile abettor of the tyrant's guilt.
To me Armenia truſts her ſacred rights;
Hither her choſen delegate ſhe ſends me,
At the tribunal of Iberia's King,
To plead her cauſe, an injur'd people's cauſe!
Oh! never, never ſhall my native land
Yield to a vile uſurper.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome has heard
Thy patriot toil for freedom: Rhadamiſtus
Has heard thy gen'rous ardor in his cauſe,
And pants to recompence thy truth and zeal.

ZOPIRON.

Oh! name not Rhadamiſtus; now no more
The god-like youth ſhall bleſs Armenia's realm.
The fates juſt ſhew'd him to the wond'ring world,
And then untimely ſnatch'd him from our ſight!

RHADAMISTUS.

And didſt thou know the prince?

ZOPIRON.

My lot ſevere
Denied that tranſport; but the voice of fame
Endears his memory.

RHADAMISTUS.

A time may come
When you may meet, and both in friendſhip burn.
Still Rhadamiſtus lives!---

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Said'ſt thou Flamminius!---
Lives he?

RHADAMISTUS.

Still he ſurvives; from death and peril
Sav'd by a miracle! and now for him
Rome claims Armenia.

ZOPIRON.

Claims Armenia for him!
For Rhadamiſtus claims!---and will ye, gods!
Still will ye give him to a nation's pray'rs?

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! he lives;---heart-broken, deſolate,
In ſorrow plung'd, abandon'd to deſpair!

ZOPIRON.

The righteous gods will vindicate his cauſe,
His lov'd Zenobia, Mithridates' daughter,
That ev'ry excellence, does ſhe too live?
Have the indulgent pow'rs watch'd o'er her fate,
And ſav'd her for her people?

RHADAMISTUS.

There, Zopiron,
There lies the wound that pierces to his ſoul,
The ſharpeſt pang, that rends, that cleaves his heart.
Oh! never more ſhall lovely loſt Zenobia,
That angel form, that pattern of all goodneſs,
No, never more---ſhe's gone, for ever gone!
Thou would'ſt not think---her barb'rous, cruel huſ-
band---
With his own hand---the recollected tale Of

Of horror ſhakes my frame to diſſolution!
Oh!---loſt Zenobia---oh!--- [*Falls into a ſwoon.*

ZOPIRON.

He faints; he falls!
Can Roman ſtoiciſm thus diſſolve
In tender pity? riſe, Flamminius, riſe;
He ſtirs; he breathes; and life begins to wander
O'er his pale trembling cheek. Reſume thy ſtrength,
And like a Roman triumph o'er your tears.

RHADAMISTUS.

I'll not be forc'd back to a wretched world,
No;---let me,---let me die.

ZOPIRON.

His eyes reject
The cheerful light---what can this anguiſh mean?

RHADAMISTUS.

You do but waſte your pains; it is in vain!
Away and leave a murd'rer to his woes.

ZOPIRON.

Why thus accuſe thyſelf? I'll not believe it,
Thus let me raiſe thee from the earth

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! *(riſing)*---
Deſpair weighs heavy on me.

ZOPIRON.

Still I muſt
Controul this ſudden phrenzy,

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh!---Zopiron,
Here,---here it lies,

ZOPIRON.

Unburthen all, and eaſe
Your loaded heart---it cannot be; thou never wert
A murd'rer!---

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes!---the horror of the world!
A murd'rous wretch! the fatal Rhadamiſtus!
'Twas I---theſe felon hands!---with treach'rous love
I claſp'd her in this curs'd embrace; I bore her
In theſe deteſted arms, and gave that beauty,
That tender form to the devouring waves.
Plunge me, ye furies, in your lakes of fire;
Here fix,---fix all your vultures in my heart!
And lo! they ruſh upon me *(ſtarts up)* ſee! ſee there!
With racks and wheels they come;---they tear me
piece-meal---
'Tis juſt Zenobia!---I deſerve it all---
[*Falls upon* Zopiron.

ZOPIRON.

Aſſiſt him guardian pow'rs! your own high will
Guides theſe events! revive, my prince, revive!

RHADAMISTUS.

Why thus recall me to deſpair and horror?
To bid me hate the light, deteſt myſelf,
Traitor to nature, traitor to my love!
And yet, Zopiron,---yet I am not plung'd
So far in guilt, but thou may'ſt pity me!
Heav'n, I atteſt, yes you can witneſs gods!
I meant

I meant to periſh with her; but the fates
Denied that comfort; from her circling arms
The torrent bore me far: expiring, ſenſeleſs,
Gaſping in death, the overflowing tide
Impetuous drove me on th' unwiſh'd for ſhore.
There ſoon deſerted by the mercileſs ſtream
A band of Romans, as from Syria's frontier
They rang'd the country round, deſcried me ſtretch'd
Pale and inanimate; with barb'rous pity
They lent their aid, and chain'd me to the rack
Of inauſpicious life!

ZOPIRON.

For wond'rous ends
Myſterious Providence has ſtill reſerv'd you,
To circulate the happineſs of millions,
A patriot prince!

RHADAMISTUS.

Would they had let me periſh!
What has a wretch like me to do in life,
When my Zenobia's loſt? 'tis true, my friend,
She begg'd to die; but that pathetic look,
Her tears, embraces, and thoſe ſtreaming eyes
Still beauteous in diſtreſs! each winning grace,
Her ev'ry charm ſhould have forbid the deed,
And pleaded for her life!

ZOPIRON.

And yet, my prince,
When ſelf-acquitting conſcience---

RHADAMISTUS.

Self-condemn'd
My ſoul is rack'd, is tortur'd! not her child,
Her unborn infant, the firſt fruit of love,
Not ev'n her babe could with the voice of nature

Plead

Plead for itſelf, or for its wretched mother.
They periſh'd both, ſhe and her little one,
And I ſurvive to tell it.

ZOPIRON.

Let not grief
O'erwhelm your reaſon thus. What, when your father,
Your cruel father, reeking from the blood
Of Mithridates---

RHADAMISTUS.

Nought but death was left,
Yet ev'n that laſt, ſad refuge was debarr'd me!
E'er ſince I've liv'd in miſery; my days
Were colour'd all with anguiſh and deſpair!
Long from the Romans I conceal'd my name.
At length reveal'd me to a choſen friend;
Journey'd with him to Rome; and in full ſenate
Told all the diſmal ſtory of my woes.
The conſcript fathers heard, and dropt a tear:
Then to quick vengeance fir'd, diſpatch'd their legions
To wage the war; Paulinus leads them on,
And now to me commits this embaſſy,
With fully delegated pow'rs from Rome.

ZOPIRON.

With one united voice Armenia calls
For Mithridates' heir!---convinc'd by rumour
That thou ar't loſt, the gen'ral cry demands
Your brother Teribazus.

RHADAMISTUS.

He, Zopiron,
Is to theſe eyes a ſtranger.

ZOPIRON.

Hapleſs prince!
A cloud of woes lies brooding o'er his head.
A fair, a lovely captive rules his heart;
Her name is Ariana; and indeed
No wonder ſhe attracts his ſoft regard,
And kindles all the vehemence of love.
The tyrant eyes her too with fierce deſire,
And ruin nods o'er Teribazus' head.

RHADAMISTUS.

By Heav'n it ſhall not be---alas! I know
The pang of loſing whom the heart adores.
I'll yield him up Armenia: what are crowns
But toys of vain ambition, when the lov'd,
The dear partaker of my throne is loſt?

Enter TIGRANES.

ZOPIRON.

What would Tigranes?

TIGRANES.

Pharaſmanes calls
Flamminius to his preſence.

RHADAMISTUS.

I attend him;
So tell your King.

TIGRANES.

Inſtant he waits thee Roman. [*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS.

How my heart trembles at the awful meeting!

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Then ſummon all your ſtrength: the lapſe of time
From early youth, when Pharaſmanes ſaw you,
Affliction's inward ſtroke, that Roman garb,
All will protect, and cloak you from detection!

RHADAMISTUS.

Zopiron yes; in this important criſis,
When violated laws, and injur'd men,
When my own wrongs are lab'ring in my heart,
The great occaſion calls for firmeſt vigour.
Yes, in this interview I will maintain
A Roman's part; in Pharaſmanes' ſoul
I'll wake the furies of deteſted guilt,
And pour the rapid energy of truth
Till ev'n to himſelf his crimes are known,
And the uſurper tremble on his throne.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT the THIRD.

PHARASMANES, *on his Throne:* TIGRANES, ZOPIRON, Officers, &c.

PHARASMANES.

WHERE is this bold republican from Rome?
This enemy of Kings? Tigranes, thou
Bid the plebeian enter. Pharaſmanes
Vouchſafes him audience.

Enter FLAMMINIUS.

PHARASMANES.

Now, Flamminius, ſay
What motive brings you to Araxes' banks,
To wage this ſlow, this philoſophic war?

RHADAMISTUS.

By me, unworthy of th' important charge,
By me, unequal to the arduous theme,
The conſcript fathers here explain their conduct,
And juſtify the ways of Rome to Kings.

PHARASMANES.

Roman, thou may'ſt declaim with all thy pomp
Of gaudy eloquence.

RHADAMISTUS.

No pow'r of words,
No graceful periods of harmonious ſpeech
Dwell on my lip: the only art I boaſt

Is honeſt truth, unpoliſh'd, unadorn'd!
Truth that muſt ſtrike conviction to your heart,
Truth that informs you, to uſurp a crown,
For dire ambition to unpeople realms,
Are violations of each ſacred law,
That bid the Roman eagle wing'd with vengeance
To the Araxes' margin bend her flight,
To tell deſtruction it ſhall rage no more.

PHARASMANES.

And dares Paulinus' ſoldier, dar'ſt thou, Roman,
Thus offer vile indignity, and mouthe
The language of your forum to a King?

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome knows, and owns you as Iberia's King,
But not Armenia's.

PHARASMANES.

Ha!---

RHADAMISTUS.

Th' aſſembled ſenate
Acknowledges your vaſt renown in arms,
And honours the unſhaken fortitude
Ev'n of a foe. But, Sir, the fortitude,
Whoſe brutal rage lays nations deſolate,
It is the glory of imperial Rome
To humble and ſubdue; to fix the bounds
Of the fell tyrant's pow'r; to trace the circle
From which he muſt not move: theſe are the arts,
The bright prerogative of Rome; of Rome,
The miſtreſs of the world, whoſe conqu'ring banners
O'er Aſia's realms ſo oft have wav'd in triumph,
And made ev'n Kings her ſubjects,

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Ha! thou boaſter!

RHADAMISTUS.

Made Oriental Kings, ſhort by the knee
Accept their crown, with tears of joy accept it,
And be the Viceroys of a Roman ſenate.

PHARASMANES.

And this to Pharaſmanes? has not yet
A train of conqueſts taught you to revere
This good right arm in war? This arm the Parthians
Have felt with fatal overthrow. No ſpoil,
No trophies won from me have grac'd their triumphs;
No friends of mine were harneſs'd to their chariots;
No captive chief, like your own mangled Craſſus,
There roams a ſullen ghoſt, and calls for vengeance,
For vengeance ſtill unpaid, and calls in vain
For the ſad funeral rites. Would Rome preſume
To wreſt Armenia from me? Lo! my banners
From froſty Caucaſus to Phaſis' banks
Wave high in air, and ſhadow all the land.
Call your embattled legions: or does Rome,
All conqu'ring Rome, that miſtreſs of the world,
Does ſhe at length by her ambaſſadors
Negotiate thus the war?

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome, Sir, commands
The ſubject world, for ſhe adores the gods;
And their all-pow'rful aid---

PHARASMANES.

Would'ſt thou diſpute
My lawful claim? Arm thee with ſword and fire,
Not with vain ſubtleties, and idle maxims.

Armenia's

Armenia's crown is mine, deriv'd to me,
Heir to a brother, and a ſon deceas'd.

RHADAMISTUS.

And can a murd'rer, can the midnight ruffian
Prove himſelf heir, by the aſſaſſin's ſtab?

PHARASMANES.

Thou baſe reviler!
[*Comes forward and draws his ſabre.*

TIGRANES.

Moderate your fury; [*Holding him.*
It were unjuſt---

ZOPIRON.

The character he bears,
The laws of nations---

PHARASMANES.

Thou baſe inſolent!
Who dar'ſt to wound the ear of ſacred Kings
With a black crime, that's horrible to nature!

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes horrible to nature! yet the world
Has heard it all: thou art the man of blood!
A brother's blood yet ſmokes upon thy hand.
Not his white age, his venerable looks,
Not ev'n his godlike virtues could withhold thee!
Gaſh'd o'er with wounds he falls; he bleeds, he dies,
Without a groan he dies!---that is thy work,
Thine, murd'rer, thine!

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

No more---the hand of Heav'n
Shook from the blaſted tree the wither'd fruit---

RHADAMISTUS.

Forbear the impious ſtrain: it is the ſtile
Ambition ſpeaks, when for a crown it ſtabs,
Then dares, with execrable mock'ry dares,
Traduce the governing all-righteous mind.

PHARASMANES.

He harrows up my ſoul! and do'ſt thou think
A madman's ravings---

RHADAMISTUS.

Since that hour accurſt
Haſt thou not plung'd thee deeper ſtill in guilt?
Your ſon---your blameleſs ſon---

PHARASMANES.

His crimes provok'd
A father's wrath; his and Zenobia's crimes!

RHADAMISTUS.

She too---untimely loſt---unbidden tears
Forbear to ſtream, nor quite unman me thus.

PHARASMANES.

In tears!---By Heav'n, thou woman-hearted ſlave,
Thoſe coward ſymptoms have ſome latent ſpring
That lies conceal'd within that treach'rous heart.

RHADAMISTUS.

They are the tears humanity lets fall

When

When ſoft ey'd beauty dies untimely ſlain.
But to avenge her death, array'd in terror
The Roman legions---

PHARASMANES.

Lead 'em to the charge.
Thou quit my camp: if when yon ſun deſcends
Thou linger'ſt here, the title of ambaſſador
Shall nought avail to ſave thee from my fury.

RHADAMISTUS.

E'er that reſign Armenia: till the cloſe
Of day, I give thee leiſure to revolve
The vengeance Rome prepares. Thou know'ſt
With what a pond'rous arm her hardy ſons
Lift the avenging ſpear. Be timely wiſe,
Nor dare provoke your fate.

[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES.

Roman farewell!
Do thou, Tigranes, iſſue forth my orders
From tent to tent, that each man ſtand prepar'd
For the dead midnight hour. With ſilent march
Then will I pour with ruinous aſſault
Upon th' aſtoniſh'd foe, my horſes hoofs
Imbrue in blood, and give to-morrow's ſun
A ſpectacle of horror and deſtruction.

[*He aſcends his throne, and the back ſcene cloſes.*

Enter ZENOBIA *and* MEGISTUS.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! tell me all Megiſtus; let me hear
All that concerns my child, my blooming boy,
My little Rhadamiſtus---is he ſafe?

Give

Give me the truth; do not deceive a mother
Who doats upon her babe---is my child ſafe?

MEGISTUS.

Nay dry thoſe tears; I cannot bear to ſee thee
Afflicted thus; your infant hero's ſafe;
You may believe your faithful old Megiſtus.

ZENOBIA.

I do believe thee---but excuſe my weakneſs---
My flutt'ring fears for ever paint him to me
By ruffians ſeiz'd, and as he ſees the knife
Aim'd at his little throat, in vain imploring
For me by name, and begging my aſſiſtance,
While far, far off his miſerable mother
No aid can give, nor ſnatch him to her heart.

MEGISTUS.

I never yet deceiv'd you: by yon Heav'n
Your boy ſtill lives. When I regain'd my cottage
After the toils of many a weary day,
I found him there; but griev'd and wond'ring much
Where his dear mother was.

ZENOBIA.

Megiſtus tell me,
Oh! tell me each particular; his looks,
All his apt queſtions, his enchanting words;
For I could hear of him for ever---lovely youth!
His father's image blooming in his boy!
Thro' ſev'n revolving years my only comfort!
When from my eyes the ſudden ſorrows guſh'd,
How would he look, and aſk his wretched mother
What meant thoſe falling tears?---Alas! ev'n now
I ſee him here before me---did my child
Think his poor mother loſt?

ME-

MEGISTUS.

At firſt he ſeem'd
To pine in thought at your long weary abſence,
And many a look he caſt, that plainly ſpoke
His little boſom heav'd with various paſſions.
Still would he ſeek you in each well known haunt,
Each bow'r, each cavern, like the tender fawn
That thro' the woodland ſeeks its mother loſt,
Exploring all around with anxious eye,
And looking ſtill unutterable grief,
Lonely and ſad, and ſtung with keen regret.

ZENOBIA.

My dear, dear little-one!

MEGISTUS.

With ſoothing tales
I labour'd to beguile him from his ſorrow;
I promis'd your return; a gentle ſmile
Brighten'd his anxious look; he ſigh'd content,
And then I led him to a ſafer dwelling
Among the ſhepherds of the Syrian vale,
Who all have ſworn to guard him as their own,
And in apt ſeaſon lead him to the Romans.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! may thoſe ſhepherds know the kindeſt influence
Of the indulgent Heav'ns! yet why not ſtay
To guard him? But I'll not complain: on me
Your cares were fix'd---oh! tell me how the gods
Watch'd ov'r all thy ways, and brought thee to me?
Where haſt thou liv'd theſe many, many days?

MEGISTUS.

In bitterneſs of ſoul I've liv'd, thy fate
Thy tender form deep imag'd in my breaſt!

I rang'd the banks where the Araxes flows,
But bring, alas! no tidings of your lord.
Heart-broken, wearied out, I meaſur'd back
My feeble ſteps; but thou wer't raviſh'd thence;
For thee I travers'd hills and foreſts dreat;
Thee I invok'd, that ev'ry cavern'd rock,
Each vale, each mountain eccho'd with thy name.

ZENOBIA.

And here at length you find me, here encompaſs'd
With all the worſt of ills: hence let us fly
To the bleſs'd Syrian valley, where my child
Wins with his early manhood ev'ry heart,
And calls for me, and chides this long delay.

MEGISTUS.

Vain the attempt: one only way is left.
Reveal thee to th' ambaſſador of Rome.
Safe in his train thou may'ſt eſcape this place,
And gain Paulinus' camp. Zenobia known
Will meet protection there.

ZENOBIA.

The gods inſpire
The happy counſel---ha!---Tigranes comes!
Retire Megiſtus, *(he goes out)* a gay dawn of hope
Beams forth at length, and lights up day within me.

ZENOBIA, TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

Hail princeſs, deſtin'd to imperial ſway,
To grace with beauty Pharaſmanes' throne!
By me the impatient King requeſts you'll fix
The happy nuptial hour.

ZENOBIA.

Thou might'ſt as well
Command me wed the forked lightning's blaze
That gilds the ſtorm, and be in love with horror,

TIGRANES.

Take heed, raſh fair! an eaſtern monarch's love,
Ardent as his, muſt not be made the ſport
Of tyrant beauty: when a rival dares
Oppoſe his ſov'reign's wiſh---

ZENOBIA.

Does Pharaſmanes,
Say,---does your King permit his ſpies of ſtate,
That curſe of human kind, to breathe their whiſpers
In his deluded ear?

TIGRANES.

Full well 'tis known
That Teribazus bids you thus revolt,
And draws your heart's allegiance from your King.

ZENOBIA.

Thou vile accuſer! if the prince's virtues
Have touch'd my boſom, what haſt thou to urge?
What if a former Hymeneal vow
Has bound my ſoul? what if a father, Sir,
A father dear as my heart's purple drops,
Enjoin a rigid duty ne'er to ſhare
The throne of Mithridates with a murderer?

TIGRANES.

Madam, thoſe words---

ZENOBIA.

Thou inſtrument of ill!
Who ſtill ar't ready with a tale ſuborn'd,
And if thou ar't not perjur'd, dar'ſt betray;
Away; and let thy conſcience tell the reſt.

[*Exit.*

TIGRANES, *alone.*

Vain haughty fair!---thou haſt provok'd my rage
By wrongs unnumber'd: but for all thoſe wrongs
Soon ſhall inevitable ruin ſeize thee.

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

Perhaps ere this your King's tumultuous paſſions
Sink to a calm, and reaſon takes her turn.
Then ſeek him, Sir, and bear a Roman's meſſage,
The terms of peace humanity ſuggeſts.
Tell him Flamminius wiſhes to prevent
The rage of ſlaughter, and the ſtreams of blood
Which elſe ſhall deluge yonder crimſon plains.

TIGRANES.

Already, Roman, his reſolve is fix'd,
War, horrid war impends.

RHADAMISTUS.

And yet in pity
To human kind, to the unhappy millions
Who ſoon ſhall die, and with their ſcatter'd bones
Whiten the plains of Aſia, it were beſt
To ſheathe the ſword, and join in Rome's alliance.
Wilt thou convey my meſſage?

TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

I obey. [*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS, *alone.*

May ſome propitious pow'r inſpire his heart,
And touch the ſprings of human kindneſs in him.
Elſe againſt whom amidſt the charging hoſts
Muſt Rhadamiſtus' ſword be levell'd?---Ha!---
Spite of his crimes he is my father ſtill.
And muſt this arm againſt the ſource of life,
Nay more,---perhaps againſt a brother too,
A brother ſtill unknown!---he too may die
By this unconſcious hand!---this hand already
Inur'd to murder whom my heart adores!
My brother then may bleed! and when in death
Gaſping he lies, and pours his vital ſtream,
Then in that moment ſhall the gen'rous youth
Extend his arms, and with a piteous look
Tell me, a brother doth forgive his murderer?
Gods! you have doom'd me to the blackeſt woe,
To be a wretch abhorr'd, author of crimes
From which my tortur'd breaſt revolts with horror!
Who's there?---a youth comes forward---now be firm,
Be firm my heart, and guard thy fatal ſecret!

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Illuſtrious Roman, if misfortune's ſon
A wretched, ruin'd, miſerable prince
May claim attention---

RHADAMISTUS.

Ha!---can this be he!
The graces of his youth, each feeling here,
Here at my heartſtrings tell me 'tis my brother!
[*Aſide.*

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

I ſee you're mov'd, and I intrude too far,

RHADAMISTUS.

Purſue your purpoſe: warmeſt friendſhip for you
Glows in this breaſt.

TERIBAZUS.

Tho' Pharaſmanes' fury
Maintains a fix'd hoſtility with Rome,
Blend not the ſon with all a father's crimes,

RHADAMISTUS.

Go on---I pant to hear---

TERIBAZUS,

My father's cruelty
Each day breaks out in ſome new act of horror,
Nor lets the ſword grow cool from human blood,
Firſt in his brother's breaſt he plung'd it; then
Inflam'd to fiercer rage 'gainſt his own ſon,
Oh! Rhadamiſtus! thou much injur'd prince!

RHADAMISTUS.

And didſt thou love that brother?

TERIBAZUS,

Gen'rous Roman,
He liv'd far hence remote, I ne'er beheld him,
But the wide world reſounded with his fame.

RHADAMISTUS,

Hold, hold my tears!---oh! they will burſt their way
At this his virtuous tenderneſs and love! [*Aſide.*

TE-

TERIBAZUS.

And doſt thou weep too Roman?

RHADAMISTUS.

From ſuch horror,
And ſo much cruelty my nature ſhrinks.
Whatever purpoſe rolls within thy breaſt,
Boldly confide it---ſhall I arm'd with vengeance
Aſſault the purple tyrant in his camp?
Or wilt thou join my ſteps;---then in the front
Of a brave vet'ran legion head the war,
Seek the uſurper 'midſt his plumed troops,
And thus avenge mankind?

TERIBAZUS.

No; far from me,
Far be the guilt of meditating aught
Againſt the life from whence my being ſprung.
Let him oppreſs me,---he's a parent ſtill!---

RHADAMISTUS.

He rives my heart!---oh! what a lot is mine! [*Aſide.*

TERIBAZUS.

Not for myſelf I fear; but oh! Flamminius,
A lovely captive,---'tis for her I tremble;
For Ariana,---for that ſweet perfection;
She is her ſex's boaſt! her gentle boſom
Fraught with each excellence! her form and feature
Touch'd by the hand of elegance; adorn'd
By ev'ry grace, and caſt in beauty's mould!
Her Pharaſmanes means to raviſh from me.
But thou convey her hence---'tis all I aſk.

RHADAMISTUS.

By Heav'n I will---do thou too join our flight,

Armenia ſhall be thine, and that ſweet maid
Reward thy goodneſs with connubial love,
Adorn thy throne, and make a nation bleſs'd!

TERIBAZUS.

Make Ariana happy; bear her hence
And ſave thoſe bright unviolated charms
From Pharaſmanes' power---when wiſh'd for peace
Settles a jarring world, Flamminius then,
Then will I ſeek thee.---Wilt thou then reſign her?

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes then, as pure as the unſullied ſnow
That never felt a ſunbeam; then I'll give her
Back to thy faithful love.

TERIBAZUS.

Thou gen'rous Roman,
In gratitude I bow---ſhe's here at hand;
A moment brings her to you: at due diſtance
I'll watch each avenue, each winding path,
That none intrude upon your privacy.

[*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS, *alone.*

At length I've ſeen my brother; know how much
He differs from his father! he ſhall ſeek
The Roman tents; I'll there diſcloſe myſelf;
There will embrace him with a brother's love.
Oh! how the tender tranſport heaves and ſwells,
Till thus the fond exceſs diſſolve in tears!

Enter MEGISTUS, *leading* ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Alas! my heart forebodes I know not what---

ME-

MEGISTUS.

Diſpel each doubt; this is your only refuge.

ZENOBIA.

Thou gen'rous Roman,---if diſtreſs like mine;
If an unhappy captive may approach thee---

RHADAMISTUS.

To me affliction's voice---ye pow'rs of Heav'n!
That air!---thoſe features! that remember'd glance!

ZENOBIA.

If thus a wretch's preſence can alarm you---

RHADAMISTUS.

The muſic of that voice?---ſuch once ſhe look'd!
And if I had not plung'd her in the ſtream,
I could perſuade myſelf---

ZENOBIA.

Thoſe well known accents!
Thoſe tender ſoft regards!---nay mock me not!
I could not hope to ſee thee---tell me---ar't thou
That once ador'd! *(faints into* Megiſtus' *arms.)*

MEGISTUS.

Ah! ſee; her ſtrength forſakes her;
Support her Heav'n! *(catches her in his arms.)*

RHADAMISTUS.

Ye wonder-working gods!
Is this illuſion all? or does your goodneſs
Indeed reſtore her?---if I do not dream,

If this be true,---oh! let thoſe angel-eyes
Open to life, to love, and Rhadamiſtus.

MEGISTUS.

What further miracles doth Heav'n prepare?

ZENOBIA.

Forgive my weakneſs---the air-painted image
Of my lov'd lord---and ſee!---again it's preſent!---
That look that ſpeaks the fond impaſſion'd ſoul!
Yes, ſuch he was!---oh! ar't thou---tell me---ſay---
Ar't thou reſtor'd? and ar't thou Rhadamiſtus?---

RHADAMISTUS.

I have not murder'd her!---benignant gods!
I am not guilty---my Zenobia lives!

ZENOBIA.

It is my lord---oh! I can hold no longer,
But thus delighted ſpring to his embrace,
Thus wander o'er him with my tears and kiſſes,
And thus, and thus,---ſpeak my enraptur'd ſoul.

RHADAMISTUS.

She lives! ſhe lives! what kind protecting god,
Long loſt, and long lamented, gives thee back,
Gives me to view thee, and to hear thy voice
With joy to ecſtacy, with tears to rapture?

ZENOBIA.

This good old man---'twas he preſerv'd me for you.

MEGISTUS.

Oh! day of charms!---oh! unexpected hour!
I have not liv'd in vain---theſe guſhing eyes
Have ſeen their mutual tranſports!

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

Gen'rous friend,
Come to my heart,---Zenobia's ſecond father!---

ZENOBIA.

Thou art indebted more than thou can'ſt pay him;
Indebted for our infant babe preſerv'd,
The bloſſom of our joys!---thou can'ſt not think
How much he looks, and moves, and talks like thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! mighty gods!---it is too much of bliſs,
Too exquiſite to bear!---theſe barb'rous hands
Had well nigh murder'd both my wife and child!
Wilt thou forgive me---oh! my beſt delight,
Wilt thou receive a traitor to your arms?
Wilt thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Will I, gracious Heav'n?
Thou ſource of all my comfort!

MEGISTUS.

Ha! beware,
Beware my prince!---but now with haſty ſtep
I ſaw Tigranes circling yonder tent.

RHADAMISTUS.

Th' ambaſſador of Rome he ſeeks, on buſ'neſs
Of import high---I will prevent his ſpeed.
And muſt I then ſo ſoon depart Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Hence, quickly hence; anon we'll meet again.

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes, we will meet; the gods have giv'n thee to me,
And they will finiſh their own holy work.

[*Exit.*

MEGISTUS.

My pray'rs are heard at length---Zenobia ſtill
Shall be Armenia's queen.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! good Megiſtus,
Heav'n has been bounteous, and reſtor'd my lord,
With him I'll fly, wrapt in the gloom of night,
And thou, Megiſtus, thou ſhal't join our flight;
Plac'd near his throne thy gen'rous zeal ſhall ſhare
The bright reward of all thy toil and care;
While I, redeem'd at length from fierce alarms,
Forget my woes in Rhadamiſtus' arms.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT the FOURTH.

Enter RHADAMISTUS, *and* TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

THOU ar't a friend indeed, thou gen'rous man!
The beſt of friends, to ſave ſuch innocence,
That lovely virgin bloom! the pious act
Shall to remoteſt time tranſmit thy name,
Ennobled by humanity and virtue.

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! no praiſe I merit; 'tis a deed
That loſes virtue's name,

TERIBAZUS.

Flaminius, no!
Thou ſhalt not derogate from worth like thine,
But oh! beware, my friend, and ſteel thy heart
Againſt the ſweet illapſe of gentler paſſions,
To love her were ſuch treachery!---by Heav'n!
It were a fraud of a more damned hue---.
A fraud to ſacred friendſhip!---but my ſoul
Rejects the mean ſuſpicion---thou ar't juſt,
And Ariana ſhall be mine again!

RHADAMISTUS.

If when the tumult of the war is paſs'd,
You then perſiſt to claim her---

TERIBAZUS.

Then perſiſt!
When I do not perſiſt, whene'er my heart

Forgets

Forgets the fond idea---ha!---take heed;
Your colour dies by fits; and now again
It flushes o'er your cheek: if beauty's pow'r
Can waken soft desire,---and sure such beauty
May warm the breast of stoic apathy,
If thou can'st love,---resign the trust at once.
For oh! to lose her, to behold those charms,
That all-perfection yielded to another,
Were the worst agony, the keenest stab
That ever pierc'd a lover to the soul.
The thought,---the very thought inflames to madness!

RHADAMISTUS. *(Aside)*

Not till the fever of his mind subsides,
Must I reveal me; the discloſure now
Would to his phrenzy give a whirlwind's wing,
And bury all in ruin---let her then,
Yes, Teribazus, let the blooming maid
Still in this camp, a voluntary captive,
Since you will have it so, since weak mistrust
Can taint a noble spirit, let her here
Teach that rare beauty to display its charms,
Its various graces; bid those radiant eyes
Dart their quick glances to the tyrant's soul,
Inflame his hot desires, and half absolve them.

TERIBAZUS.

Madness and horror!---no!---haste, fly, begone,
And give her hence safe conduct: I can trust
To Roman continence; your Scipio's praise
Shall be the theme of fame's eternal lip!

RHADAMISTUS.

Thou too attend her steps; watch all her ways;
When we have reach'd the Roman sanctuary,
Then shall such wonders to thy list'ning ear,

The

The web which fate has wove---beware my friend---
Tigranes comes---what would'ſt thou Sir?

Enter TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

The King
Grants you one parley more! ev'n now this way
He bends his ſteps; remote from all he means
To hold a private conf'rence.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome's ambaſſador
Attends his pleaſure.

[*Exit* Tigranes.

TERIBAZUS.

I muſt hence, Flamminius.
Farewell!---yet e're thou go'ſt,---I ſtill muſt crave
Another interview---farewell! remember,
My love, my life, my all depend on thee.

[*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Ah! luckleſs prince! how loſt in error's maze
Blindly he wanders, and love's ſweet deluſion
Infuſes it's enchantment through his heart!
But when remov'd from Pharaſmanes' pow'r
He learns my prior claim, his gen'rous friendſhip
Will bound with tranſport at a brother's joys,
And with a warmth of ſympathy partake 'em.
But ha!---my father!---grant me ſtrength, ye pow'rs!
To meet the dread encounter.

Enter

Enter PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

Once again
E're you depart, if Pharaſmanes deign
To treat, and thus expoſtulate with Rome,
'Tis to thy pray'rs I grant it.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome had rather
Perſuade than conquer: her well-ballanc'd juſtice---

PHARASMANES.

No more of Roman juſtice: blazon not
Virtues you ne'er have practis'd: with the name,
The ſpecious name of love for human kind
You ſanctify th' inſatiate rage of conqueſt,
And when the ſword has made a ſolitude,
That you ploclaim a peace. Ev'n now your views
Stand manifeſt to ſight: to thee 'tis known
That Rhadamiſtus lives!

RHADAMISTUS.

How Sir!---can he---
Does that unhappy prince---

PHARASMANES.

Thou falſe diſſembler!
Yes in thy heart the fatal ſecret's lodg'd!
From certain fugitives I've learn'd it all:
In yonder camp, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
To war againſt his father ſtill he lives!
Why doſt thou droop dejected?---ſomething lurks
Beneath that burning bluſh.

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

That burning bluſh
Glows on my cheek for thee: I know your ſon,
And know him unſuſceptible of guilt.

PHARASMANES.

Then, Roman, mark my words: would'ſt thou prevent
The carnage fate prepares on yonder plains?
Go tell Paulinus I will treat of terms
With him, who brings me Rhadamiſtus' head.

RHADAMISTUS.

Your own ſon's head!

PHARASMANES.

Why doſt thou gaze ſo earneſt?
Why thoſe emotions ſtruggling for a vent?

RHADAMISTUS.

Amazement checks my voice, and loſt in wonder
I view the unnatural father, who would bathe
His hand in blood, in a ſon's blood, a ſon
Who pants, with ardor pants, on terms of peace
To ſheathe the ſword, and with a filial hand
To throw a veil over a father's crimes.

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n 'tis falſe: has he not dar'd to league
With my determin'd foes? ev'n to the ſenate,
To ev'ry region, where his voice could pierce,
Has he not fled with the deluſive ſtory?
With grief and loud complaints inflam'd the world?
And even now, does not the ſtripling come
To the Araxes' banks with Rome in arms?

RHADAMISTUS.

Tho' urg'd by dire conſtraint, yet Heav'n can witneſs
His ſtrong reluctance.

PHARASMANES.

Let the rebel know
He never ſhall aſcend Armenia's throne.

RHADAMISTUS.

And ſhall deſtruction with her horrid train
Stalk o'er the land?

PHARASMANES.

Yes; let deſtruction looſe:
'Tis Pharaſmanes' glory.

RHADAMISTUS.

Can the rage,
And the wild tumult of deſtructive havoc
Adminiſter delight?---alas! the day
That deluges the land with human blood,
Is that a day of glory?----
I, Sir, have travers'd o'er the field of death,
Where war had ſpent its rage: had'ſt thou beheld
That ſcene of horror, where unnumber'd wretches
In mangled heaps lay welt'ring in their gore;
Where the fond father in the gaſp of death
Wept for his children; where the lover ſigh'd
For her, whom never more his eyes could view;
Where various miſery ſent forth its groans;
Had'ſt thou beheld that ſcene, the touch of nature
Had ſtirr'd within thee, and the virtuous drop
Of pity guſh'd unbidden from thy eye.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Enervate ſlave! here ends all further parley.
Go tell your gen'ral, tell your Roman chiefs,
The father claims his ſon. Have we not heard
How your own Brutus to the lictor's ſword
Condemn'd his children? and would Rome diſpute
A King's paternal pow'r? let 'em yield up
The treach'rous boy, or terrible in arms
Shall Pharaſmanes overwhelm their legions,
Mow down their cohorts, and their mangled limbs
Give to the vultur's beak.

RHADAMISTUS.

And yet reflect---

PHARASMANES.

Roman no more.

RHADAMISTUS.

Unwilling I withdraw;
A father's ſtern reſolve the ſon ſhall mourn,
And with a pang of nature ſhall behold
The Roman eagle dart like thunder on thee. [*Exit.*

PHARASMANES, *alone.*

Away, and leave me ſlave!---to-morrow's ſun
Shall ſee my great revenge: mean time I give
The gentle hours to love and Ariana,
What ho! Tigranes!

Enter TIGRANES.

PHARASMANES.

Does the ſtubborn fair
Yield to my ardent vows?

TIGRANES.

She mocks your paſſion,
And gives to Teribazus all her ſmiles.

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n! ev'n love itſelf ſhall be my ſlave!
Yet love like mine requires her ſoft conſent,
And will not riot o'er her plunder'd charms.
Quick, bring her father to me.

TIGRANES.

By your orders
At hand Megiſtus waits your ſov'reign will.
[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES.

Bring him before us: wiſe and prudent age
Will plead my cauſe, and ſecond my deſires.

Enter MEGISTUS.

MEGISTUS.

Dread Sir---a blameleſs, a diſtreſs'd old man,
Of guilt unconſcious---

PHARASMANES.

Whatſoe'er thy guilt,
A ſmile from Ariana expiates all.

MEGISTUS.

Believe me, Sir, I never have offended.
She was my ſole delight; my age's comfort;
For her I felt more than a parent's love.
But 'midſt the troubles that diſtract the land
I loſt

I loſt her; in deſpair, with yearning heart
I rang'd the country round in fond purſuit.
This is my crime: ſure 'tis no crime to love
Such blooming innocence!

PHARASMANES.

Diſpel thy fears.
Thy love for Ariana ſpeaks thy virtue.
That graceful form, that ſymmetry of ſhape,
That bloom, thoſe features, thoſe love-darting eyes,
All, all attract, that there each fond admirer
Could ever gaze, enamour'd of her charms.

MEGISTUS.

Alas! whate'er the ſymmetry of ſhape,
Whate'er the grace that revels in her feature,
Glows in her bloom, or ſparkles in her eye,
They all are tranſient beauties, ſoon to fade,
And leave inanimate that decent form.
Inward affliction ſaps the vital frame,
Incurable affliction! fix'd in woe
Her eyes for ever motionleſs and dim
Gaze on the fancied image of her huſband.

PHARASMANES.

Her huſband!

MEGISTUS.

Yes; a huſband ſever'd from her
By fatal chance! him ſhe for ever ſees
With fancy's guſhing eye, and ſeeks him ſtill
In fond excurſions of deluſive thought.
She pines each hour, and ev'n in blooming dies,
As drooping roſes, while the worm unſeen
Preys on their fragrant ſweets, ſtill beauteous look,
And waſte their aromatic lives in air.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

The roſe tranſplanted to a warmer ſky
Shall raiſe its languid head, and all be well.

MEGISTUS.

Her huſband ſtill ſurvives, and far remote
He wanders in Armenia's realm.

PHARASMANES.

No more
To call her his: do thou ſtreight ſeek thy daughter,
My loveliеſt Ariana: in her ear
Breathe the mild accents of a father's voice,
And reconcile her heart to love and me.

MEGISTUS.

Your pardon, Sir; it were not fit my voice
Should teach her to betray her holy vows.

PHARASMANES.

When Pharaſmanes ſpeaks----

MEGISTUS,

My life is his,
And when he wills it, 'tis devoted to him.
But, Sir, tho' poor, my honour ſtill is mine:
'Tis all that Heav'n has giv'n me, and that gift
The gods expect I never ſhould reſign.

PHARASMANES.

And do'ſt thou heſitate? what, when a crown
Invites thy daughter to imperial ſplendor?

MEGISTUS.

Oh! not for me ſuch ſplendor! I have liv'd
My humble days in virtuous poverty.
To tend my flock, to watch each riſing flow'r,
Each herb, each plant that drinks the morning dew,
And lift my praiſe to the juſt gods on high!
Theſe were my habits, theſe my only cares:
Theſe hands ſuffic'd to anſwer my deſires,
And having nought, yet nought was wanting to me.

PHARASMANES.

Away, thou ſlave! I would not quite deſpiſe thee.
Or yield your daughter, or my ſwifteſt vengeance
Falls on thy hoary head: a monarch's love
Shall ſeize her trembling to his eager arms,
Then ſpurn her back a prey to wan deſpair,
Till bitter anguiſh blaſt each wither'd charm,
And rave in vain for love and empire ſcorn'd!
[*Exit.*

MEGISTUS, *alone.*

Fell monſter go! inexorable tyrant!
Perhaps I ſhould have ſooth'd his lion rage
With feign'd compliance---ha!---why ſudden thus---

Enter ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Th' important hour, Megiſtus, now approaches.
Lo! the laſt bluſhes of departing day
But feebly ſtreak yon dim horizon's verge.
My Rhadamiſtus comes to guide my ſteps.
Thro' devious paths ſeek thou Zopiron's tent;
And thus we lull ſuſpicion.

ME-

MEGISTUS.

I obey;---
May guardian angels ſpread their wings around thee!
[*Exit.*

ZENOBIA, *alone.*

Yes, the bleſs'd gods, who thro' the maze of fate
Have led us once again to meet in life,
Will prove the friends of virtue to the laſt.
Ha!---Teribazus comes!

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

And is it giv'n
Once more to ſee thee here?---do'ſt thou avoid me?
Do'ſt thou deſpiſe me in this tender moment
When my ſoul bleeds with anguiſh at the thought
Of parting with thee?---Ariana!

ZENOBIA.

Oh!
Unhappy prince! oh! fly me; ſhun me; death
And ruin follow: one ſhort moment's ſtay
Will rouze your father's rage.

TERIBAZUS.

My father's rage
Already has undone me---ah! in tears!
And do they fall for me? does that ſoft ſigh
Heave for the loſt, afflicted Teribazus?

ZENOBIA.

Yes the tear falls, and the ſigh heaves for thee.
Thy elegance of mind, the various graces

That

That bloom around thee, and adorn the hero,
All plead your cauſe, and bid me tremble for thee.
And yet,---ſad recompenſe for all thy friendſhip,
To warn thee hence, and bid thee ſhun my ways,
Is all the gratitude I now can offer.

TERIBAZUS.

Thus muſt we part?

ZENOBIA.

A rival is at hand,
Here in the camp, an unexpected rival,
Sent by the gods, the idol of my ſoul!

TERIBAZUS.

What ſay'ſt thou, Ariana? has another
Uſurp'd thy heart? unkind, relentleſs maid!
Since firſt thy beauty dawn'd upon my ſight,
How have I lov'd, repented, yet lov'd on!
Ev'n againſt you, againſt myſelf I ſtruggled:
Preſent I fled you, abſent I ador'd!
I fled for refuge to the foreſt's gloom,
But in the foreſt's gloom thy image met me!
The ſhades of night, the luſtre of the day,
All, all retrac'd my Ariana's form.
Thy form purſued me in the battle's rage,
'Midſt ſhouts, and all the clangor of the war.
It ſtole me from myſelf! my lonely tent
Re-ecchoes with my groans; and in the ranks
The wond'ring ſoldier hears my voice no more.

ZENOBIA.

Yet leave me Teribazus---gen'rous youth!
Remembrance oft ſhall dwell upon thy praiſe,
But for my love 'tis all another's claim.

TERIBAZUS.

Another's claim!---why wilt thou torture thus
A fond deſpairing wretch?---oh! not for me
Thoſe ſorrows fall; they are another's tears;
Another claims them from me---name this rival,
That my ſwift fury---tell me has Flamminius,
Has the baſe Roman broke his promis'd faith?
Will not the barb'rous man afford you ſhelter?

ZENOBIA.

Why wilt thou force me ſpeak? the fate of all,
Thine Teribazus, mine, the fate of one,
Whom, were he known, thy heart holds ever dear,
Is now concern'd: Flamminius claims my love:
Long ſince he won my heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Vindictive gods!
Flamminius claims thy love! not Cæſar's ſelf
Shall dare to wreſt thee from me---Ariana!
Thus on my knees,---would I could periſh here,
That ev'n in death I ſtill might gaze upon thee,
Till the laſt pang divide thee from my heart.

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

It was the voice of anguiſh and deſpair!
Why thus illuſtrious prince----

TERIBAZUS. *(Starting up)*

Thou treachrous Roman!
Who com'ſt to violate each ſacred tie,
The laws of honour, and the laws of love!
Who com'ſt beneath the maſk of public faith
To do a robber's work!

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

When to your camp
I bring a heart that longs to ſerve you, Prince,
Why this intemp'rate rage?

TERIBAZUS.

To do the work
Of perfidy and fraud! but firſt by rapine,
By violated maids your city grew;
And do you come to emulate your ſires?
Unwilling to degenerate in vice!

RHADAMISTUS.

Miſtaken youth! oh! if you did but know me!
If you but knew the juſtice Rome intends---

TERIBAZUS.

Juſtice and Rome! and doſt thou dare to join
Two names ſo oppoſite? have we not heard
Of frugal conſuls, and of ſtoic chiefs,
Who ſoon forgetting here their Sabine farms,
Made war a trade, and then return'd to Rome
Rich with the plunder of the rifled eaſt?
Again ſome new Lucullus leads them on,
Fir'd with the love of rapine,

RHADAMISTUS.

Fir'd with zeal
To break a nation's chains---would'ſt thou but hear me----
It is a friend implores----

ZENOBIA.

A gen'rous friend!

Then liſten to him: let theſe ſtreaming eyes,
Theſe earneſt pray'rs, this ſupplicating form---

TERIBAZUS.

Leagu'd with my foe behold her!---mighty gods!
Have I deſerv'd it of her?

RHADAMISTUS.

Yet be calm;
Yet liſten to me---Oh! I could unfold---
Yet ſtay; I'll prove myſelf a brother to thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Roman expect me in the battle's front,
Inſtant depart, but leave thy prey behind;
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, tempt her hence;
To-morrow's ſun ſhall ſee me cloath'd in terror
Purſue thy ſteps thro' all the ranks of war,
Till my ſpear fix thee quiv'ring to the ground.
[*Exit.*

RHADAMISTSUS, ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Yet, Rhadamiſtus, call him; let him know---

RHADAMISTUS.

Thou lovely trembler! baniſh ev'ry fear.
The time now bids us hence; and lo! the moon
Streams her mild radiance on the ruſtling grove.
I will conduct thee---ha! Zopiron---

Enter ZOPIRON.

RHADAMISTUS.

Come
Thou beſt of men, let me once more embrace thee.

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Oh! ſpeed thee hence; each moment's big with death.

RHADAMISTUS.

Farewell! farewell! when I've eſcap'd your camp
Seek thou my brother; ſoothe his troubled ſpirit;
Explain theſe wonders; tell him Rhadamiſtus
Eſteems and loves, and honours all his virtues.
Farewell Zopiron! in Armenia's court
Thy King ſhall thank thy goodneſs. My Zenobia,
Oh! let me guide thee from this place of danger
To life, to love, to liberty and joy.

[*Exit with* Zenobia.

ZOPIRON.

Lo! the Heav'ns ſmile with gentleſt aſpect on them!
This calm ſerene that ev'ry planet ſheds
To light their ſteps, this glad ætherial mildneſs
Is ſure the token of incircling gods,
That hover anxious o'er the ſolemn ſcene!

Enter PHARASMANES, TIGRANES *following.*

PHARASMANES.

Let Teribazus ſtreight attend our preſence.

TIGRANES.

But now with glaring eye and fierce demeanour
He enter'd yonder tent.

PHARASMANES.

Bid him approach us.
Then do thou round the midnight watch, and ſee
That Rome's ambaſſador has left my camp.

[*Exit* Tigranes.

This

This war, Zopiron, ſhall be ſoon extinguiſh'd
In Roman blood, and yield Armenia to me.

ZOPIRON.

Armenia, Sir, ſtill obſtinately mourns
Loſt Mithridates, father of his people.
Her hardy ſons with one conſenting voice
Demand a King from Rome; all leagu'd and ſworn
Never to crouch beneath the conqu'ror's yoke.

PHARASMANES.

But when the Roman eagle bites the ground,
They'll ſhrink aghaſt, and own my ſov'reign ſway.

Enter TERIBAZUS.

PHARASMANES.

Thou baſe confed'rate with thy father's foes!

TERIBAZUS.

The accuſation, Sir, if proof ſupport it,
Gives you my forfeit life, and I reſign it,
Freely reſign it. Deſtitute of proof,
It is a ſtab to honour, and the charge
Should not be lightly urg'd.

PHARASMANES.

This arrogance
That dictates to a father----

TERIBAZUS.

'Tis the ſpirit
Of injur'd innocence: if Pharaſmanes
Suſpect my truth, ſend me where danger calls;
Bid me this moment carry death and ſlaughter
To rage in yonder camp; yes, then your ſon
Shall mark his hatred of the Roman name.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Haſt thou not dar'd to thwart my tend'reſt paſſion,
And to ſeduce my Ariana's love?

TERIBAZUS.

And if this youthful heart, too prone to melt
At beauty's ray, receiv'd the gentle flame,
'Tis paſt; the charm is o'er; no longer now
I walk a captive in her haughty triumph!
In vain ſhe now may call forth all her graces,
Inſtruct her eyes to roll with bidden fires,
And practice all the wonders of her face.
Ambition calls, and lights a nobler flame.

Enter TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

Th' ambaſſador of Rome, and that old traitor
The falſe Megiſtus---

PHARASMANES.

Speak; unfold thy purpoſe.

TIGRANES.

Together left the camp, and in their train
Bear Ariana with them.

TERIBAZUS.

Ariana!
Have the ſlaves dar'd---deteſted treachery!
Now, now, my father, now approve my zeal.

PHARASMANES.

Haſte, fly, purſue her; bring the trait'reſs back!

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

My rapid vengeance ſhall o'ertake their flight;
And bring the Roman plund'rer bound in chains.
[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES.

Do thou, Tigranes, with a choſen band
Circle yon hills, and intercept their march:
And thou, Zopiron, ſend my ſwifteſt horſe
To range the wood, and ſweep along the vale.
[*Exit* Tigranes.

ZOPIRON.

Ye guardian deities, now lend your aid.
[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES, *alone.*

Has the perfidious, yet ador'd deceiver,
Thus has ſhe left me? from a monarch's ſmile
Fled with a lawleſs ravager from Rome?
Oh! give me vengeance; give Flamminius to me,
That he may die in agony unheard of.
The trait'reſs then, ſpite of each winning art,—
Spite of her guilt, ſhe triumphs in my heart.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT the FIFTH.

PHARASMANES.

NOT yet return'd! I'm tortur'd on the rack.
By Heav'n to-morrow's dawn----diſtracting thought!
Ere that the Roman ravager enjoys
Her Heav'n of bliſs, and riots in delight.
My ſoul's on fire; this night I'll ſtorm his camp,
And bury all in ruin. Ha!---what means
This new alarm?

[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*

Enter TERIBAZUS, Soldiers, *&c.*

TERIBAZUS.

The treach'rous ſlave is taken!
My ſpeed outſtripp'd him, and this arm that ſeiz'd
Hath well ſecur'd the traitor.

PHARASMANES.

Great revenge,
The meaſure of thy joys is full!

TERIBAZUS.

At firſt
They made a feeble ſtand; but hemm'd around
And cloſe incircled by the ſons of Aſia,
They ſaw death threat'ning at each javelin's point;
I ruſh'd upon Flamminius: much he courted
A ſecret parley, but my ſoul diſdain'd
All further conf'rence: he and his complotter
The baſe Megiſtus, with the fair deſerter
Remeaſure back their ſteps, and clank their chains
In bitterneſs of heart.

PHARASMANES.

A father's thanks,
Shall well requite thee. Lo! the traitors come.

Enter RHADAMISTUS, ZENOBIA, MEGISTUS, *in Chains.*

PHARASMANES.

Thou baſe perfidious! thou Italian plunderer!

RHADAMISTUS.

I do not mean to wage a war of words.
Repent thee of this inſult, of theſe chains
On him who repreſents a people here.

PHARASMANES.

Anon thou'lt ſee how I reſpect that people.
My juſt revenge ſhall tell thee; on thy head,
And thine, Megiſtus, ſudden vengeance falls.

MEGISTUS.

Alas! worn out with age and miſery
I long to lay me in the ſhroud of death.

PHARASMANES.

I grant thy wiſh: what words, fair fugitive,
Can colour thy deceit?

ZENOBIA.

The heart reſolv'd
Wants no excuſe, no colouring of words.
I found my huſband, flew to his embrace;
This,---this is he!---the lord of my deſires;
With him content I'll traverſe o'er the world.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Do'ſt thou avow it too?---

ZENOBIA.

Do I avow it?
I glory in it.---Tyrant, can'ſt thou deem me
So poor of ſoul, ſo falſe to honour's cauſe
As to apologize for being faithful?

TERIBAZUS.

I ſee Flamminius has already ſchool'd her
In Roman maxims.

RHADAMISTUS.

Miſerable prince!
I will not anſwer thee: too ſoon thy heart
For this laſt feat will bitterly reproach thee!

TERIBAZUS.

Away with thy deluſive arts: if ever
I form alliance with that haughty people,
Thoſe ravagers of earth, if e'er again
I hold communion with thee, may the gods---
May Pharaſmanes,---but it cannot be---
My heart high beating in my country's cauſe,
Vows an eternal enmity with Rome. [*Exit.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Thee, Pharaſmanes, thee my voice addreſſes,
Thou know'ſt my title to her; Hymen's rites
Long ſince united both; then looſe theſe chains;
'Tis in the name of Rome I now demand it.

PHARASMANES.

Roman, thou know'ſt thy title is extinct.

Captivity diſſolves her former ties,
And now the laws of arms have made her mine.

ZENOBIA.

And are there laws to change the human heart?
To alter the affections of the ſoul?
Know that my heart is rul'd by other laws,
The laws of truth, of honour, and of love.
This is my huſband! ſource of all my comfort!
With him I'll live; with him will dare to die!

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n ſome myſtery---thou treach'rous fair!
Mark well my words: unfold thy birth and rank;
My mind uncertain wanders in conjecture.
Who and what art thou? Vain is ev'ry gueſs:
Reſolve my doubts, or elſe the Roman's doom
This moment is determin'd.

ZENOBIA.

My reſolve,
Tyrant, is fix'd to ſhare my huſband's fate,
That I unfold, that ſentiment reveal,
To Heav'n and Earth reveal it: for the reſt
Gueſs if you can, determine if you dare.

PHARASMANES.

Quick, drag Flamminius hence.

RHADAMISTUS.

Slaves, hold your hands:
My character protects me here.

PHARASMANES.

Diſpatch,
Inſtant diſpatch, and ſeize Megiſtus too.

[Megiſtus *is led off.*

ZENO-

ZENOBIA.

Horror!---call back the word; it ſhall not be;
Here will I hold him---barb'rous ruffians hold.
Murder!---my life! my lord! my huſband! oh!
[Rhadamiſtus *is dragg'd off.*

PHARASMANES.

Give him the torture; let your keeneſt pangs
Extort each ſecret from him.

ZENOBIA.

Pharaſmanes!
Thus lowly humbled, proſtrate in the duſt,
Waſhing your feet with tears---have mercy!---this
Will be the blackeſt, worſt of all your murders.

PHARASMANES.

There's but one way to mitigate his doom.

ZENOBIA.

Give me to know it; ſpare him; ſpare his life.

PHARASMANES.

Abjure the ſlave, and by connubial vows
This inſtant make thee partner of my throne.

ZENOBIA.

My faith, my love, my very life is his;
My child is his: oh! think thou ſee'ſt my infant
Lifting his little hands---

PHARASMANES.

I'll hear no more:
Or yield this moment, or the traitor dies.
[*Exit* Pharaſmanes.

ZENO-

ZENOBIA, *alone.*

Inhuman tyrant!---madneſs ſeize my brain---
Swallow me earth---here ſhall theſe deſp'rate hands
Strike on thy flinty boſom; here my voice
Pierce to the center, till with pity touch'd
Your caverns open wide to hide a wretch
From hated men, from miſery like this.

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Afflicted mourner, raiſe thee from the earth.

ZENOBIA.

What voice is that? I know thee well---thou ar't
That fiend accurſt, the murd'rous Teribazus!
Yes, thou art welcome! *(riſing)* thou delight'ſt in blood:
I am your willing victim; plunge your ſword
Deep in my heart; I'll thank thee for thee ſtroke,
Since thou haſt murder'd all my ſoul held dear.

TERIBAZUS.

Aſſauge this ſtorm of grief, nor blame a lover
That doats like me. Could I behold that form
Snatch'd from my arms?

ZENOBIA.

You know not what you've done!
Your blameleſs brother---

TERIBAZUS.

How!

ZENOBIA.

You've murder'd him:
Your brother Rhadamiſtus!

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

Rhadamiſtus!

ZENOBIA.

By thee he dies! that is your ſplendid deed!

TERIBAZUS.

What ſay'ſt thou?---he my brother---urge me not
To inſtant madneſs---is he---tell me---ſay---
Ar't thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Yes, that fatal wretch!---

TERIBAZUS.

If this be ſo---what have I done, ye pow'rs!
To merit this extremity of grief?
Why did'ſt thou hide the awful ſecret from me?

ZENOBIA.

Could I betray him? Could I truſt your father,
Whoſe fell ambition, whoſe relentleſs rage,
Has fix'd a price on our devoted heads?

TERIBAZUS.

Then ſhall this hated being---no!---I'll live
To ſave a brother ſtill: he ſhall not die.
Oh! let me ſeek him, throw me at his feet,
Implore forgiveneſs, and protract his days.
[*Exit* Teribazus.

ZENOBIA.

It is in vain; he's loſt; we both muſt periſh.
And then my child---who then ſhall guard his youth?
No more theſe eyes ſhall ſee him: my ſweet boy
Will break his heart, and unregarded die.

Enter

Enter ZOPIRON.

ZOPIRON.

All's loſt! all ruin'd! to the cave of death
Ev'n now the guards lead Rhadamiſtus forth.

ZENOBIA.

Thou ſee'ſt the ſad reverſe!---immortal ſpirits,
Ye winged virtues, that with pitying eye
Watch the afflicted, will ye not inſpire
In this ſad hour, one great, one glorious thought,
Above the vulgar flight of common ſouls,
To ſave at once my huſband and my child?
The inſpiration comes! the bright idea
Expands my heart, and fills my glowing ſoul.

ZOPIRON.

My gracious queen, let not a blind deſpair---

ZENOBIA.

Talk not, Zopiron, when the god inſpires!
The god! the god!---my heart receives him all!
My lord, my Rhadamiſtus ſtill ſhall live. [*Exit.*

ZOPIRON.

Yet, I conjure thee, hear thy faithful ſlave.
[*Follows her out.*

Enter RHADAMISTUS *and* Guards.

RHADAMISTUS.

Say, whither do you lead me? does your tyrant
Repent his horrid outrage?

Enter

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Guards withdraw
To a remoter ground. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

Miſtaken prince!
My heart bleeds for thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Oh! too well I know
The depth of guilt in which the fates have plung'd me;
I cannot look upon thee----

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! my brother,
Then let me, ev'n in ruin, thus embrace thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Do'ſt thou forgive me? could I e'er have thought
To ſee thee here? my raſhneſs has undone thee!

RHADAMISTUS.

No, thou art innocent: the guilt is mine,
The guilt of mean, ungenerous policy,
Of ſelfiſh wiſdom, diſingenuous art,
That from a friend kept back the fatal ſecret,
When with the ardor of unbounded confidence,
I ſhould have ruſh'd with tranſport to thy arms,
Unboſom'd all, and wrapt thee in my heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Alas! I've heap'd theſe horrors on thy head.

I've ſeal'd thy doom; that is a brother's gift;
The firſt eſſay of Teribazus' friendſhip!
But I am doom'd to be a wretch abhorr'd,
Of men and gods abhorr'd! doom'd like my father
To drench theſe murd'rous hands in brother's blood!

RHADAMISTUS.

Imbitter not the pangs that rive my ſoul.
Where is Zenobia? Unrelenting pow'rs,
Was it for this your perſecuting wrath
Gave me to meet her, gave that angel-ſweetneſs
To theſe delighted eyes, theſe eager arms?

TERIBAZUS.

I'll give thee freedom ſtill; by Heav'n I will.

RHADAMISTUS.

Was ſhe but giv'n me to afflict her more?
To wake in that dear breaſt a gleam of joy,
A mockery of joy; joy ſcarce, ye pow'rs!
Divided by the moment of delight
From black deſpair, from agony and death?

TERIBAZUS.

I will protect her, will reſtore her to thee,
Or do a deed ſhall ſtrike mankind with horror!
Not ev'n a father ſhall retard my ſword;
In his own blood I'll drench it.

RHADAMISTUS.

Ha!----

TERIBAZUS.

This hand,
E're thou ſhalt fall a victim to his fury,

Shall

Shall to the heart, th' inhuman heart of him,
Who dares----

RHADAMISTUS.

No more of that---can I conſent,
That a brave gen'rous youth, a much lov'd brother,
For ev'ry virtue fam'd, ſhall thus debaſe
By an atrocious deed his fair renown,
And perpetrate a dark inſidious deed?
Oh! I ſhould well deſerve the worſt of ills;
I then ſhould juſtify a father's cruelty!

TERIBAZUS.

He has undone thee; has undone us all!
But yet thou ſhalt not die; by Heav'n I ſwear---
Yes, take me, horror! pour into my heart
Thy blackeſt purpoſe; nerve my lifted arm
To daſh him headlong from his glitt'ring throne
A terrible example to the world.

RHADAMISTUS.

Forbear, forbear, my brother; yet reflect;
You would ſtrike vice with terror: tell me then,
Will not the act of raſh impetuous zeal,
Will not th' example arm the ruffian's hand?
Thy virtue thus inflames thy gen'rous ardor;
But oh! my brother, let it ne'er be ſaid
That virtue held the baſe aſſaſſin's knife!

TERIBAZUS.

Gods! have I ruin'd ſuch unheard of goodneſs?
Swift I'll diſpatch a meſſage to Paulinus,
And call his legions to aſſault the camp,

Enter TIGRANES, *and* Guards.

TIGRANES.

Guards, ſeize your pris'ner; in a dungeon's gloom
Plunge him ſequeſter'd from the light of Heav'n,
'Tis Pharaſmanes' will.

TERIBAZUS.

Thou meddling fiend!
I will attend his ſteps; will ſtill protect him
From men like thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Should Pharaſmanes dare
To violate the rights of public law,
Rome is at hand, and will have ample vengeance.
[*Exit with* Teribazus.

TIGRANES.

My thirſt of vengeance ſhall be ſated firſt.
Yes, guard him, prince; it makes thy ruin ſure!
Thy Ariana too, while fate is buſy,
Shall meet her doom, and leave my road to glory
All ſmooth and level to ambition's wiſh.

Enter ZOPIRON.

ZOPIRON.

'Gainſt Rome's ambaſſador the King, Tigranes,
Suſpends his ſentence till his further orders.
The Queen commands it too.

TIGRANES.

The Queen! what Queen?

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

The beauteous Ariana; now your ſovereign.

TIGRANES.

Has ſhe relented? is ſhe married to him?

ZOPIRON.

She is: the ſcene with various paſſions burn'd!
Her treſſes all unbound, with faded charms,
Yet lovely ev'n in ſorrow, thro' the ranks
Eager ſhe flew, with ſhrieks, with outſtretch'd arms,
Invoking ev'ry god! the wond'ring ſoldier
With ſoften'd ſinews, bent his ſword to earth
And gaz'd with mix'd emotions as ſhe paſs'd.
Prone to the ground at Pharaſmanes' feet
She fell: he rais'd her ſoon, ſhe ſmil'd conſent.
To the King's tent ſhe preſs'd with eager ſpeed,
Th' exulting monarch call'd his prieſts around him,
And ſoon with ſolemn march and feſtive ſong
In his pavillion ſought the blooming bride.

TIGRANES.

This ſudden change, Zopiron, this raſh haſte,
I like it not.

ZOPIRON.

Nor I Tigranes: doubt,
Suſpicion, fear, and wonder, and miſtruſt,
Riſe in each anxious thought.

TIGRANES.

But did'ſt thou ſee
The ceremony clos'd?

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

I did: at firſt
All pale and trembling Ariana ſtood.
Then more collected, with undaunted ſtep
She to the altar bore the nuptial cup.
There reverent bow'd, and "hear ye gods," ſhe ſaid,
"Hear and record the purpoſe of my ſoul,"
With trembling lips then kiſs'd the ſacred vaſe,
And as our country's ſolemn rites require,
Drank of the ſacred bev'rage: from her hand
The King receiv'd it, and with eager joy,
As to his ſoul he took the nectar'd draught,
With ſtedfaſt eye ſhe view'd him, whilſt a ſmile
Of ſickly joy gleam'd faintly o'er her viſage.

TIGRANES.

Well, ſhe's our Queen, the diadem is hers!

ZOPIRON.

How long to wear it, Heav'n alone can tell.

[*The back ſcene draws, and diſcovers the King's pavillion, with an altar, and fire blazing on it; ſoft muſick is play'd, and they come forward.*

PHARASMANES *and* ZENOBIA.

PHARASMANES.

At length my Ariana's ſoft compliance
Endears the preſent bliſs, and gives an earneſt
Of joy to brighten a long train of years.

ZENOBIA.

Alas! fond man expiates oft in fancy,

Uncon-

Unconſcious of the fates, and oft in thought
Anticipates a bliſs he ne'er enjoys.

PHARASMANES.

Away with gloomy care; for thou ar't mine,
Thou, Ariana! all our future days
Shall ſmile with gay, with ever-young deſire,
And not a cloud o'ercaſt the bright ſerene.

ZENOBIA.

And does thy penetrating eye pervade
What time has yet in ſtore?

PHARASMANES.

Why doſt thou aſk?

ZENOBIA.

I have been us'd to grief: releaſe the Roman,
And give him hence ſafe conduct to his friends;
I then ſhall be at peace.

PHARASMANES.

Beware, beware!
Nor rouze again the pangs, that fire a ſoul,
Which fiercely doats like mine.

ZENOBIA.

Diſmiſs him hence;
Give him his life; it was your marriage vow.
Grant me one interview, one little hour.
In that poor ſpace I can crowd all that's left me
Of love, and tenderneſs, and fond concern,
Before we part for ever.

PHARASMANES.

Fond concern!

And

And love, and tenderneſs! that look betrays
The ſecret workings of a heart eſtrang'd!
And ſhall the man, who dares diſpute my love,
Shall the ſlave breathe a moment? haſte, Tigranes,
And ſee immediate execution on him.
[*Exit* Tigranes.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! ſtay Tigranes---barb'rous man, recall
The horrid mandate.

PHARASMANES.

By immortal love,
I ſee the ſlave ſtill triumphs in your heart.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! ſpare him, ſpare him; by the vital air,
By your own promis'd faith---- [*Kneels to him.*

PHARASMANES.

Since lov'd by thee,
His doom is doubly ſeal'd.

ZENOBIA.

You ſhall not fly me:
Now tear me, drag me groveling in the duſt,
Tear off theſe hands; tear, tear me piece-meal firſt.

PHARASMANES.

Nay, then ſince force muſt do it. [*Shakes her off.*

ZENOBIA.

Barb'rous tyrant! [*She lies ſtretch'd on the ground.*

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

I go to ſee the minion of your heart
Expire in pangs before me. Ha!---what means
This more than winter's froſt that chills my veins?

ZENOBIA. *(Looking up)*

That groan revives, and calls me back to life!

PHARASMANES.

I cannot move---each vital function's loſt;
The purple current of my blood is ſtopt;
I freeze; I burn; oh! 'tis the ſtroke of death.
[*Falls on the ground.*

ZENOBIA. *(Riſing)*

Yes, tyrant, yes; it is the ſtroke of death:
And I inflict it; I have done it all.

PHARASMANES.

Pernicious trait'reſs! thou!

ZENOBIA.

My vengeance did it!
Zenobia's vengeance!---'tis Zenobia ſtrikes!
Zenobia executes her juſtice on thee!

PHARASMANES.

Oh! dire, accurſt event!---ar't thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Yes, thou fell monſter, know me for Zenobia!
Know the ambaſſador is Rhadamiſtus!
Haſte thee, Zopiron, and proclaim him King.
[*Exit* Zopiron.

PHARASMANES.

May curſes light upon thee---oh! I die,
And racks and wheels disjoint me.

ZENOBIA.

Writhe in torment,
In fiercer pangs than my dear father knew.
But I revenge his death; I daſh'd the cup
With precious poiſon!---*(a flouriſh of trumpets)* ha!
---now tyrant wake,
And hear thoſe ſounds---my Rhadamiſtus reigns!

PHARASMANES.

What and no help!---it is too late---the fates,
The fiends ſurround me; more than Ætna's fires
Burn in my veins---yet Heav'n---no---'tis in vain;
I cannot riſe---my crimes---my tenfold crimes---
They pull, they plunge me down, down headlong---
oh! [*Dies.*

ZENOBIA.

Shade of my father view your daughter now!
Behold her ſtruggling in a righteous cauſe!
Behold her conqu'ring in the tyrant's camp!
Behold your murd'rer levell'd in the duſt!

A ſecond flouriſh of trumpets.

RHADAMISTUS. *(Within the ſcenes)*

Where is Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Rhadamiſtus, here!

Enter

Enter RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS, MEGISTUS, ZOPIRON, *&c.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! let me, let me thus, thus pour my ſoul,
Thus ſpeak my joy, thus melt within thy arms.

ZENOBIA.

My lord! my life, my Rhadamiſtus!---come,
Grow to my heart, that bounds and ſprings to meet thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Once more reviv'd and ſnatch'd again from death
Thus do I ſee thee?---theſe are ſpeechleſs joys,
And tears alone expreſs them.

ZENOBIA.

Have I ſav'd thee?
All-gracious gods! 'tis rapture in th' extreme!

RHADAMISTUS.

My ſweet deliverer! my all of bliſs!

ZENOBIA.

Oh! it is joy too exquiſite!---and yet
Grief will imbitter ecſtacy like this!
There lies your father!

RHADAMISTUS.

All his crimes
Be buried with him!---nature will have way,
And o'er his corſe thus ſheds the filial tear.

TERIBAZUS.

Oh! that my tears could waſh away his ſtains!

ZENOBIA.

Wilt thou forgive his murderer?

RHADAMISTUS.

For thee,
Beſet with wrongs, and injur'd as thou wer't,
In ev'ry region fame ſhall clap her wings,
And the recording muſe applaud thy virtue.

ZENOBIA.

If thou forgiv'ſt me, I am bleſs'd indeed!
Now we ſhall part no more---Megiſtus too!
Thou good old man!---let me embrace thee---ha!

MEGISTUS.

The blood forſakes her cheek; her eyes are fix'd!---

ZENOBIA.

Support me---help me---oh! I die---I die.
[*Falls in* Megiſtus' *arms.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Revive my love; thy Rhadamiſtus thus,
Thus calls your flutt'ring ſpirit back to life.

ZENOBIA.

It will not be---the toil of life is o'er---
My Rhadamiſtus--- [*Sinks down on the ground.*

RHADAMISTUS.

Muſt I loſe thee then?

ZENOBIA.

Oh! the envenom'd cup!---the marriage rites
Requir'd

Requir'd that I ſhould drink it firſt myſelf;
There was no other way; I did it freely
To ſave thy life; to ſave thee for my child.

RHADAMISTUS.

Is there no antidote to ſtop the courſe
Of this vile poiſon?

ZENOBIA.

None---it rages now;
It rages thro' my veins; my eyes grow dim;
They're loſt in darkneſs---oh!---I cannot ſee thee.
Where art thou, Rhadamiſtus?---muſt I breathe
Longer in life, and never ſee thee more!
And are my eyes forbid one dear farewell?
Oh! cruel ſtars!---muſt they not fix on thee
The laſt expiring glance?

RHADAMISTUS.

Relentleſs pow'rs!
There lies Zenobia!---round that pallid beauty
Call your ætherial hoſt, each winged virtue,
Call ev'ry angel down, bid 'em behold
That matchleſs excellence, and then refuſe
Soft pity if they can!

ZENOBIA.

Megiſtus, ſeek my child,
And bring him to his father---Rhadamiſtus,
Wilt thou protect him?---My ſweet orphan-babe
I leave thee too!---oh! train him up in virtue:
Wilt thou be fond of him? a mother's fondneſs
My child ſhould meet---oh! raiſe me, Rhadamiſtus;
Give me thy hand---my little infant---oh!---
[*Dies.*

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

Tears, you do well to ſtop; your wretched drops
Are unavailing at a ſight like this!
And art thou gone?---ah! thus defac'd and pale,
Thus do I ſee thee?---is that ghaſtly form
All that is left me of thee?---give me daggers,
Give me ſome inſtant means of death, my friends,
That I may throw this load of life away,
And let our hearts be both inurn'd together.

TERIBAZUS.

Live, live my brother, for your infant ſon;
Let him prevail.

RHADAMISTUS.

Inhuman that thou art!
Think you I'll ſtay impriſon'd here in life,
When there---behold her---how ſhe ſmiles in death!
When there that form---think ye I'll linger here?
Dead, dead Zenobia!---ſtill I have thee thus!
You ne'er ſhall part us---this at leaſt I'll hold,
And cling for ever to theſe pale, pale charms;
Here breathe my laſt, and faithfull ſtill in death,
Love ſhall unite us in one peaceful grave.

TERIBAZUS.

Bring ev'ry aid, all medicinal ſkill,
To give each lenient balm to woes like his.
From thee ambition, what misfortunes flow?
To thee what varied ills weak mortals owe?
'Twas this for years laid deſolate the land,
And arm'd againſt a ſon the father's hand;
To black deſpair poor loſt Zenobia drove;
The hapleſs victim of diſaſtrous love!

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

(She peeps thro' the Curtain.)

HOW do you all, good folks?---In tears for certain,
I'll only take a PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;
You're all so full of tragedy, and sadness!
For me to come among ye, would be madness:
This is no time for giggling---when you've leisure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.
[She enters upon their clapping.
This is so good, to call me out so soon---
The COMIC MUSE *by me intreats a* BOON;
She call'd for PRITCHARD, *her first maid of honour,*
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;
But she,---I'm sure you'll all be sorry for't,
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:
To bear this loss, we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.
The COMIC MUSE, *whose ev'ry smile is grace,*
And her SAGE SISTER, *with her tragic face,*
Have had a quarrel----each has WRIT A CASE *.
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of THEIR DIFFERENCE A TRUE STATE.
MELPOMENE, *complains when she appears,*
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,

* Alluding to the dispute between the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, who, at that time, had printed their CASES.

To

To raiſe your ſouls, and with her raptures wing 'em,
Nay wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em;
Some flippant huſſey, like myſelf comes in;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
Hey! PRESTO PASS!*---all topſy turvy ſee,*
And, OH! OH! OH! *is chang'd to* HE, HE, HE!
We own the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue,
*'Tis theirs, who call and bawl for---*EPILOGUE!
O! ſhame upon you---for the time to come,
Know better, and go miſerable home.
What ſays our COMIC GODDESS?*---with reproaches,*
She vows her SISTER TRAGEDY *encroaches!*
And ſpite of all her virtue, and ambition,
Is known to have an am'rous diſpoſition:
For in FALSE DELICACY*---wond'rous ſly,*
Join'd with a certain IRISHMAN*---O fye!*
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.---
Her ſiſter's ſmiles with tears ſhe try'd to ſmother,
Rais'd ſuch a tragi-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with o'ther.
What can be done?---ſad work behind the ſcenes!
There comic females ſcold with tragic queens.
Each party different ways the foe aſſails,
Theſe ſhake their daggers, thoſe prepare their nails.
'Tis YOU *alone muſt calm their dire miſhaps,*
Or we ſhall ſtill continue pulling caps.
What is your will?---I read it in your faces;
That all hereafter take their proper places,
*Shake hands, and kiſs and friends, and---*BURN THEIR CASES.

THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER,

A

TRAGEDY.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Quo non penetrat, aut quid non excogitat pietas, quæ in carcere ſervandæ genetricis novam rationem invenit? Quid enim tam inuſitatum, quid tam inauditum, quam matrem natæ uberibus alitam? Putaret aliquis hoc contra rerum naturam factum, niſi diligere parentes prima naturæ lex eſſet.

VAL. MAXIM. lib. 5. c. 4.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. WESTON.

He peeps in at the Stage Door.

HIP! muſic! muſic!---Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer---ſtop your cat-gut, pray.
Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
A bookſeller one moment to intrude?
My name is Foolſcap:---all my troubles paſt;
Fortune hath given me a rare helping caſt.
To all my toils a wife hath put a ſtop:
A devil firſt; but now I keep a ſhop.
My maſter died, poor man! he's out of print!
His widow, ſhe had eyes and took my hint.
A prey to grief, ſhe could not bear to be,
And ſo turn'd over a new leaf with me.
I drive a trade; have authors in my pay;
Men of all work, per week, per ſheet, per day.
TRAV'LLERS, *who not one foreign country know:*
And PAST'RAL POETS, *in the ſound of Bow.*
TRANSLATORS, *from the Greek they never read;*
CANTABS *and* SOPHS, *in Covent-Garden bred.*
HISTORIANS, *who can't write; who only take*
Sciſſars and paſte; cut, vamp; a book they make.
I've treated for this play; can buy it too,
If I could learn what you intend to do.
If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic ſtuff;
I have a newſpaper, and there can puff.
A newſpaper does wonders! none can be
In debt, in love, dependent, or quite free,
Ugly or handſome, well, or ill in bed,
Single or married, or alive or dead,
But we give life, death, virtue, vice with eaſe;
In ſhort a newſpaper does what we pleaſe.
There jealous authors at each other bark;
Till Truth leaves not one glimpſe, no, not one ſpark;
But lies meet lies, and joſtle in the dark.

Our bard within has often felt the dart
Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.
I've preſs'd him, ere he plays this deſp'rate game,
To anſwer all, and vindicate his name.
But he convinc'd that all but truth muſt die,
Leaves to its own mortality the lie.
Would any know, while parties fight pell-mell,
How he employs his pen?---his play will tell.
To that he truſts; that he ſubmits to you,
Aim'd at your tend'reſt feelings, moral, new.
The ſcenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear;
Scenes that come home to ev'ry boſom here.
If this will do, I'll run and buy it ſtraight;
Stay; let me ſee; I think I'd better wait:
Yes; I'll lie ſnug, till you have fix'd it's fate.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DIONYSIUS,	Mr. PALMER.
EVANDER,	Mr. BARRY.
PHILOTAS,	Mr. REDDISH.
MELANTHON,	Mr. AICKIN.
PHOCION,	Mr. J. AICKIN.
ARCAS,	Mr. HURST.
GREEK HERALD,	Mr. PACKER.
CALIPPUS,	Mr. INCHBALD.
GREEK SOLDIER,	Mr. DAVIES.
OFFICER,	Mr. WHEELER.
EUPHRASIA,	Mrs. BARRY.
ERIXENE,	Miſs PLATT.

Scene, SYRACUSE.

THE

THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter MELANTHON, *and* PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

YET, yet a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me.

PHILOTAS.

No more; it muſt not be.

MELANTHON.

Obdurate man;
Thus wilt thou ſpurn me, when a King diſtreſs'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable King,
The father of his people, from a throne
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a ſequeſter'd priſoner? Oh! Philotas,
If thou haſt not renounc'd humanity;
Let me behold my ſovereign; once again
Admit me to his preſence; let me ſee
My royal maſter.

PHILOTAS.

Urge thy ſuit no further;

Thy

Thy words are fruitleſs; Dionyſius' orders
Forbid acceſs; he is our ſov'reign now;
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

MELANTHON.

Thou can'ſt not mean it: his to give the law!
Deteſted ſpoiler!---his! a vile uſurper!
Have we forgot the elder Dionyſius,
Surnam'd the Tyrant? To Sicilia's throne
The monſter waded thro' whole ſeas of blood.
Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,
Till rous'd at length Evander came from Greece,
Like Freedom's Genius came, and ſent the tyrant
Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank
Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile ſubſiſtence,
A wandering ſophiſt thro' the realms of Greece.

PHILOTAS.

Melanthon, yes; full clearly I remember
The ſplendid day, when all rejoicing Sicily
Hail'd her deliverer.

MELANTHON.

Shall the tyrant's ſon
Deduce a title from the father's guilt?
Philotas, thou wert once the friend of goodneſs;
Thou art a Greek; fair Corinth gave thee birth;
I mark'd thy growing youth; I need not tell,
With what an equal ſway Evander reign'd,
How juſt, how upright, generous and good!
From ev'ry region bards and ſages came;
Whate'er of ſcience ancient Egypt ſtor'd;
All that the Eaſt had treaſur'd; all that Greece
Of moral wiſdom taught, and Plato's voice,
Was heard in Sicily. Shall Dionyſius
Extinguiſh ev'ry virtue in the land,

Bow

Bow to his yoke the necks of freeborn men,
And here perpetuate a tyrant's reign?

PHILOTAS.

Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuſe
All bend the knee; his the ſupreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his ſovereign nod.

MELANTHON.

But ſoon that pow'r ſhall ceaſe: behold his walls
Now cloſe encircled by the Grecian bands;
Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne uſurp'd,
And bid all Sicily reſume her rights.

PHILOTAS.

Thou wert a ſtateſman once, Melanthon; now,
Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid ſchemes which Dionyſius plans.
Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow; and, ere yonder ſun,
That now declining ſeeks the Weſtern wave,
Shall to the ſhades of night reſign the world,
Thou'lt ſee the Punic ſails in yonder bay,
Whoſe waters waſh the walls of Syracuſe.

MELANTHON.

Art thou a ſtranger to Timoleon's name?
Intent to plan, and circumſpect to ſee
All poſſible events, he ruſhes on
Reſiſtleſs in his courſe! Your boaſted maſter
Scarce ſtands at bay; each hour the ſtrong blockade
Hems him in cloſer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppreſſion's iron rod to fragments ſhiver'd!
The good Evander then----

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Alas, Evander
Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!

MELANTHON.

How! not behold it! Say, Philotas, ſpeak;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers---

PHILOTAS.

As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

MELANTHON.

And yet
Thy dark half-hinted purpoſe---lead me to him;
If thou haſt murder'd him----

PHILOTAS,

By Heav'n, he lives.

MELANTHON.

Then bleſs me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the ſun gone down, ſince laſt theſe eyes
Have ſeen the good old King; ſay, why is this?
Wherefore debar'd his preſence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal pris'ner;
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Can'ſt grant admittance; let me, let me ſee him.

PHILOTAS.

Entreat no more; the ſoul of Dionyſius
Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conſcious guilt.

MELANTHON.

But when dun night----

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Alas! it cannot be: but mark my words.
Let Greece urge on her general aſſault.
Diſpatch ſome friend, who may o'er-leap the walls,
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
Has liv'd three days, by Dionyſius' order,
Lock'd up from ev'ry ſuſtenance of nature,
And life, now wearied out, almoſt expires.

MELANTHON.

If any ſpark of virtue dwell within thee,
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his priſon.

PHILOTAS.

The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him thence.

MELANTHON.

Ha! mov'd him, ſay'ſt thou?

PHILOTAS.

At the midnight hour,
Silent convey'd him up the ſteep aſcent,
To where the elder Dionyſius form'd,
On the ſharp ſummit of the pointed rock,
Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear!
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
Unſeen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguiſh,
And died obſcure, unpitied, and unknown.

MELANTHON.

Clandeſtine murderer! Yes, there's the ſcene
Of horrid maſſacre. Full oft I've walk'd,
When all things lay in ſleep and darkneſs hush'd.
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely ſullen beach,

And heard the mournful ſound of many a corſe
Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
That murmurs on the ſhore. And means he thus
To end a monarch's life? Oh! 'grant my pray'r;
My timely ſuccour may protect his days;
The guard is yours----

PHILOTAS.

Forbear; thou plead'ſt in vain;
And though I feel ſoft pity throbbing here;
Though each emotion prompts the gen'rous deed,
I muſt not yield; it were aſſur'd deſtruction;
Farewell, diſpatch a meſſage to the Greeks;
I'll to my ſtation; now thou know'ſt the worſt.
[*Exit.*

MELANTHON.

Oh! loſt Evander! Loſt Euphraſia too!
How will her gentle nature bear the ſhock
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
A prey to famine, like the verrieſt wretch
Whom the hard hand of Miſery hath grip'd!
In vain ſhe'll rave with impotence of ſorrow;
Perhaps provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain;
All's loſt; Evander dies!

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

Where is the King?
Our troops, that ſallied to attack the foe,
Retire diſordered; to the eaſtern gate
The Greeks purſue; Timoleon rides in blood!
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

MELANTHON.

To the citadel

Direct

Direct thy footſteps; Dionyſius there
Marſhals a choſen band.

CALIPPUS.

Do thou call forth
Thy hardy veterans; haſte, or all is loſt! [*Exit.*
[*Warlike muſic.*

MELANTHON.

Now, ye juſt Gods, now look propitious down;
Now give the Grecian ſabre tenfold edge,
And ſave a virtuous King!
[*Warlike muſic.*

Enter EUPHRASIA.

EUPHRASIA.

War on, ye heroes,
Ye great aſſertors of a monarch's cauſe!
Let the wild tempeſt rage. Melanthon, ha!
Did'ſt thou not hear the vaſt tremenduous roar?
Down tumbling from it's baſe the eaſtern tow'r,
Burſt on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain
Lies an extended ruin.

MELANTHON.

Still new horrors
Increaſe each hour, and gather round our heads.

EUPHRASIA.

The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring ſoul.
Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

MELANTHON.

Alas! that hour

Would come with joy to ev'ry honeſt heart,
Would ſhed divineſt bleſſings from its wing;
But no ſuch hour in all the round of time,
I fear, the fates averſe will e'er lead on.

EUPHRASIA.

And ſtill, Melanthon, ſtill does pale deſpair
Depreſs thy ſpirit? Lo! Timoleon comes
Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece; the brave, the juſt,
God-like Timoleon! ardent to redreſs,
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
A little interval ſhall ſet the victor
Within our gates triumphant.

MELANTHON.

Still my fears
Forbode for thee. Would thou hadſt left this place,
When hence your huſband, the brave Phocion fled,
Fled with your infant ſon!

EUPHRASIA.

In duty fix'd,
Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Phocion,
Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
Bore my ſweet little one. Full well thou know'ſt
The pangs I ſuffer'd in that trying moment.
Did I not weep? Did I not rave and ſhriek,
And by the roots tear my diſhevell'd hair?
Did I not follow to the ſea-beat ſhore,
Reſolv'd with him and with my blooming boy
To truſt the winds and waves?

MELANTHON.

Deem not, Euphraſia,
I e'er can doubt thy conſtancy and love,

EUPHRASIA.

Melanthon, how I loved, the Gods who ſaw
Each ſecret image that my fancy form'd,
The Gods can witneſs how I lov'd my Phocion,
And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?
Could I deſert my father? Could I leave
The venerable man, who gave me being,
A victim here in Syracuſe, nor ſtay
To watch his fate, to viſit his affliction,
To cheer his priſon hours, and with the tear
Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage ſmile?

MELANTHON.

The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,
Shall merit heart-felt praiſe.

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, Phocion, go,
Go with my child, torn from this matron breaſt,
This breaſt that ſtill ſhould yield it's nurture to him,
Fly with my infant to ſome happier ſhore.
If he be ſafe, Euphraſia dies content.
Till that ſad cloſe of all, the taſk be mine
To tend a father with delighted care,
To ſmooth the pillow of declining age,
See him ſink gradual into mere decay,
On the laſt verge of life watch ev'ry look,
Explore each fond unutterable wiſh,
Catch his laſt breath, and cloſe his eyes in peace.

MELANTHON.

I would not add to my afflictions; yet
My heart miſgives; Evander's fatal period----

EUPHRASIA.

Still is far off; the Gods have ſent relief,
And once again I ſhall behold him King.

MELANTHON.

Alas! thoſe glitt'ring hopes but lend a ray
To gild the glouds, that hover o'er your head,
Soon to rain ſorrow down, and plunge you deeper
In black deſpair.

EUPHRASIA.

The ſpirit-ſtirring virtue,
That glows within me, ne'er ſhall know deſpair,
No, I will truſt the Gods. Deſponding man!
Haſt thou not heard with what reſiſtleſs ardour
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war?
Haſt thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates?
The tyrant's pent up in his laſt retreat;
Anon thou'lt ſee his battlements in duſt,
His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin;
Deſtruction pouring in on ev'ry ſide,
Pride and oppreſſion at their utmoſt need,
And nought to ſave him in his hopeleſs hour.
[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*

MELANTHON.

Ha! the fell tyrant comes---Beguile his rage,
And o'er your ſorrows caſt a dawn of gladneſs.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, OFFICERS, *&c.*

DIONYSIUS.

The vain preſumptuous Greek! His hopes of conqueſt,
Like a gay dream, are vaniſh'd into air.

Proudly

Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph,
O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse
He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm
Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train
To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

EUPHRASIA.

O Dionysius, if distracting fears
Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon
A frail and tender sex. Should ruthless war
Roam through our streets, and riot here in blood,
Where shall the lost Euphrasia find a shelter?
In vain she'll kneel, and clasp the sacred altar.
O let me then, in mercy let me seek
The gloomy mansion, where my father dwells;
I die content, if in his arms I perish.

DIONYSIUS.

Thou lovely trembler, hush thy fears to rest.
The Greek recoils; like the impetuous surge
That dashes on the rock, there breaks, and foams,
And backward rolls into the sea again.
All shall be well in Syracuse: a fleet
Appears in view, and brings the chosen sons
Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the main,
I saw their canvas swelling with the wind,
While on the purple wave the western sun
Glanc'd the remains of day.

EUPHRASIA.

Yet till the fury
Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval
In safety let me soothe to dear delight
In a lov'd father's presence: from his sight,
For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse
Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,
Indulge

Indulge a daughter's love; worn out with age
Soon muſt he ſeal his eyes in endleſs night,
And with his converſe charm my ear no more.

DIONYSIUS.

Why thus anticipate misfortune? Still
Evander mocks the injuries of time.
Calippus, thou ſurvey the city round;
Station the centinels, that no ſurpriſe
Invade the unguarded works, while drowſy night
Weighs down the ſoldier's eye. Afflicted fair,
Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,
Thou'lt ſee Evander with redoubled joy.
Though now unequal to the cares of empire
His age ſequeſter him, yet honours high
Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.

EUPHRASIA.

For this benignity accept my thanks.
They guſh in tears, and my heart pours it's tribute.

DIONYSIUS.

Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving light
Unveil the face of things, do thou diſpatch
A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;
At the north point of yonder promontory
Let ſome ſelected officer inſtruct him
To moor his ſhips, and iſſue on the land.
Then may Timoleon tremble: vengeance then
Shall overwhelm his camp, purſue his bands
With fatal havock to the ocean's margin,
And caſt their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
In mangled heaps upon the naked ſhore.

[*Exit* Dionyſius.

EU

EUPHRASIA, MELANTHON.

EUPHRASIA.

What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?
If Carthage comes, if her perfidious ſons
Liſt in his cauſe, the dawn of freedom's gone.

MELANTHON.

Woe, bitt'reſt woe impends; thou would'ſt not think----

EUPHRASIA.

How! ſpeak! unfold.

MELANTHON.

My tongue denies it's office.

EUPHRASIA.

How is my father? Say, Melanthon----

MELANTHON.

He,
I fear to ſhock thee with the tale of horror!
Perhaps he dies this moment.---Since Timoleon
Firſt form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
In the deep caverns of the rock impriſon'd
He pines in bittereſt want.

EUPHRASIA.

To that abode
Of woe and horror, that laſt ſtage of life,
Has the fell tyrant mov'd him?

MELANTHON.

There ſequeſter'd,
Alas! he ſoon muſt periſh.

EUPHRASIA.

Well, my heart,
Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

MELANTHON.

Enough his ſword has reek'd with public ſlaughter;
Now dark inſidious deeds muſt thin mankind.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! night, that oft haſt heard my piercing ſhrieks
Diſturb thy awful ſilence; oft has heard
Each ſtroke theſe hands in frantic ſorrow gave
From this ſad breaſt reſounding, now no more
I mean to vent complaints; I mean not now
With buſy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs
The tyrant heap'd on our devoted race.
I bear it all; with calmeſt patience bear it:
Reſign'd and wretched, deſperate and loſt.

MELANTHON.

Deſpair, alas! is all the ſad reſource
Our fate allows us now.

EUPHRASIA.

Yet why deſpair?
Is that the tribute to a father due?
Blood is his due, Melanthon; yes, the blood,
The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,
Would graceful look upon my dagger's point.
Come, vengeance, come, ſhake off this feeble ſex,
Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.

And

And thou, O filial piety, that rul'ſt
My woman's breaſt, turn to vindictive rage;
Aſſume the port of juſtice; ſhew mankind
Tyrannic guilt hath never dar'd in Syracuſe,
Beyond the reach of virtue.

MELANTHON.

Yet beware;
Controul this frenzy that bears down your reaſon.
Surrounded by his guards, the tyrant mocks
Your utmoſt fury; moderate your zeal,
Nor let him hear theſe tranſports of the ſoul,
Theſe wild upbraidings.

EUPHRASIA.

Shall Euphraſia's voice
Be huſh'd to ſilence, when a father dies?
Shall not the monſter hear his deeds accurſt?
Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs,
Fierce in deſpair, all nature in her cauſe
Alarm'd and rouz'd with horror? Yes, Melanthon,
The man of blood ſhall hear me; yes, my voice
Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,
Pierce yon blue vault, and at the throne of Heav'n
Call down red vengeance on the murd'rer's head.
Melanthon come; my wrongs will lend me force;
The weakneſs of my ſex is gone; this arm
Feels tenfold ſtrength; this arm ſhall do a deed
For heav'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder at!
This arm ſhall vindicate a father's cauſe.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

A wild romantic Scene amidſt overhanging Rocks; a Cavern on one Side.

ARCAS, *with a Spear in his Hand.*

THE gloom of night ſits heavy on the world;
And o'er the ſolemn ſcene ſuch ſtillneſs reigns,
As 'twere a pauſe of nature; on the beach
No murmuring billow breaks; the Grecian tents
Lie ſunk in ſleep; no gleaming fires are ſeen;
All Syracuſe is huſh'd; no ſtir abroad,
Save ever and anon the daſhing oar,
That beats the ſullen wave. And hark!---Was that
The groan of anguiſh from Evander's cell,
Piercing the midnight gloom?---It is the ſound
Of buſtling prows, that cleave the briny deep,
Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
Rides in the bay.

Enter PHILOTAS, *from the Cavern.*

PHILOTAS.

What ho! brave Arcas! ho!

ARCAS.

Why thus deſert thy couch?

PHILOTAS.

Methought the ſound
Of diſtant uproar chas'd affrighted ſleep.

AR-

ARCAS.

At intervals the oar's reſounding ſtroke
Comes ecchoing from the main. Save that report,
A death-like ſilence through the wide expanſe
Broods o'er the dreary coaſt.

PHILOTAS.

Do thou retire,
And ſeek repoſe; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd; I take thy poſt.

ARCAS.

How fares
Your royal pris'ner?

PHILOTAS.

Arcas, ſhall I own
A ſecret weakneſs? My heart inward melts
To ſee that ſuffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;
And while pale famine drinks his vital ſpirit,
He welcomes death, and ſmiles himſelf to reſt.
Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;
Thy wearied nature claims repoſe; and now
The watch is mine.

ARCAS.

May no alarm diſturb thee.

[*Exit.*

PHILOTAS.

Some dread event is lab'ring into birth:
At cloſe of day the ſullen ſky held forth
Unerring ſignals. With diſaſtrous glare
The moon's full orb roſe crimſon'd o'er with blood;

And

And lo! athwart the gloom a falling ſtar
Trails a long tract of fire!---What daring ſtep
Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand there; what ho!
Speak, ere thou dar'ſt advance. Unfold thy purpoſe:
Who and what art thou?

Enter EUPHRASIA, *with a Lanthorn in her Hand.*

EUPHRASIA.

Mine no hoſtile ſtep;
I bring no valour to alarm thy fears:
It is a friend approaches.

PHILOTAS.

Ha! what mean
Thoſe plaintive notes?

EUPHRASIA.

Here is no ambuſh'd Greek,
No warrior to ſurprize thee on the watch.
An humble ſuppliant comes---Alas my ſtrength
Exhauſted quite forſakes this weary frame.

PHILOTAS.

What voice thus piercing thro' the gloom of night---
What art thou? what thy errand? quickly ſay
What wretch, with what intent, at this dead hour---
Wherefore alarm'ſt thou thus our peaceful watch?

EUPHRASIA.

Let no miſtruſt affright thee---Lo! a wretch,
The verieſt wretch that ever groan'd in anguiſh,
Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
To tell her ſad, ſad tale, implore thy aid,
For ſure the pow'r is thine, thou canſt relieve
My bleeding heart, and ſoften all my woes.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Ha! ſure thoſe accents--- *(takes the light from her.*

EUPHRASIA.

Deign to liſten to me.

PHILOTAS.

Euphraſia !------

EUPHRASIA.

Yes; the loſt, undone Euphraſia;
Supreme in wretchedneſs; to th' inmoſt ſenſe,
Here in the quickeſt fibre of the heart,
Wounded, transfix'd, and tortur'd to deſtraction.

PHILOTAS.

Why, princeſs, thus anticipate the dawn?
Still ſleep and ſilence wrap the weary world;
The ſtars in mid career uſurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are huſh'd;
All things are mute around us; all but you
Reſt in oblivious ſlumber from their cares.

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, all; all reſt: the very murd'rer ſleeps;
Guilt is at reſt: I only wake to miſery.

PHILOTAS.

How didſt thou gain the ſummit of the rock?

EUPHRASIA.

Give me my father; here you hold him fetter'd;
Oh! give him to me;---in the fond purſuit
All pain and peril vaniſh; love and duty
Inſpir'd the thought; deſpair itſelf gave courage;
I climb'd

I climb'd the hard aſcent; with painful toil
Surmounted craggy cliffs, and pointed rocks;
What will not miſery attempt?---If ever
The touch of nature throbb'd within your breaſt,
Admit me to Evander; in theſe caves
I know he pines in want; let me convey
Some charitable ſuccour to a father.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! Euphraſia, would I dare comply.

EUPHRASIA.

It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
Wert born in Greece:---Oh! by our common parent---
Nay ſtay; thou ſhalt not fly; Philotas ſtay;
You have a father too; think were his lot
Hard as Evander's, if by felon hands
Chain'd to the earth, with ſlow conſuming pangs
He felt ſharp want, and with an aſking eye
Implor'd relief, yet cruel men deny'd it,
Wouldſt thou not burſt thro' adamantine gates,
Thro' walls and rocks, to ſave him? Think, Philotas,
Of thy own aged ſire, and pity mine.
Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
When thus a parent wants the common food,
The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

PHILOTAS.

'Twere beſt withdraw thee, princeſs; thy aſſiſtance
Evander wants not; it is fruitleſs all;
Thy tears, thy wild entreaties, are in vain.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---thou haſt murder'd him; he is no more;
I underſtand thee;---butchers, you have ſhed
The precious drops of life; yet, e'en in death,
Let me behold him; let a daughter cloſe

With

With duteous hand a father's beamleſs eyes;
Print her laſt kiſſes on his honour'd hand,
And lay him decent in the ſhroud of death.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail.
Retire, and ſeek the couch of balmy ſleep,
In this dead hour, this ſeaſon of repoſe.

EUPHRASIA.

And doſt thou then, inhuman that thou art!
Adviſe a wretch like me to know repoſe?
This is my laſt abode: theſe caves, theſe rocks,
Shall ring for ever with Euphraſia's wrongs;
All Sicily ſhall hear me; yonder deep
Shall eccho back an injur'd daughter's cauſe;
Here will I dwell, and rave, and ſhriek, and give
Theſe ſcatter'd locks to all the paſſing winds;
Call on Evander loſt; and, pouring curſes,
And cruel gods, and cruel ſtars invoking,
Stand on the cliff in madneſs and deſpair.

PHILOTAS.

Yet calm this violence; reflect, Euphraſia,
With what ſevere enforcement Dionyſius
Exacts obedience to his dread command.
If here thou'rt found----

EUPHRASIA.

Here is Euphraſia's manſion, *(falls on the ground.)*
Her fix'd eternal home;---inhuman ſavages,
Here ſtretch me with a father's murder'd corſe;
Then heap your rocks, your mountains on my head;
It will be kindneſs in you; I ſhall reſt
Intomb'd within a parent's arms.

PHILOTAS.

By Heav'n,
My heart in pity bleeds.

EUPHRASIA.

Talk'ſt thou of pity?
Yield to the gen'rous inſtinct; grant my pray'r;
Let my eyes view him, gaze their laſt upon him,
And ſhew you have ſome ſenſe of human woe.

PHILOTAS.

Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.
My honeſt heart condemns the barb'rous deed,
And if I dare----

EUPHRASIA.

And if you dare!---Is that
The voice of manhood? Honeſt, if you dare!
'Tis the ſlave's virtue! 'tis the utmoſt limit
Of the baſe coward's honour.---Not a wretch,
There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,
But, ſilence intereſt, extinguiſh fear,
And he will prove benevolent to man.
The gen'rous heart does more; will dare to all
That honour prompts.----How doſt thou dare to murder?----
Reſpect the gods, and know no other fear.

PHILOTAS.

No other fear aſſails this warlike breaſt.
I pity your misfortunes; yes, by Heav'n,
My heart bleeds for you. Gods! you've touch'd my ſoul!
The gen'rous impulſe is not giv'n in vain.
I feel thee Nature, and I dare obey.

Oh!

Oh! thou haſt conquer'd.---Go, Euphraſia, go
Behold thy father.

EUPHRASIA.

Raiſe me, raiſe me up;
I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man!

PHILOTAS.

Yet mark my words; if aught of nouriſhment
Thou would'ſt convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er conſent.

EUPHRASIA.

I will obſerve your orders:
On any terms, oh! let me, let me ſee him.

PHILOTAS.

Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd way.

EUPHRASIA.

My heart runs o'er in thanks; the pious act
Timoleon ſhall reward; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue ſhall reward the deed.
(Goes into the cave.

PHILOTAS.

Prevailing, pow'rful virtue!---Thou ſubdueſt
The ſtubborn heart, and mould'ſt it to thy purpoſe.
Would I could ſave them!---But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to ſhelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to aſſuage its woes,
Is the beſt ſympathy, the pureſt joy
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus ſhe gave the ſocial gen'rous tear.
[*Exit.*

Scene the Inſide of the Cavern.

Enter ARCAS *and* EUPHRASIA.

ARCAS.

No; on my life I dare not.

EUPHRASIA.

But a ſmall,
A wretched pittance; one poor cordial drop
To renovate exhauſted drooping age.
I aſk no more.

ARCAS.

Not the ſmalleſt ſtore
Of ſcanty nouriſhment muſt paſs theſe walls.
Our lives were forfeit elſe: a moment's parley
Is all I grant; in yonder cave he lies.

EVANDER *(within the cell.)*

Oh! ſtruggling nature! let thy conflict end.
Oh! give me, give me reſt.

EUPHRASIA.

My father's voice!
It pierces here! it cleaves my very heart.
I ſhall expire, and never ſee him more.

ARCAS.

Repoſe thee, princeſs, here, *(draws a couch)* here reſt thy limbs,
Till the returning blood ſhall lend thee firmneſs.

EUPHRASIA.

The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans!
And is there no relief? AR-

ARCAS.

All I can grant,
You ſhall command. I will unbar the dungeon,
Unlooſe the chain that binds him to the rock,
And leave your interview without reſtraint.
[*Opens a cell in the back Scene.*

EUPHRASIA.

Hold, hold my heart! Oh! how ſhall I ſuſtain
The agonizing ſcene? *(riſes.)* I muſt behold him;
Nature, that drives me on, will lend me force.
Is that my father?

ARCAS.

Take your laſt farewell.
His vigour ſeems not yet exhauſted quite.
You muſt be brief, or ruin will enſue.
[*Exit.*

EVANDER. *(Raiſing himſelf.)*

Oh! when ſhall I get free?---Theſe ling'ring pangs---

EUPHRASIA.

Behold ye pow'rs, that ſpectacle of woe!

EVANDER.

Diſpatch me, pitying gods, and ſave my child!
I burn, I burn; alas! no place of reſt:
[*Riſes and comes out.*
A little air; once more a breath of air;
Alas! I faint; I die.

EUPHRASIA.

Heart-piercing ſight!
Let me ſupport you, Sir.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

Oh! lend your arm.
Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee: that kind breeze
Comes gently o'er my ſenſes---lead me forward:
And is there left one charitable hand
To reach it's ſuccour to a wretch like me?

EUPHRASIA.

Well may'ſt thou aſk it. Oh! my breaking heart!
The hand of death is on him.

EVANDER.

Still a little,
A little onward to the air conduct me;
'Tis well;---I thank thee; thou art kind and good,
And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

EUPHRASIA.

Do thou not know me, Sir?

EVANDER.

Methinks I know
That voice: art thou---alas! my eyes are dim!
Each object ſwims before me---No, in truth
I do not know thee.

EUPHRASIA.

Not your own Euphraſia?

EVANDER.

Art thou my daughter?

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! my honour'd Sire!

EVAN-

EVANDER.

My daughter, my Euphraſia? come to cloſe
A father's eyes! Giv'n to my laſt embrace!
Gods! do I hold her once again? Your mercies
Are without number. [*Falls on the couch.*
This exceſs of bliſs
O'erpow'rs; it kills; Euphraſia---could I hope it?
I die content---Art thou indeed my daughter?
Thou art; my hand is moiſten'd with thy tears:
I pray you do not weep---thou art my child:
I thank you gods! in my laſt dying moments
You have not left me---I would pour my praiſe;
But oh! your goodneſs overcomes me quite!
You read my heart; you ſee what paſſes there.

EUPHRASIA.

Alas he faints; the guſhing tide of tranſport
Bears down each feeble ſenſe: reſtore him Heav'n!

EVANDER.

All, my Euphraſia, all will ſoon be well.
Paſs but a moment, and this buſy globe,
Its thrones, its empires, and its buſtling millions,
Will ſeem a ſpeck in the great void of ſpace.
Yet while I ſtay, thou darling of my age!
Nay dry thoſe tears.

EUPHRASIA.

I will my father.

EVANDER.

Where,
I fear to aſk it, where is virtuous Phocion?

EUPHRASIA.

Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

And left thee here
Expos'd and helpleſs?

EUPHRASIA.

He is all truth and honour:
He fled to ſave my child.

EVANDER.

My young Evander!
Your boy is ſafe Euphraſia?---Oh! my heart!
Alas! quite gone; worn out with miſery;
Oh! weak, decay'd old man!

EUPHRASIA.

Inhuman wretches!
Will none relieve his want? A drop of water
Might ſave his life; and ev'n that's deny'd him.

EVANDER.

Theſe ſtrong emotions---Oh! that eager air---
It is too much---aſſiſt me; bear me hence;
And lay me down in peace.

EUPHRASIA.

His eyes are fix'd!
And thoſe pale quiv'ring lips! He claſps my hand:
What, no aſſiſtance! Monſters will you thus
Let him expire in theſe weak feeble arms?

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Thoſe wild, thoſe piercing ſhrieks will give th' alarm.

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I aſk.

EVANDER. *(As he is carried off.)*

O Death! where art thou? Death, thou dread of guilt,
Thou wiſh of innocence, affliction's friend,
Tir'd Nature calls thee; come, in mercy come,
And lay me pillow'd in eternal reſt.
My child---where art thou? give me; reach thy hand,
Why doſt thou weep?---My eyes are dry---Alas!
Quite parch'd, my lips---quite parch'd, they cleave together.

EUPHRASIA.

Now judge, ye Pow'rs, in the whole round of time,
If e'er you view'd a ſcene of woe like this.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ARCAS.

ARCAS.

The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eaſtern clouds.
'Twere time this interview ſhould end: the hour
Now warns Euphraſia hence: what man could dare,
I have indulg'd---Philotas!---ha! the cell
Left void!---Evander gone!--What may this mean?
Philotas, ſpeak.

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Oh! vile, deteſted lot
Here to obey the ſavage tyrant's will,
And murder virtue, that can thus behold

It's executioner, and ſmile upon him.
That piteous ſight!

ARCAS.

She muſt withdraw Philotas;
Delay undoes us both. The reſtleſs main
Glows with the bluſh of day. Timoleon's fleet,
That paſs'd the night in buſy preparation,
Makes from the ſhore. On the high craggy point
Of yonder jutting eminence I mark'd
Their haughty ſtreamers curling to the wind.
He ſeeks Hamilcar's fleet. The briny deep
Shall ſoon be dy'd with blood. The fierce alarm
Will rouze our ſlumb'ring troops. The time requires
Without or further pauſe, or vain excuſe,
That ſhe depart this moment.

PHILOTAS.

Arcas, yes;
My voice ſhall warn her of th' approaching danger.
[*Exit.*

ARCAS.

Would ſhe had ne'er adventur'd to our guard.
I dread th' event; and hark!---the wind conveys
In clearer ſound the uproar of the main.
The fates prepare new havock; on th' event
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
Delays Euphraſia?---Ha! what means, Philotas,
That ſudden haſte, that pale diſorder'd look?

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

O! I can hold no more; at ſuch a ſight

Ev'n

Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant ſoftneſs. Arcas, go, behold
The pious fraud of charity and love;
Behold that unexampled goodneſs; ſee
Th' expedient ſharp neceſſity has taught her;
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view,
A child like her.

ARCAS.

Ha!---Say what myſtery
Wakes theſe emotions?

PHILOTAS.

Wonder-working virtue!
The father foſter'd at his daughter's breaſt!
O! filial piety!---The milk deſign'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever.

ARCAS.

That device
Has ſhe then form'd, eluding all our care,
To miniſter relief?

PHILOTAS.

On the bare earth
Evander lies; and as his languid pow'rs
Imbibe with eager thirſt the kind refreſhment,
And his looks ſpeak unutterable thanks,
Euphraſia views him with the tend'reſt glance,
Ev'n as a mother doating on her child;
And, ever and anon, amidſt the ſmiles
Of pure delight, of exquiſite ſenſation,
A ſilent tear ſteals down; the tear of virtue,
That ſweetens grief to rapture. All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs ſtill.

ARCAS.

The tale unmans my ſoul.

PHILOTAS.

Ye tyrants hear it,
And learn, that, while your cruelty prepares
Unheard of torture, virtue can keep pace
With your worſt efforts, and can try new modes
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

ARCAS.

Philotas, for Euphraſia, in her cauſe
I now can hazard all. Let us preſerve
Her father for her.

PHILOTAS.

Oh! her lovely daring
Tranſcends all praiſe. By Heav'n he ſhall not die.

ARCAS.

And yet we muſt be wary; I'll go forth,
And firſt explore each avenue around,
Leſt the fix'd ſentinel obſtruct your purpoſe.
[*Exit.*

PHILOTAS.

I thank thee, Arcas; we will act like men
Who feel for other's woes---She leads him forth,
And tremblingly ſupports his drooping age.
[*Goes to aſſiſt him.*

Enter

Enter EUPHRASIA, *and* EVANDER.

EVANDER.

Euphraſia, oh! my child! returning life
Glows here about my heart. Conduct me forward:
At the laſt gaſp preſerv'd! Ha! dawning light!
Let me behold; in faith I ſee thee now;
I do indeed: the father ſees his child.

EUPHRASIA.

I have reliev'd him---Oh! the joy's too great;
'Tis ſpeechleſs rapture!

EVANDER.

Bleſſings, bleſſings on thee!

EUPHRASIA.

My father ſtill ſhall live. Alas! Philotas,
Could I abandon that white hoary head,
That venerable form?---Abandon him
To periſh here in miſery and famine?

PHILOTAS.

Thy tears, thou miracle of goodneſs!
Have triumph'd o'er me; theſe round guſhing drops
Atteſt your conqueſt. Take him, take your father;
Convey him hence; I do releaſe him to you.

EVANDER.

What ſaid Philotas! Do I fondly dream?
Indeed my ſenſes are imperfect; yet
Methought I heard him! Did he ſay releaſe me?

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Thou art my King, and now no more my pris'ner;
Go with your daughter, with that wond'rous pattern
Of filial piety to after times.
Yes, princeſs, lead him forth; I'll point the path,
Whoſe ſoft declivity will guide your ſteps
To the deep vale, which theſe o'rhanging rocks
Encompaſs round. You may convey him thence
To ſome ſafe ſhelter. Yet a moment's pauſe;
I muſt conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.
Yes, I will ſave 'em---Oh! returning virtue!
How big with joy one moment in thy ſervice!
That wretched pair! I'll periſh in their cauſe.
[*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA, EVANDER.

EVANDER.

Whither, oh! whither ſhall Evander go?
I'm at the goal of life; if in the race
Honour has follow'd with no ling'ring ſtep,
But there ſits ſmiling with her laurel'd wreath,
To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,
And not inglorious lay me down to reſt.

EUPHRASIA.

And will you then refuſe, when thus the Gods
Afford a refuge to thee?

EVANDER.

Oh! my child,
There is no refuge for me.

EUPHRASIA.

Pardon, Sir:
Euphraſia's care has form'd a ſafe retreat;

There

There may'ſt thou dwell; it will not long be wanted.
Soon ſhall Timoleon, with reſiſtleſs force,
Burſt yon devoted walls.

EVANDER.

Timoleon!

EUPHRASIA.

Yes,
The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece;
Another day ſhall make the city his.

EVANDER.

Timoleon come to vindicate my rights!
Oh! thou ſhalt reign in Sicily! my child
Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent Heav'n!
Pour down your bleſſings on this beſt of daughters;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown;
Let them, oh! let them both in virtue wear it,
And in due time tranſmit it to their boy!

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

All things are apt; the drowſy ſentinel
Lies huſh'd in ſleep; I'll marſhal thee the way
Down the ſteep rock.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! Let us quickly hence.

EVANDER.

The blood but loiters in theſe frozen veins.
Do you, whoſe youthful ſpirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpſe.

To

To me had Heav'n decree'd a longer date,
It ne'er had ſuffer'd a fell monſter's reign,
Nor let me ſee the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphraſia; in one lov'd embrace
To theſe remains pay the laſt obſequies,
And leave me here to ſink to ſilent duſt.

EUPHRASIA.

And will you then, on ſelf-deſtruction bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor truſt your fate with me?

EVANDER.

Truſt thee! Euphraſia? Truſt in thee my child?
Though life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, ſince beſtow'd by thee.
Oh! thou art good; thy virtue ſoars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at; in thee,
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT the THIRD.

Scene a Rampart near the Harbour

Enter MELANTHON *and* PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

AND lives he ſtill?

PHILOTAS.

He does; and kindly aliment
Renews the ſprings of life.

MELANTHON.

And doth he know
The glorious work the deſtinies prepare?

PHILOTAS.

He is inform'd of all.

MELANTHON.

That Greek Timoleon
Comes his deliverer, and the fell uſurper
Pants in the laſt extreme?

PHILOTAS.

The glorious tidings
Have reach'd his ear.

MELANTHON.

Lead on, propitious Pow'rs!

Your great deſign; ſecond the Grecian arms,
And whelm the ſons of Carthage in the deep.

PHILOTAS.

This hour decides their doom; and lo! Euphraſia
Stands on the jutting rock, that rock, where oft
Whole days ſhe ſat in penſive ſorrow fix'd,
And ſwell'd with ſtreaming tears the reſtleſs deep.
There, now with other ſentiments elate,
She views Timoleon with victorious prow
Glide thro' the waves, and ſees the ſcatter'd navy
Of Carthage fly before him.

MELANTHON.

Bleſt event!
Evander, if thou mock'ſt me not, ſhall live
Once more to ſee the juſtice of the Gods.
But wilt thou ſtill protect my royal maſter?
Wilt thou admit me to his wiſh'd-for preſence?

PHILOTAS.

Let it ſuffice that no aſſiſſin's aim
Can now aſſault him: I muſt hence, Melanthon;
I now muſt mingle with the tyrant's train,
And, with a ſemblance of obſequious duty,
Delude ſuſpicion's eye: My friend, farewell.

[*Exit.*

MELANTHON.

If he deceive me not with ſpecious hopes,
I ſhall behold the ſov'reign, in whoſe ſervice
Theſe temples felt the iron caſque of war,
And theſe white hairs have ſilver'd o'er my head.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

EUPHRASIA.

See there; behold 'em; lo! the fierce encounter;

He

He ruſhes on; the ocean flames around
With the bright flaſh of arms; the echoing hills
Rebellow to the roar.

MELANTHON.

The Gods are with us,
And victory is ours.

EUPHRASIA.

High on the ſtern
The Grecian leaders ſtand: they ſtem the ſurge;
Launch'd from their arm the miſſive lightnings fly,
And the Barbaric fleet is wrapt in fire.
And lo! yon bark, down in the roaring gulph;
And there, more, more are periſhing---Behold!
They plunge for ever loſt.

MELANTHON.

So periſh all,
Who from yon continent unfurl their ſails,
To ſhake the freedom of this ſea-girt iſle!

EUPHRASIA.

Did I not ſay, Melanthon, did I not
Preſage the glories of Timoleon's triumph!
Where now are Afric's ſons? The vanquiſh'd tyrant
Shall look aghaſt; his heart ſhall ſhrink appall'd,
And dread his malefactions! Worſe than famine,
Deſpair ſhall faſten on him!

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, *&c.*

DIONYSIUS.

Baſe deſerters!
Curſe on their Punic faith! Did they once dare
To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ſhips averſe.

May ſtorms and tempeſts follow in their rear,
And daſh their fleet upon the Lybian ſhore!

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

My liege, Timoleon where the harbour opens
Has ſtorm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet
Purſues its courſe, and ſteers athwart the bay.

DIONYSIUS.

Ruin impends; and yet, if fall it muſt,
I bear a mind to meet it, undiſmay'd,
Unconquer'd ev'n by Fate.

CALIPPUS.

Through ev'ry ſtreet
Deſpair and terror fly. A panic ſpreads
From man to man, and ſuperſtition ſees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the Gods againſt us.

DIONYSIUS.

With ſacred rites their wrath muſt be appeas'd.
Let inſtant victims at the altar bleed;
Let incenſe roll its fragrant clouds to Heav'n,
And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In ſlow proceſſion to the temple bear
The image of their Gods.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---Does the tyrant
Dare with unhallow'd ſtep, with crimes and guilt,
Approach the ſacred fane?---Alas! my father,
Where now thy ſanctuary? What place ſhall hide
Thy perſecuted virtue? *(Aſide.)*

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Thou, Euphraſia,
Lead forth the pious band. This very moment
Iſſue our orders.

EUPHRASIA.

With conſenting heart
Euphraſia goes to waft her pray'rs to Heav'n.
[*Exit.*

DIONYSIUS.

The ſolemn ſacrifice, the virgin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
In the fierce ſoldiery religious rage.
Away, my friends, prepare the ſacred rites.
[*Exit* CALIPPUS, *&c.*
Philotas, thou draw near: how fares your priſoner?
Has he yet breath'd his laſt?

PHILOTAS.

Life ebbs apace;
To-morrow's ſun ſees him a breathleſs corſe.

DIONYSIUS.

Curſe on his ling'ring pangs! Sicilia's crown
No more ſhall deck his brow; and if the ſand
Still loiter in the glaſs, thy hand, my friend,
May ſhake it thence.

PHILOTAS.

It ſhall, dread Sir; that taſk
Leave to thy faithful ſervant.

DIONYSIUS.

Oh! Philotas,
Thou little know'ſt the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns
A con-

A conqueror's breaſt, but ſerves, my friend, to hide
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorſe.
Each object round me wakens horrid doubts;
The flatt'ring train, the ſentinel that guards me,
The ſlave that waits, all give ſome new alarm,
And from the means of ſafety dangers riſe.
Ev'n victory itſelf plants anguiſh here,
And round my laurels the fell ſerpent twines.

PHILOTAS.

Would Dionyſius abdicate his crown,
And ſue for terms of peace?

DIONYSIUS.

Deteſted thought!
No, though ambition teem with countleſs ills,
It ſtill has charms of pow'r to fire the ſoul.
Tho' horrors multiply around my head,
I will oppoſe them all. The pomp of ſacrifice
But now ordain'd, is mockery to Heav'n.
'Tis vain, 'tis fruitleſs; then let daring guilt
Be my inſpirer, and conſummate all.
Where are thoſe Greeks, the captives of my ſword,
Whoſe deſp'rate valour ruſh'd within our walls,
Fought near our perſon, and the pointed lance
Aim'd at my breaſt?

PHILOTAS.

In chains they wait their doom.

DIONYSIUS.

Give me to ſee 'em; bring the ſlaves before me.

PHILOTAS.

What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your priſoners.

Enter

Enter MELANTHON, *with* Greek Officers *and* Soldiers.

DIONYSIUS.

Aſſaſſins and not warriors! do ye come,
When the wide range of battle claims your ſword,
Thus do you come againſt a ſingle life
To wage the war? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley
Shower'd on my head? Did not your ſwords at once
Point at my breaſt, and thirſt for regal blood?

GREEK OFFICER.

We ſought thy life. I am by birth a Greek.
An open foe in arms I meant to ſlay
The foe of human kind. With rival ardour
We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart;
All leagu'd, all covenanted: in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you ſally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall ſcale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like aſſault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

DIONYSIUS.

Thus then I warn them of my great revenge.
Whoe'er in battle ſhall become our priſ'ner,
In torment meets his doom.

GREEK OFFICER.

Then wilt thou ſee
How vile the body to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have ſworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks;
Ours the firſt lot; we've fail'd; on yonder plain
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Vile ſlave, no more. Melanthon drag 'em hence
To die in miſery. Impal'd alive
The winds ſhall parch them on the craggy cliff.
Selected from the reſt let one depart
A meſſenger to Greece, to tell the fate
Her choſen ſons, her firſt adventurers met.

[*Exit.*

MELANTHON.

Unhappy men! how ſhall my care protect
Your forfeit lives? Philotas, thou conduct them
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that receſs,
Midſt the wild tumult of eventful war,
We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell:
That officer will guide your ſteps.

[*All follow* PHILOTAS, *except* PHOCION.

PHOCION.

Diſguis'd
Thus in a ſoldier's garb he knows me not.
Melanthon!

MELANTHON.

Ha!---Thoſe accents!---Phocion here?

PHOCION.

Yes, Phocion here! Speak, quickly tell me, ſay
How fares Euphraſia?

MELANTHON.

Ha! beware;---Philotas,
Conduct thoſe pris'ners hence; this ſoldier here
Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.

PHO-

PHOCION.

Oh! ſatisfy my doubts; how fares Euphraſia?

MELANTHON.

Euphraſia lives, and fills the anxious moments
With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?
Why with raſh valour penetrate our gates?

PHOCION.

Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuſe
The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?
For her dear ſake, all danger ſinks before me;
For her I burſt the barriers of the gate,
Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a paſſage.
A hundred choſen Greeks purſu'd my ſteps,
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment
Down from the walls ſuperior numbers came.
The tyrant led them on. We ruſh'd upon him,
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
But Heav'n thought otherwiſe. Melanthon, ſay,
I fear to aſk it, lives Evander ſtill?

MELANTHON.

Alas, he lives impriſon'd in the rock.
Thou muſt withdraw thee hence; regain once more
Timoleon's camp; alarm his ſlumb'ring rage;
Aſſail the walls; thou with thy phalanx ſeek
The ſubterraneous path; that way at night
The Greeks may enter, and let in deſtruction
To the great work of vengeance.

PHOCION.

Would'ſt thou have me
Baſely retreat, while my Euphraſia trembles
Here on the ridge of peril? She perhaps
May fall unknown, unpitied, undiſtinguiſh'd
Amidſt the gen'ral carnage. Shall I leave her
To add that beauty to the purple heap?
No; I will ſeek her in theſe walls accurſt,
Ev'n in the tyrant's palace; ſave that life,
My only ſource of joy, that life, whoſe loſs
Would make all Greece complotter in a murder,
And damn a righteous cauſe.

MELANTHON.

Yet hear the voice
Of ſober age. Should Dionyſius' ſpies
Detect thee here, ruin involves us all:
'Twere beſt retire, and ſeek Timoleon's tents;
Tell him, diſmay and terror fill the city;
Ev'n now in Syracuſe the tyrant's will
Ordains with pomp oblations to the Gods.
His deadly hand ſtill hot with recent blood,
The monſter dares approach the ſacred altar:
Thy voice may rouſe Timoleon to th' aſſault,
And bid him ſtorm the works.

PHOCION.

By Heav'n I will;
My breath ſhall wake his rage; this very night,
When ſleep ſits heavy on the ſlumb'ring city,
Then Greece unſheaths her ſword, and great revenge
Shall ſtalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
Of ſlaughter'd troops, a ſacrifice to freedom!
But firſt let me behold Euphraſia.

ME-

MELANTHON.

Huſh
Thy pent-up valour: to a ſecret haunt
I'll guide thy ſteps: there dwell, and in apt time
I'll bring Euphraſia to thy longing arms.

PHOCION.

Wilt thou?

MELANTHON.

By Heav'n I will; another act
Of deſperate fury might endanger all.
The tyrant's buſy guards are poſted round;
In ſilence follow; thou ſhalt ſee Euphraſia.

PHOCION.

Oh! lead me to her; that exalted virtue
With firmer nerve ſhall bid me graſp the javelin,
Shall bid my ſword with more than lightning's ſwiftneſs
Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
With blow repeated in the tyrant's veins.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene a Temple, with a Monument in the Middle.

Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, *and other Female Attendants.*

EUPHRASIA.

This way, my virgins, this way bend your ſteps.
Lo! the ſad ſepulchre where, hears'd in death,
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof reſounds,

There let me pay the tribute of a tear,
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's aſhes.

ERIXENE.

Forbear, Euphraſia, to renew your ſorrows.

EUPHRASIA.

My tears have dry'd their ſource; then let me here
Pay this ſad viſit to the honour'd clay
That moulders in the tomb. Theſe ſacred viands
I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's ſhade,
And ſprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.
That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.
[*She goes into the tomb.*

ERIXENE.

Look down, propitious pow'rs! behold that virtue,
And heal the pangs that deſolate her ſoul.

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your ſcatter'd garments;
Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.
In vain the tyrant would appeaſe with ſacrifice
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited Heav'n.
Ill omens hover o'er us: at the altar
The victim dropt, ere the divining ſeer
Had gor'd his knife. The brazen ſtatues tremble,
And from the marble, drops of blood diſtill.

ERIXENE.

Now, ye juſt Gods, if vengeance you prepare,
Now find the guilty head.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Amidſt the throng
A matron labours with th' inſpiring God;
She ſtares, ſhe raves, and with no mortal ſound.
Proclaims around, "Where Phœbus am I borne?
"I ſee their glitt'ring ſpears; I ſee them charge;
"Bellona wades in blood; that mangled body,
"Deform'd with wounds and welt'ring in its gore,
"I know it well; Oh! cloſe the dreadful ſcene;
"Relieve me Phœbus, I have ſeen too much."

ERIXENE.

Alas! I tremble for Evander's fate:
Avert the omen, Gods, and guard his life.

Enter EUPHRASIA *from the Tomb.*

EUPHRASIA.

Virgins, I thank you---Oh! more lightly now
My heart expands; the pious act is done,
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.
Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend his way?

PHILOTAS.

He flies the altar; leaves th' unfiniſh'd rites.
No God there ſmiles propitious on his cauſe.
Fate lifts the awful balance; weighs his life,
The lives of numbers, in the trembling ſcale.

EUPHRASIA.

Deſpair and horror mark his haggard looks,
His wild, diſorder'd ſtep---He ruſhes forth;
Some new alarm demands him!---Ev'n now
He iſſues at yon portal!---Lo! ſee there,
The ſuppliant crowd diſperſes; wild with fear,
Diſtraction

Diſtraction in each look, the wretched throng
Pours thro' the brazen gates---Do you retire,
Retire Philotas; let me here remain,
And give the moments of ſuſpended fate
To pious worſhip and to filial love.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! I fear to yield:---awhile I'll leave thee,
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming.
[*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA.

Now then, Euphraſia, now thou may'ſt indulge
The pureſt ecſtacy of ſoul. Come forth,
Thou man of woe, thou man of ev'ry virtue.

Enter EVANDER *from the Monument.*

EVANDER.

And does the grave thus caſt me up again
With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

EUPHRASIA.

How fares my father now?

EVANDER.

Thy aid, Euphraſia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital ſtream
Deriv'ſt thy being; with unheard-of duty
Thou haſt repaid it to thy native ſource.

EUPHRASIA.

Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodneſs dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

Joy and wonder riſe
In mix'd emotions!---Though departing hence,
After the ſtorms of a tempeſtuous life,
Tho' I was entering the wiſh'd-for port,
Where all is peace, all bliſs, and endleſs joy,
Yet here contented I can linger ſtill
To view thy goodneſs, and applaud thy deeds,
Thou author of my life!---Did ever parent
Thus call his child before?---My heart's too full,
My old fond heart runs o'er; it akes with joy.

EUPHRASIA.

Alas, too much you over-rate your daughter;
Nature and duty call'd me---Oh! my father,
How didſt thou bear thy long, long ſuff'rings? How
Endure their barb'rous rage?

EVANDER.

My foes but did
To this old frame, what Nature's hand muſt do.
In the worſt hour of pain, a voice ſtill whiſper'd me,
"Rouze thee, Evander; ſelf-acquitting conſcience
"Declares thee blameleſs, and the gods behold thee."
I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
Where the immortal ſpirit views the planets
Roll round the mighty year, and wrapt in bliſs
Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
Thither, oh! thither was Evander going,
But thou recall'ſt me; thou!

EUPHRASIA.

Timoleon too
Invites thee back to life.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

And does he ſtill
Urge on the ſiege?

EUPHRASIA.

His active genius comes
To ſcourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet
Half loſt is ſwallow'd by the roaring ſea.
The ſhatter'd refuſe ſeek the Lybian ſhore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

EVANDER.

Theſe are thy wonders Heaven! Abroad thy ſpirit
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vaniſh'd.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---hark!---what noiſe is that! It comes this way.
Some buſy footſtep beats the hallow'd pavement.
Oh! Sir, retire---Ye Pow'rs!---Philotas!---ha!

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

For thee, Euphraſia, Dionyſius calls.
Some new ſuſpicion goads him. At yon gate
I ſtopt Calippus, as with eager haſte
He bent this way to ſeek thee.---Oh! my Sovereign,
My King, my injur'd maſter, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee? *(kneels to* Evander.*)*

EVANDER.

Virtue ſuch as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added luſtre.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Oh! forgive
My ardent zeal; there is no time to waſte.
You muſt withdraw; truſt to your faithful friends.
Paſs but another day, and Dionyſius
Falls from a throne uſurp'd.

EVANDER.

But ere he pays
The forfeit of his crimes, what ſtreams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might
Prevent this waſte of nature---I'll go forth,
And to my people ſhew their rightful King.

EUPHRASIA.

Baniſh that thought; forbear; the raſh attempt
Were fatal to our hopes; oppreſs'd, diſmay'd,
The people look aghaſt, and wan with fear
None will eſpouſe your cauſe.

EVANDER.

Yes all will dare
To act like men;---their King, I gave myſelf
To a whole people. I made no reſerve;
My life was their's; each drop about my heart
Pledg'd to the public cauſe; devoted to it;
That was my compact; is the ſubject's leſs?
If they are all debas'd, and willing ſlaves,
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old ſinking to ignoble graves,
Of ſuch a race no matter who is King.
And yet I will not think it; no! my people
Are brave and gen'rous; I will truſt their valour.

EUPHRASIA.

Yet ſtay; yet be advis'd.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

As yet my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted meaſure.
The fates are buſy: wait the vaſt event.
Truſt to my truth and honour. Witneſs, Gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas ſwears----

EVANDER.

Forbear: the man like thee,
Who feels the beſt emotions of the heart,
Truth, reaſon, juſtice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by thoſe laws, and wants no other ſanction.

EUPHRASIA.

Again, th' alarm approaches; ſure deſtruction
To thee, to all will follow:---hark! a ſound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted iſle.
It gains upon the ear. Withdraw, my father;
All's loſt if thou art ſeen.

PHILOTAS.

And lo! Calippus
Darts with the light'ning's ſpeed acroſs the iſle.

EVANDER.

Thou at the Senate-houſe convene my friends.
Melanthon, Dion, and their brave aſſociates,
Will ſhew that liberty has leaders ſtill.
Anon I'll meet 'em there: my child farewell;
Thou ſhalt direct me now.

EUPHRASIA.

Too cruel fate!
The tomb is all the manſion I can give;
My mother's tomb! [Evander *enters the tomb,*

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

You muſt be brief; th' alarm
Each moment nearer comes. In ev'ry ſound
Deſtruction threatens. Ha! by Heaven this way
Calippus comes---Let me retard his ſpeed. [*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA *coming forward.*

How my diſtracted heart throbs wild with fear?
What brings Calippus? wherefore? ſave me Heaven!

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

This ſullen muſing in theſe drear abodes
Alarms ſuſpicion: the King knows thy plottings,
Thy rooted hatred to the ſtate and him.
His ſov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his preſence,

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! what means
The tyrant?---I obey (*Exit* Calippus.) and, oh! ye Pow'rs,
Ye miniſters of Heaven, defend my father;
Support his drooping age; and when anon
Avenging juſtice ſhakes her crimſon ſteel,
Oh! be the grave at leaſt a place of reſt;
That from his covert in the hour of peace
Forth he may come to bleſs a willing people,
And be your own juſt image here on earth.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT the FOURTH.

Enter MELANTHON *and* PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

AWAY; no more; pernicious, vile diſſembler!

PHILOTAS.

Wherefore this frantic rage?

MELANTHON.

Thou can'ſt not varniſh
With thy perfidious arts a crime like this.
I climb'd the rugged cliff; but, oh! thou traitor,
Where is Evander? Thro' each dungeon's gloom
I ſought the good old King: the guilt is thine;
May vengeance wait thee for it.

PHILOTAS.

Still, Melanthon,
Let prudence guide thee.

MELANTHON.

Thou haſt plung'd thee down
Far as the loweſt depth of hell-born crimes;
Thou haſt out-gone all regiſters of guilt;
Beyond all fable haſt thou ſinn'd, Philotas.

PHILOTAS.

By Heav'n thou wrong'ſt me: did'ſt thou know, old man----

MELANTHON.

Could not his rev'rend age, could not his virtue,
His woes unnumber'd, ſoften thee to pity?
Thou haſt deſtroy'd my King.

PHILOTAS.

Yet wilt thou hear me?
Your King ſtill lives.

MELANTHON.

Thou vile deceiver!---Lives!
But where? Away; no more. I charge thee, leave me.

PHILOTAS.

We have remov'd him to a ſure aſylum.

MELANTHON.

Remov'd!---Thou traitor! what dark privacy---
Why move him thence? The vile aſſaſſin's ſtab
Has clos'd his days---calm unrelenting villain!
I know it all.

PHILOTAS.

By ev'ry pow'r above
Evander lives; in ſafety lives. Laſt night,
When in his dark embrace ſleep wrapt the world,
Euphraſia came, a ſpectacle of woe;
Dar'd to approach our guard, and with her tears,
With vehemence of grief, ſhe touch'd my heart.
I gave her father to her.

MELANTHON.

How, Philotas!
If thou do'ſt not deceive me----

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

No, by Heaven!
By ev'ry pow'r above---But hark! thoſe notes
Speak Dionyſius near: anon, my friend,
I'll tell thee each particular; thy King
Mean while is ſafe---but lo! the tyrant comes;
With guilt like his I muſt equivocate,
And teach ev'n truth and honour to diſſemble.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, *&c.*

DIONYSIUS.

Away each vain alarm; the ſun goes down.
Nor yet Timoleon iſſues from his fleet.
There let him linger on the wave-worn beach;
Here the vain Greek ſhall find another Troy,
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
Ourſelf, ſtill Dionyſius here remains.
And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace?
By Heav'n, this panting boſom hop'd to meet
His boaſted phalanx on the embattled plain.
And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,
Diſpatch his herald?---Let the ſlave approach.

Enter the HERALD.

DIONYSIUS.

Now ſpeak thy purpoſe; what doth Greece impart?

HERALD.

Timoleon, Sir, whoſe great renown in arms
Is equall'd only by the ſofter virtues
Of mild humanity that ſway his heart,
Sends me his delegate to offer terms,
On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which

The

The fierceſt nature, though it ſpurn at juſtice,
May ſympathize with his.

DIONYSIUS.

Unfold thy myſtery;
Thou ſhalt be heard.

HERALD.

The gen'rous leader ſees,
With pity ſees, the wild deſtructive havock
Of ruthleſs war; he hath ſurvey'd around
The heaps of ſlain that cover yonder field,
And touch'd with gen'rous ſenſe of human woe,
Weeps o'er his victories.

DIONYSIUS.

Your leader weeps!
Then let the author of thoſe ills thou ſpeak'ſt of,
Let the ambitious factor of deſtruction,
Timely retreat, and cloſe the ſcene of blood.
Why doth affrighted peace behold his ſtandard
Uprear'd in Sicily? and wherefore here
The iron ranks of war, from which the ſhepherd
Retires appall'd, and leaves the blaſted hopes
Of half the year, while cloſer to her breaſt
The mother claſps her infant?

HERALD.

'Tis not mine
To plead Timoleon's cauſe; not mine the office
To juſtify the ſtrong, the righteous motives
That urge him to the war: the only ſcope
My deputation aims at, is to fix
An interval of peace, a pauſe of horror,
That they, whoſe bodies on the naked ſhore
Lie weltering in their blood, from either hoſt

May

May meet the laſt ſad rites to nature due,
And decent lie in honourable graves.

DIONYSIUS.

Go tell your leader, his pretexts are vain.
Let him, with thoſe that live, embark for Greece,
And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs
Of thoſe he murder'd, from my tender care
Shall meet due obſequies.

HERALD.

The hero, Sir,
Wages no war with thoſe, who bravely die.
'Tis for the dead I ſupplicate; for them
We ſue for peace; and to the living too
Timoleon would extend it, but the groans
Of a whole people have unſheath'd his ſword.
A ſingle day will pay the funeral rites.
To-morrow's ſun may ſee both armies meet
Without hoſtility, and all in honour;
You to interr the troops, who bravely fell;
We, on our part, to give an humble ſod
To thoſe, who gain'd a footing on the iſle,
And by their death have conquer'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Be it ſo;
I grant thy ſuit: ſoon as to-morrow's dawn
Illume the world, the rage of waſting war
In vain ſhall thirſt for blood: but mark my words;
If the next orient ſun behold you here,
That hour ſhall ſee me terrible in arms
Deluge yon plain, and let deſtruction looſe.
Thou know'ſt my laſt reſolve, and now farewell.
Some careful officer conduct him forth.

[*Exit* Herald.

By Heav'n the Greek hath offered to my ſword

An

An eaſy prey; a ſacrifice to glut
My great revenge. Calippus let each ſoldier
This night reſign his wearied limbs to reſt,
That ere the dawn, with renovated ſtrength,
On the unguarded, unſuſpecting foe,
Diſarm'd, and bent on ſuperſtitious rites,
From every quarter we may ruſh undaunted,
Give the invaders to the deathful ſteel,
And by one carnage bury all in ruin.
My valiant friends haſte to your ſeveral poſts,
And let this night a calm unruffled ſpirit
Lie huſh'd in ſleep: away, my friends, diſperſe.
Philotas, waits Euphraſia as we order'd?

PHILOTAS.

She's here at hand.

DIONYSIUS.

Admit her to our preſence.
Rage and deſpair, a thouſand warring paſſions,
All riſe by turns, and piece-meal rend my heart.
Yet ev'ry means, all meaſures muſt be tried,
To ſweep the Grecian ſpoiler from the land,
And fix the crown unſhaken on my brow.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

EUPHRASIA.

What ſudden cauſe requires Euphraſia's preſence?

DIONYSIUS.

Approach, fair mourner, and diſpel thy fears.
Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat
Reſpect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care

To ſoothe affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

EUPHRASIA.

Vile diſſembler!
Deteſted homicide! *(Aſide)*---And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched?

DIONYSIUS.

Urgencies of ſtate
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his perſon
All honour hath been paid.

EUPHRASIA.

The righteous Gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Juſt retribution.

DIONYSIUS.

If to ſee your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breaſt, and dry thoſe beauteous tears,
A moment more ſhall bring him to your preſence.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! lead him hither! Sir, to move him now,
Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years---
No, let me ſeek him rather---If ſoft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! ſend me, ſend me to him.

DIONYSIUS.

Controul this wild alarm; with prudent care
Philotas ſhall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.

EUPHRASIA.

Diſaſtrous fate!
Ruin impends!---This will diſcover all;
I'll periſh firſt; provoke his utmoſt rage. *(Aſide)*
Tho' much I languiſh to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit---the ſun goes down;
Night falls apace; ſoon as returning day---

DIONYSIUS.

This night, this very hour, you both muſt meet.
Together you may ſerve the ſtate and me.
Thou ſee'ſt the havock of wide waſting war;
And more, full well you know, are ſtill to bleed.
Thou may'ſt prevent their fate.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! give the means,
And I will bleſs thee for it,

DIONYSIUS.

From a Greek,
Torments have wrung the truth, Thy huſband, Phocion----

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! ſay, ſpeak of my Phocion,

DIONYSIUS.

He; 'tis he
Hath kindled up this war; with treacherous arts
Inflam'd the ſtates of Greece, and now the traitor
Comes with a foreign aid to wreſt my crown.

EUPHRASIA.

And does my Phocion ſhare Timoleon's glory?

DIONYSIUS.

With him inveſts our walls, and bids rebellion
Erect her ſtandard here.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! bleſs him Gods!
Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
Liſt on his ſide; againſt the hoſtile javelin
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his ſword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conqueſt crown'd,
And his Euphraſia ſpring with rapture to him,
Melt in his arms, and a whole nation's voice
Applaud my hero with a love like mine!

DIONYSIUS.

Ungrateful fair! Has not our ſovereign will
On thy deſcendants fix'd Sicilia's crown?
Have I not vow'd protection to your boy?

EUPHRASIA.

From thee the crown! From thee! Euphraſia's children
Shall on a nobler baſis found their rights,
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

DIONYSIUS.

Miſguided woman!

EUPHRASIA.

Aſk of thee protection!
The father's valour ſhall protect his boy.

DIONYSIUS.

Ruſh not on ſure deſtruction; ere to late
Accept

Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are theſe;
Inſtant ſend forth a meſſage to your huſband;
Bid him draw off his Greeks! unmoor his fleet,
And meaſure back his way. Full well he knows
You and your father are my hoſtages;
And for his treaſon both may anſwer,

EUPHRASIA.

Think'ſt thou then
So meanly of my Phocion?---Doſt thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear?
Oh! thou doſt little know him; know'ſt but little
Of his exalted ſoul. With gen'rous ardour
Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,
And gain the ever honour'd bright reward,
Which fame intwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flouriſh on his tomb,
For nations free'd and tyrants laid in duſt.

DIONYSIUS.

By Heav'n, this night Evander breathes his laſt.

EUPHRASIA.

Better for him to ſink at once to reſt,
Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,
In a vile dungeon ſcoop'd with barb'rous ſkill
Deep in the flinty rock; a monument
Of that fell malice and that black ſuſpicion
That mark'd your father's reign; a dungeon drear
Prepar'd for innocence!---Vice liv'd ſecure,
It flouriſh'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart;
'Twas virtue only could give umbrage; then,
In that black period, to be great and good
Was a ſtate crime; the pow'rs of genius then
Were a conſtructive treaſon.

DIO-

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! beware,
Nor with vile calumny provoke my rage.

EUPHRASIA.

Whate'er was laudable, whate'er was worthy,
Sunk under foul oppreſſion; freeborn men
Were torn in private from their houſehold gods,
Shut from the light of Heaven in cavern'd cells,
Chain'd to the grunſel edge, and left to pine
In bitterneſs of ſoul; while in the vaulted roof
The tyrant ſat, and through a ſecret channel
Collected ev'ry ſound; heard each complaint
Of martyr'd virtue; kept a regiſter
Of ſighs and groans by cruelty extorted;
Noted the honeſt language of the heart;
Then on the victims wreak'd his murd'rous rage,
For yielding to the feelings of their nature.

DIONYSIUS.

Obdurate woman! obſtinate in ill!
Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom
Is fix'd; irrevocably fix'd.

EUPHRASIA.

Thy doom, perhaps,
May firſt be fix'd; the doom that ever waits
The fell oppreſſor, from a throne uſurp'd
Hurl'd headlong down. Think of thy father's fate!
At Corinth Dionyſius!

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! this night
Evander dies; and thou, deteſted fair!
Thou ſhalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Purſues his wearied life through every nerve.

I ſcorn

I ſcorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall ſate my great revenge. [*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA.

This night perhaps
Shall whelm thee down, no more to blaſt creation.
My father, who inhabit'ſt with the dead,
Now let me ſeek thee in the lonely tomb,
And tremble there with anxious hope and fear.
[*Exit.*

Scene the Inſide of the Temple.

Enter PHOCION *and* MELANTHON,

PHOCION.

Each ſtep I move, a grateful terror ſhakes
My frame to diſſolution.

MELANTHON.

Summon all
Thy wonted firmneſs; in that dreary vault
A living King is number'd with the dead.
I'll take my poſt, near where the pillar'd iſle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprize you in the pious act. [*Exit.*

PHOCION.

If here
They both are found; if in Evander's arms
Euphraſia meets my ſearch, the fates atone
For all my ſuff'rings, all afflictions paſt.
Yes I will ſeek them---ha!---the gaping tomb
Invites my ſteps---now be propitious Heaven!
[*He enters the Tomb.*

Enter

Enter EUPHRASIA.

All hail ye caves of horror!---In this gloom
Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear,
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
Will catch, and wipe the ſorrows from my eye.
Thou Pow'r ſupreme! whoſe all-pervading mind
Guides this great frame of things; who now behold'ſt me,
Who in that cave of death art full as perfect
As in the gorgeous palace, now, while night
Broods o'er the world, I'll to thy ſacred ſhrine,
And ſupplicate thy mercies to my father.
Who's there?----Evander?----Anſwer----tell me---ſpeak----

Enter PHOCION *from the Tomb.*

PHOCION.

What voice is that?---Melanthon!

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! thoſe ſounds!---
Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,
Or loſt Euphraſia dies.

PHOCION.

Heart-ſwelling tranſport!
Art thou Euphraſia? 'tis thy Phocion, love;
Thy huſband comes.

EUPHRASIA.

Support me; reach thy hand.

PHOCION.

Once more I claſp her in this fond embrace!

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

What miracle has brought thee to me?

PHOCION.

Love
Inſpir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! thou dear wanderer! But wherefore here?
Why in this place of woe? my tender little one,
Say is he ſafe? oh? ſatisfy a mother;
Speak of my child, or I go wild at once.
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.

PHOCION.

Your boy is ſafe, Euphraſia; lives to reign
In Sicily; Timoleon's gen'rous care
Protects him in his camp; diſpel thy fears;
The Gods once more will give him to thy arms.

EUPHRASIA.

My father lives ſepulchred ere his time,
Here in Eudocia's tomb; let me conduct thee.

PHOCION.

I came this moment thence.

EUPHRASIA.

And ſaw Evander?

PHOCION.

Alas! I found him not.

EUPHRASIA.

Not found him there?
And have they then---Have the fell murderers---Oh!
[*faints away.*

PHOCION.

I've been too raſh; revive, my love, revive;
Thy Phocion calls; the Gods will guard Evander,
And ſave him to reward thy matchleſs virtue.

Enter EVANDER *and* MELANTHON.

EVANDER.

Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged ſteps;
Where is he? Let me ſee him.

PHOCION.

My Euphraſia;
Thy father lives;----thou venerable man!
Behold!----I cannot fly to thy embrace.

EUPHRASIA.

Theſe agonies muſt end me; ah! my father!
Again I have him; gracious Pow'rs! again
I claſp his hand, and bathe it with my tears.

EVANDER.

Euphraſia! Phocion too! Yes, both are here;
Oh! let me thus, thus ſtrain you to my heart.

PHOCION.

Protected by a daughter's tender care,
By my Euphraſia ſav'd! That ſweet reflection
Exalts the bliſs to rapture.

EU-

EUPHRASIA.

Why my father,
Why thus adventure forth? The ſtrong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my ſpirits.

EVANDER.

I went forth, my child,
When all was dark, and awful ſilence round,
To throw me proſtrate at the altar's foot,
And crave the care of Heav'n for thee and thine.
Melanthon there-----

Enter PHILOTAS.

EUPHRASIA.

Philotas! ha! what means----

PHILOTAS.

Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze;
Unſated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath order'd
This moment to his preſence.

EVANDER.

Lead me to him:
His preſence hath no terror for Evande

EUPHRASIA.

Horror! It muſt not be.

PHILOTAS.

No; never, never:
I'll periſh rather. But the time demands

Our utmoſt vigour; with the light'ning's ſpeed
Deciſive, rapid. With the ſcorpion ſtings
Of conſcience laſh'd, deſpair and horror ſeize him,
And guilt but ſerves to goad his tortur'd mind
To blacker crimes. His policy has granted
A day's ſuſpenſe from arms; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With baſe ſurpriſe, to ſtorm Timoleon's camp.

EVANDER.

And doth he grant a falſe inſidious truce,
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

EUPHRASIA.

I know the monſter well: when ſpecious ſeeming
Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within,
Teems with deſtruction. Like our own mount Ætna,
When the deep ſnows inveſt his hoary head,
And a whole winter gathers on his brow,
Looking tranquility; ev'n then beneath
The fuel'd entrails ſummon all their rage,
Till the affrighted ſhepherd round him ſees
The ſudden ruin, the vulcano's burſt,
Mountains hurl'd up in air, and moulten rocks,
And all the land with deſolation cover'd.

MELANTHON.

Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope depends.
Fly to Timoleon; I can grant a paſsport:
Rouze him to vengeance; on the tyrant turn
His own inſidious arts, or all is loſt.

PHOCION.

Evander thou, and thou, my beſt Euphraſia,
Both ſhall attend my flight.

MELANTHON.

It were in vain;
Th' attempt would hazard all.

EUPHRASIA.

Together here
We will remain, ſafe in the cave of death;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

EVANDER.

Oh! would the Gods roll back the ſtream of time,
And give this arm the ſinew that it boaſted
At Tauromenium, when its force reſiſtleſs
Mow'd down the ranks of war; I then might guide
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add ſtill another laurel to my brow.

EUPHRASIA.

Enough of laurell'd victory your ſword
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

EVANDER.

And ſhall my ſword,
When the great cauſe of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?
Youth, ſecond youth rekindles in my veins:
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its office;
Will ſhew that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand.---And yet---O ſhame!
It will not be: the momentary blaze
Sinks, and expires: I have ſurviv'd it all;
Surviv'd my reign, my people and myſelf.

EUPHRASIA.

Fly, Phocion, fly; Melanthon will conduct thee.

ME-

MELANTHON.

And when th' aſſault begins, my faithful cohorts
Shall form their ranks around this ſacred dome.

PHOCION.

And my poor captive friends, my brave companions
Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives?

MELANTHON.

Truſt to my care: no danger ſhall aſſail them.

PHOCION.

By Heav'n, the glorious expectation ſwells
This panting boſom! Yes, Euphraſia, yes;
Awhile I leave you to the care of Heaven.
Fell Dionyſius tremble; ere the dawn
Timoleon thunders at your gates; the rage,
The pent-up rage of twenty thouſand Greeks,
Shall burſt at once; and the tumultuous roar
Alarm th' aſtoniſh'd world. The brazen gates
Aſunder ſhall be rent; the tow'rs, the ramparts,
Shall yield to Grecian valour; death and rage
Thro' the wide city's round ſhall wade in gore,
And guilty men awake to gaſp their laſt.
Melanthon, come.

EVANDER.

Yet, ere thou go'ſt, young man,
Attend my words: tho' guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, juſt vengeance on it's head,
In mercy puniſh it. The rage of ſlaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph;
Bid him not ſhed unneceſſary blood.
Conqueſt is proud, inexorable, fierce;
It is humanity enobles all.
So thinks Evander, and ſo tell Timoleon.

PHO-

PHOCION.

Farewell; the midnight hour ſhall give you free-
dom. [*Exit with* Melanthon *and* Philotas.

EUPHRASIA.

Ye guardian Deities, watch all his ways.

EVANDER.

Come, my Euphraſia, in this interval
Together we will ſeek the ſacred altar,
And thank the God, whoſe preſence fills the dome,
For the beſt gift his bounty could beſtow,
The virtue he has giv'n thee; there we'll pour
Our hearts in praiſe, in tears of adoration,
For all the wond'rous goodneſs laviſh'd on us.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT the FIFTH.

Enter DIONYSIUS *and* CALIPPUS.

DIONYSIUS.

ERE the day clos'd, while yet the buſy eye
Might view their camp, their ſtations and their guards,
Their preparations for approaching night,
Did'ſt thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

CALIPPUS.

From the watch-tour I ſaw them: all things ſpoke
A foe ſecure, and diſcipline relax'd.
Their arms thrown idly by, the ſoldiers ſtray'd
To one another's tents; their ſteeds no more
Stood near at hand capariſon'd for war;
And from the lines numbers pour'd out, to ſee
The ſpot where the beſieg'd had ſallied forth,
And the fierce battle rag'd; to view the ſlain
That lie in heaps upon the crimſon beach.
There the fond brother, the afflicted father,
And the friend ſought ſome veſtige of the face
Of him who dy'd in battle; night came on;
Some ſlowly gain'd their tents: diſpers'd around
Whole parties loiter'd, touch'd with deep regret;
War, and its train of duties, all forgot.

DIONYSIUS.

Their folly gives them to my ſword: are all
My orders iſſued?

CALIPPUS.

All.

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

The troops retir'd
To gain recruited vigour from repoſe?

CALIPPUS.

The city round lies huſh'd in ſleep.

DIONYSIUS.

Anon
Let each brave officer, of choſen valour,
Forſake his couch, and with delib'rate ſpirit,
Meet at the citadel. An hour at furtheſt
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to ſtorm their camp;
And whelm their men, their arms, and ſteeds and tents,
In one prodigious ruin. Haſte, Calippus,
Fly to thy poſt, and bid Euphraſia enter.
[*Exit* CALIPPUS.
Evander dies this night: Euphraſia too
Shall be diſpos'd of. Curſe on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy.
In him the ſeed of future Kings were cruſh'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguiſh'd.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

DIONYSIUS.

Once more approach and hear me; 'tis not now
A time to waſte in the vain war of words.
A criſis big with horror is at hand.
I meant to ſpare the ſtream of blood, that ſoon
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair propoſals
Thy haughty ſpirit has with ſcorn rejected.
And now, by Heav'n, here in the very ſight,
Evander breathes his laſt.

EUPHRASIA.

The truce you've granted
Suſpends the rage of war: mean time ſend forth
The orators of peace with olive crown'd.
Timoleon, good and juſt, and ever willing
To conquer rather by perſuaſive truth,
Than by devouring ſlaughter, will agree
In friendly parley to aſſert his rights,
And compromiſe the war.

DIONYSIUS.

And muſt I ſue
For terms of peace?---To an invader ſue?
Since you, the fiend of Syracuſe and Greece,
Since you thus urge me on to deſp'rate daring,
Your father firſt---of him I'll be aſſur'd---
Your father meets his fate.

EUPHRASIA.

If yet there's wanting
A crime to fill the meaſure of thy guilt,
Add that black murder to the dreadful liſt;
With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

DIONYSIUS.

Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,
And to our preſence leads Evander. All
Thy dark complottings, and thy treach'rous arts,
Have prov'd abortive.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---What new event?
And is Philotas falſe?---Has he betray'd him?
(Aſide.

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Evander's doom is seal'd---What ho! Philotas;
Now shalt thou see him die in pangs before thee.

Enter PHILOTAS.

EUPHRASIA.

How my heart sinks within me!

DIONYSIUS.

Where's your pris'ner?

PHILOTAS.

Evander is no more.

DIONYSIUS.

Ha!---Death has robb'd me
Of half my great revenge.

PHILOTAS.

Worn out with anguish
I saw life ebb apace. With studied art
We gave each cordial drop, alas! in vain;
He heav'd a sigh; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd and expir'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Bring me his hoary head.

PHILOTAS.

You'll pardon, Sir, my over-hasty zeal.
I gave the body to the foaming surge
Down the steep rock despis'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Now rave and ſhriek,
And rend your ſcatter'd hair. No more Evander
Shall ſway Sicilia's ſceptre.

EUPHRASIA.

Mighty Gods!
The harden'd heart, the man elate with pride
View with compaſſion! To the bad extend
Some portion of your mercy; crimes and blood
Have made their ſouls a ſeat of deſolation,
Of woe, deſpair and horror! Turn to them
An eye of pity: whom your bounty form'd
To truth, to goodneſs, and to gen'rous deeds,
On them no more from your bright ſtores of bliſs
You need diſpenſe; their virtue will ſupport them.

DIONYSIUS.

Now then thou feel'ſt my vengeance.

EUPHRASIA.

Glory in it;
Exult and triumph. Thy worſt ſhaft is ſped.
Yet ſtill th' unconquer'd mind with ſcorn can view thee;
With the calm ſunſhine of the breaſt can ſee
Thy pow'r unequal to ſubdue the ſoul,
Which Virtue form'd, and which the Gods protect.

DIONYSIUS.

Philotas, bear her hence; ſhe ſhall not live;
This moment bear her hence; you know the reſt;
Go, ſee our will obey'd; that done, with all
A warrior's ſpeed attend me at the citadel;
There meet the heroes, whom this night ſhall lead

To

To freedom, victory, to glorious havock,
And the deſtruction of the Grecian name. [*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA.

Accept my thanks, Philotas; generous man!
Theſe tears atteſt th' emotions of my heart.
But oh! ſhould Greece defer---

PHILOTAS.

Diſpel thy fears;
Phocion will bring relief; or ſhould the tyrant
Aſſault their camp, he'll meet a marſhall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the ſilent tomb.

EUPHRASIA.

Ah! there Evander, naked and diſarm'd,
Defenceleſs quite, may meet ſome ruffian ſtroke.

PHILOTAS.

Lo! here a weapon; bear this dagger to him.
In the drear monument ſhould hoſtile ſteps
Dare to approach him, they muſt enter ſingly;
This guards the paſſage; man by man they die.
There may'ſt thou dwell amidſt the wild commotion.

EUPHRASIA.

Ye pitying Gods, protect my father there!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene the CITADEL.

CALIPPUS *and ſeveral* OFFICERS.

FIRST OFFICER.

What new event thus ſummons us together?

CA-

CALIPPUS.

'Tis great occaſion calls; Timoleon's ardor
Comes ruſhing on; his works riſe high in air,
Advance each day, and tow'r above our walls.
One brave exploit may free us---Lo! the King.

Enter DIONYSIUS.

DIONYSIUS.

Ye brave aſſociates, who ſo oft have ſhar'd
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
My fellow-warriors, what no god could promiſe,
Fortune hath giv'n us. In his dark embrace
Lo! ſleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
Againſt a foe, the outcaſts of their country,
Freebooters roving in purſuit of prey,
Succeſs by war, or covert ſtratagem
Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
What need of words? The gen'rous call of freedom,
Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
All that can ſteel the patriot breaſt with valour,
Expands and rouzes in the ſwelling heart.
Follow th' impulſive ardour; follow me,
Your King, your leader; in the friendly gloom
Of night aſſault their camp; your country's love,
And fame eternal, ſhall attend the men
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem
From the invader's pow'r their native land.

CALIPPUS.

Lead to the onſet; Greece ſhall find we bear
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,
Reſolv'd to conquer or to die in freedom.

DIONYSIUS.

Thus I've reſolv'd: when the declining moon
Hath

Hath veil'd her orb, our ſilent march begins.
The order thus:---Calippus, thou lead forth
Iberia's ſons with the Numidian bands,
And line the ſhore.---Perdiccas, be it thine
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
Where the wood ſkirts the valley; there make halt
Till brave Amyntor ſtretch along the vale.
Ourſelf, with the embodied cavalry
Clad in their mail'd cuiraſs, will circle round
To where their camp extends its furtheſt line;
Unnumber'd torches there ſhall blaze at once,
The ſignal of the charge; then, oh! my friends,
On every ſide let the wild uproar looſe,
Bid maſſacre and carnage ſtalk around,
Unſparing, unrelenting; drench your ſwords
In hoſtile blood, and riot in deſtruction.

Enter an OFFICER.

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! ſpeak; unfold thy purpoſe.

OFFICER.

Inſtant arm;
To arms, my Liege; the foe breaks in upon us;
The ſubterraneous path is theirs; that way
Their band invades the city ſunk in ſleep.

DIONYSIUS.

Treaſon's at work; deteſted, treach'rous villains!
Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends,
Rouze all the war; fly to your ſev'ral poſts,
And inſtant bring all Syracuſe in arms.

[*Exeunt. Warlike muſick.*

Enter

Enter MELANTHON.

CALIPPUS.

Melanthon, now collect your faithful bands,

MELANTHON.

Do thou purſue the King; attend his ſteps:
Timoleon lords it in the captive city.

[*Exit* CALIPPUS.

Enter PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

Philotas, vengeance has begun its work.

PHILOTAS.

The Gods have ſent relief; diſmay, and terror,
And wild amaze, and death in ev'ry ſhape,
Fill the affrighted city.

MELANTHON.

Tyrant, now
Th' inevitable hour of fate is come.
Philotas, round the dome that holds Evander
We will arrange our men; there fix our poſt,
And guard that ſpot, till, like ſome God, Timoleon
Still the wild uproar, and bid ſlaughter ceaſe.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Why ſleep the coward ſlaves? All things conſpire;
The Gods are leagu'd; I ſee them raze my tow'rs;
My walls and bulwarks fall, and Neptune's trident
From its foundation heaves the ſolid rock.
Pallas directs the ſtorm; her gorgon ſhield

Glares

Glares in my view, and from the fleet ſhe calls
Her Greeks enrag'd.---In arms I'll meet 'em all.
What, ho! my guards; ariſe, or wake no more.

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

This way, my liege; our friends, a valiant band,
Aſſemble here.

DIONYSIUS.

Give me to meet the Greek.
Our only ſafety lies in brave deſpair. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Inſide of the Temple.

A Monument in the Middle.

EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, *and Female Attendants.*

EUPHRASIA.

Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,
Shall we direct our ſteps? What ſacred altar
Claſp on our knees?

ERIXENE.

Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the deſtruction wide. On ev'ry ſide
The victor's ſhouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,
In wild confuſion riſe. Once more deſcend
Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'ſt find a ſhelter.

EUPHRASIA.

Anon, Erixene, I mean to viſit,
Perhaps for the laſt time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this inſtrument of death,

Should Fortune proſper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that dreaſ vault intomb us all in peace.
[*Puts up the dagger.*
Hark! how the uproar ſwells! Alas what numbers
In Dionyſius' cauſe ſhall yield their throats
To the deſtructive ſword!—Aloft I climb'd
The temple's vaulted roof; the ſcene beneath
Is horrible to ſight; the domes and palaces
Blaze to the ſky; and where the flames forbear,
The Greeks enrag'd brandiſh the gleaming ſword.
From the high roofs, to ſhun the raging fire,
Wretches precipitate their fall. But oh!
No pauſe, no mercy; to the edge o'th' ſword
They give their bodies; butcher'd, gaſh'd with wounds
They die in mangled heaps, and with their limbs
Cover the ſanguine pavement.

ERIXENE.

Hark!

EUPHRASIA.

The Din
Of arms with clearer ſound advances. Hark!
That ſudden burſt! Again! They ruſh upon us!
The portal opens; lo! ſee there; behold!
War, horrid war invades the ſacred fane;
No altar gives a ſanctuary now.
[*Warlike muſic.*

Enter DIONYSIUS *and* CALIPPUS, *with ſeveral Soldiers.*

DIONYSIUS.

Here will I mock their ſiege; here ſtand at bay,
And brave 'em to the laſt.

CA-

CALIPPUS.

Our weary foes
Deſiſt from the purſuit.

DIONYSIUS.

Tho' all betray me,
Tho' ev'ry God conſpire, I will not yield.
If I muſt fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,
The manſion of the Gods combin'd againſt me
Shall firſt be cruſh'd, and lie in ruin with me,
Euphraſia here! Deteſted, treach'rous woman!
For my revenge preſerv'd! By Heav'n 'tis well;
Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good ſword
Thus ſends thee to atone the bleeding victims
This night has maſſacred.

CALIPPUS. (*Holding* Dionyſius's *arm*)

My liege forbear;
Her life preſerv'd may plead your cauſe with Greece,
And mitigate your fate.

DIONYSIUS.

Preſumptuous ſlave!
My rage is up in arms; by Heav'n ſhe dies.

Enter EVANDER *from the Tomb.*

EVANDER.

Horror! forbear! Thou murd'rer hold thy hand!
The Gods behold thee, horrible aſſaſſin!
Reſtrain the blow; it were a ſtab to Heav'n;
All nature ſhudders at it! Will no friend
Arm in a cauſe like this a father's hand?
Strike at this boſom rather. Lo! Evander
Proſtrate and groveling on the earth before thee;

He begs to die; exhauſt the ſcanty drops
That lag about his heart; but ſpare my child.

DIONYSIUS.

Evander!---Do my eyes once more behold him?
May the fiends ſeize Philolas! Treach'rous ſlave!
'Tis well thou liv'ſt; thy death were poor revenge
From any hand but mine. [*Offers to ſtrike.*

EUPHRASIA.

No, tyrant, no; (*Ruſhing before* Evander.
I have provok'd your vengeance; through this boſom
Open a paſſage; firſt on me, on me
Exhauſt your fury; ev'ry Pow'r above
Commands thee to reſpect that aged head;
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage;
Strike here; theſe veins are full; here's blood enough;
The purple tide will guſh to glad thy ſight.

DIONYSIUS.

Amazement blaſts and freezes ev'ry pow'r!
They ſhall not live. Ha! the fierce tide of war.
A flouriſh of trumpets.
This way comes ruſhing on.
(*Goes to the top of the ſtage.*

EUPHRASIA. (*Embracing* Evander)

Oh! thus, my father,
We'll periſh thus together.

DIONYSIUS.

Bar the gates;
Cloſe ev'ry paſſage, and repel their force.

EVANDER.

And muſt I ſee thee bleed? Oh! for a ſword!
Bring, bring me daggers!

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!

DIONYSIUS. *(Advancing)*

Guards ſeize the ſlave,
And give him to my rage.

EVANDER. *(Seiz'd by the Guards)*

Oh! ſpare her, ſpare her.
Inhuman villains!

EUPHRASIA.

Now one glorious effort!

DIONYSIUS.

Let me diſpatch; thou traitor, thus my arm——

EUPHRASIA.

A daughter's arm, fell monſter, ſtrikes the blow.
Yes, firſt ſhe ſtrikes; an injur'd daughter's arm
Sends thee devoted to th' infernal gods. *(He falls.*

DIONYSIUS.

Deteſted fiend! Thus by a woman's hand!

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, tyrant, yes; in a dear father's cauſe
A woman's vengeance tow'rs above her ſex.

DIONYSIUS.

May curſes blaſt thy arm! May Ætna's fires
Convulſe the land; to its foundation ſhake
The groaning iſle! May civil diſcord bear

Her

Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece;
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine.
(Dies.

EUPHRASIA.

Behold, all Sicily behold!---The point
Glows with the tyrant's blood. Ye ſlaves, *(to the guards)* look there;
Kneel to your rightful King: the blow for freedom
Gives you the rights of men! And oh! my father,
My ever honour'd ſire, it gives thee life.

EVANDER.

My child; my daughter; ſav'd again by thee!
(He embraces her.

A flouriſh of trumpets.

Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, *&c.*

PHOCION.

Now let the monſter yield. My beſt Euphraſia!

EUPHRASIA.

My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart.
Lo! there the wonders of Euphraſia's arm!

PHOCION.

And is the proud one fall'n! The dawn ſhall ſee him
A ſpectacle for public view. Euphraſia!
Evander too! Thus to behold you both-----

EVANDER.

To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praiſe,
And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her,
Oh! ſhe has us'd it for the nobleſt ends!

To

To fill each duty; make her father feel
The pureſt joy, the heart-diſſolving bliſs
To have a grateful child. But has the rage
Of ſlaughter ceas'd?

PHOCION.

It has.

EVANDER.

Where is Timoleon?

PHOCION.

He guards the citadel; there gives his orders
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! once again, my father,
Thy ſway ſhall bleſs the land. Not for himſelf
Timoleon conquers; to redreſs the wrongs
Of bleeding Sicily the hero comes.
Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,
His juſtice ſhall reward. Thee too, Philotas,
Whoſe ſympathizing heart could feel the touch
Of ſoft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brighteſt honours, ſhall be laviſh'd on thee.
Evander too will place you near his throne;
And ſhew mankind, ev'n on this ſhore of being,
That virtue ſtill ſhall meet its ſure reward.

PHILOTAS.

I am rewarded: feelings ſuch as mine
Are worth all dignities; my heart repays me.

EVANDER.

Come, let us ſeek Timoleon; to his care

I will

I will commend ye both: for now, alas!
Thrones and dominions now no more for me.
To thee I give my crown: yes, thou, Euphraſia,
Shalt reign in Sicily. And oh! ye Pow'rs,
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways; conduct and guide
The goodneſs you inſpir'd; that ſhe may prove,
If e'er diſtreſs like mine invade the land,
A parent to her people; ſtretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn,
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER!

EPILOGUE:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Eſq;

Spoken by Miſs YOUNGE.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER's *compliments to all;*
Begs that for Epilogue you will not call;
For leering, giggling, would be out of ſeaſon,
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reaſon.
A father rais'd from death! a nation ſav'd!
A tyrant's crimes by female ſpirit brav'd!
That tyrant ſtabb'd, and by her nerveleſs arm,
While Virtue's ſpell ſurrounding guards could charm!
Can ſhe, this ſacred tumult in her breaſt,
Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to jeſt?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your ſweet repoſe,
As wanton Zephyrs wake the ſleeping roſe?
Diſpel thoſe clouds, which o'er your eye-lids crept,
Which our wiſe bard miſtook, and ſwore you wept?
Shall ſhe to MACCARONIES *life reſtore,*
Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic BORE?
Diſmiſs 'em ſmirking to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moon-ſtruck minds enchant?
Some muffled like the witches in Macbeth,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
Others the cauldron go about---about!
And RUIN *enters, as the* FATES *run out.*
Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Paſſions burn,
And betts are double!

Double, double!
Toil and trouble,
Paſſions burn,
And all is bubble.

But jeſt apart, for ſcandal forms theſe tales;
Falſehood be mute; let juſtice hold the ſcales.
Britons were ne'er enſlav'd by evil pow'rs:
To peace and wedded love they give the midnight hours.
From ſlumber's pure no rattling dice can wake 'em:
Who make *the laws, were never known to* break *'em.*
'Tis falſe, ye fair, whatever ſpleen may ſay,
That you down folly's tide are borne away.
You never wiſh at deep diſtreſs to ſneer;
For eyes, tho' BRIGHT, *are* BRIGHTER *through a* TEAR.
Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate,
To laugh at all that's good, and wiſe, and great:
Let Genius *rouze, the friend of humankind,*
To break thoſe ſpells which charm, and ſink the mind:
Let Comedy, *with pointed ridicule,*
Pierce to the quick each knave, and vicious fool:
Let Tragedy---*a warning to the times,*
Lift high her dagger at exalted crimes;
Drive from the heart each baſe, unmanly paſſion,
Till Virtue *triumph in deſpight of* Faſhion.

ALZUMA,

A

TRAGEDY.

ALZUMA,

A

TRAGEDY.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT GARDEN.

——— Si quis ſinus abditus ultra,
Si qua foret Tellus fulvum quæ mitteret aurum,
Hoſtis erat; fatiſque in triſtia Bella paratis,
Quærebantur opes.

Petron. Arb.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE precept, which directs a poet to keep his piece nine years, has been fully obſerved in regard to the following *Tragedy*; but the *Author* will not claim the merit of voluntary ſubmiſſion to critical authority. The delay he acknowledges, did not ariſe from choice: It was rather the conſequence of difficulties that ſtood in his way, and prevented an earlier acceſs to the public.

The Play was written in the year 1762, at the point of time when the Britiſh forces were actually doing at the HAVANNAH, what ALZUMA prays for, with a prophetic ſpirit of revenge, in the third act. The ſubject appeared of the firſt importance to the intereſts of humanity. In peruſing the hiſtory of the Spaniſh conqueſts in AMERICA, the AUTHOR found, amongſt unenlightened ſavages, ſuch inſtances of generoſity, truth, juſtice, courage, and even clemency, as would have done honour to thoſe who profeſs'd in that part of the world to ſpread the light of truth and civilization. The behaviour of ATA-HUALPA, (called by Engliſh writers ATABALIPA) the laſt INCA of PERU, in his intercourſe with FRYAR VINCENT, appeared particularly ſtriking. He heard the SPANISH MISSIONER with calm attention, and replied, *that it was abſurd on the part of the* POPE *to grant away a territory which did not belong to him: he would ſtill continue to venerate the gods of his anceſtors; and if the chriſtians worſhipped a god that died, he adored the ſun that never died.* He viewed the prayer-book, which the fryar had put into his hands; he applied it to his ear, expecting to hear articulate ſounds; and finding that it conveyed to him no information, he threw it down with a ſmile. By this honeſt ſimplicity, which would have gained the affections of a generous

nerous mind, FATHER VINCENT, enraged to a degree of phrenzy, gave the word of command, crying out, "*Kill the dogs, who trample under foot the word of God.*" An incident like this could not fail to excite indignation: that indignation roſe ſtill higher, when it appeared that articles of high treaſon were in form exhibited againſt ATAHUALPA. Pizarro, with other aſſociates, ſat in judgement, and, after that execrable farce of ſtate, the prince of a world juſt diſcovered ſuffered as a rebel to the Emperor Charles the V.—When GUATIMOZIN, who was raiſed, ſoon after the death of MONTEZUMA, to the throne of MEXICO, lies ſtretched upon the rack, and, hearing the groans of his fellow-ſufferer, aſks him in perfect tranquility, *Am I upon a bed of roſes?* The heart, that does not melt with tenderneſs for the American prince, muſt be as hard as FRYAR VINCENT'S. Not to multiply inſtances, the ſtory of a people maſſacred becauſe they abounded in gold-mines, and had not heard in another hemiſphere the important truths of the chriſtian religion, ſeemed of all others the fitteſt for the Engliſh ſtage, tending in a ſtrong degree to that pathetic diſtreſs, and that vigour of ſentiment, which conſtitute the eſſential beauty of tragedy.

The author regretted that ſuch a genius as DRYDEN had not left a play, free from the jingle of rhyme, and of a more legitimate kind than either his INDIAN QUEEN, or *Indian Emperor*. In that caſe the preſent attempt would have been ſuperſeded. From DRYDEN'S time, the poets of this nation ſeem to have abandoned the poor Americans to their fate. That FRANCE is in poſſeſſion of a beautifull play, founded upon the ſubject of the Spaniſh ravages in America, is well known to all, who are converſant with the Drama: but the taſte of LONDON and PARIS being very different, the late Mr.

AARON

AARON HILL's tranſlation of that piece, appeared upon the Engliſh ſtage and vaniſhed.

The preſent writer was of opinion that ſo intereſting a ſubject ought not to be neglected. His firſt deſign was to new mould the ALZIRE of VOLTAIRE, not in a vain preſumption that he could excel a writer ſo juſtly admired throughout Europe, but with an idea that he could in ſome inſtances work up the ſcenes to the reliſh of an Engliſh audience. That plan, however, was ſoon deſerted: it occurred, that if a play were formed upon the model of MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE, the words, FRENCH TRANSLATOR, UNBLUSHING PLAGIARY, would fill the columns of every news-paper. To civilities of this kind the author has been uſed. If the perſons who have been ſo liberal, feel themſelves diſpoſed to laviſh their favours on the preſent occaſion, they will perhaps be glad of a hint, that may ſupply ample materials. Let them look into the plays of SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES: they will there perceive (if they can perceive) in what ſchool the writer of ALZUMA has ſtudied the art of conſtructing a fable.

Aſpice ut exuvias veterumque inſignia nobis
Aptemus———

VIDA POETIC.

There was another reaſon for not adhering to the plan of VOLTAIRE: In a country like this, it was thought that our ſcene ought not to ſtand indebted to a foreign writer for a play, which involves the firſt great point of human liberty, namely, the right of man to think for himſelf. Add to this, VOLTAIRE did not, COLUMBUS-like, explore this new region of the Tragic Muſe: DRYDEN had brought treaſure enough from thence to ſhew that there were rich

viens in that part of the world; and OROONOKO, from ſome ſtriking points of ſituation, and ſome features of character, may not unfairly be ſuppoſed to have furniſhed the GREAT POET of FRANCE with many uſeful hints. ALZUMA was, therefore, formed upon a new fable, and (except a few minute corrections which occurred to the author in the courſe of the rehearſals) was, in its preſent form, ready for the ſtage above ten years ago.

There were, indeed, at that time certain reaſons, which made the writer of the following play unwilling to precipitate himſelf into a dealing with managers. Thoſe reaſons ſubſiſted till Nov. 1767, when this tragedy was put into the hands of Mr. GARRICK. It was copied out by the prompter of Drury-Lane theatre, but remained in ſuſpence till Sept. 1770, when the Author found it upon his table, without a letter, or even a card. The play, it is true, was not pronounced unworthy of repreſentation, but certainly was treated as a piece that did not deſerve the leaſt diſpatch. Delay was ſtudied, and the reaſons for that delay exiſted no where but in Mr. GARRICK's imagination. A certain political ſociety, he was ſure, would damn any production known to come from the pen of the preſent writer. Time, however has ſhewn that he had not given umbrage to any ſet of men whatever. In political controverſy he had not dipt his pen for a number of years, and he takes this opportunity to declare, that in his whole life he never was the author of one clandeſtine line. Whatever he writ, he had the ſpirit and honour to avow. Mr. GARRICK was told this, but without effect: the play was thrown back upon the author's hands. He ſubmitted to it, and would have conſigned all the circumſtances of that tranſaction to oblivion, if the ſame policy had not been practiſed upon him, in another inſtance, this very winter.

That

ADVERTISEMENT.

That ALZUMA has at length appeared, is owing to the friendſhip of Mr. HARRIS. He deſired to draw forth the piece from the author's cloſet: Mr. COLMAN accepted it, and from that inſtant the neceſſary preparations went right forward without cavil, without duplicity, without equivocation. The author takes this opportunity to thank all the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre for the fairneſs of their dealings. The reſt is before the public.

He cannot conclude without declaring, that he has long had reaſon to be diſguſted at the internal occurrences of a theatre. It is, therefore, probable that he will never again be a candidate for Theatrical Fame. From the farce of the APPRENTICE, to the tragedy of ALZUMA, his endeavours have at all times met with a moſt generous reception: he feels the obligation with the warmeſt ſenſibility, and not without ſome tincture of that pride, which perhaps, does not miſbecome the man, who has repeatedly experienced the Public Favour.

Lincoln's Inn,
Feb. 27, 1773.

PRO-

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

WHEN firſt COLUMBUS *left the Spaniſh ſhore,*
In weſtern climes new regions to explore;
Soon a new world, beyond the Atlantic main,
Diſclos'd the wonders of it's vaſt domain;
A race of men unletter'd, and untaught,
Strangers to ſcience, yet with virtue fraught:
No ſchool they had of philoſophic pride,
And ſimple reaſon was their only guide:
That reaſon in the paths of nature trod,
And worſhipping the Sun, they meant a God;
Free from the ills in poliſh'd life that ſpring,
And gold with them was a neglected thing.
But Europe's ſons felt gold's reſiſtleſs ſway;
To the new hemiſphere they bend their way;
Through ev'ry region carry ſword and fire,
And bigot rage and avarice conſpire:
Zeal bore the croſs and poniard in it's hand,
And maſſacre unpeopled half the land.
Yet to unhappy men, to heroes ſlain,
The Britiſh muſe denies her tragic ſtrain.
Dryden alone let fall the gen'rous tear,
And bade on Albion's ſtage the FEATHER'D CHIEFS *appear.*
His voice ſuppreſs'd, no bard their fate has ſung,
Silent our ſcene, and mute each tuneful tongue;
While GREECE *and* ROME *ſwell our theatric ſtate,*
And only claſſic heroes can be great.
This night our author, an advent'rer grown,
Dares trace the virtues of the Torrid Zone.

If

PROLOGUE.

If in his ſcenes well painted paſſion glow;
If there you view the draught of human woe;
Britons will mark, from fierce religious zeal,
What dread calamities weak mortals feel;
Will hear the INDIAN, *tho' in error blind,*
Againſt the pow'r that would opinion bind,
Aſſert the freedom of the human mind.
Ye critics, to whom poets muſt be civil,
As Indians worſhip, out of fear, the devil,
Of mod'rate principles you'll own the merit,
Nor hither bring a perſecuting ſpirit.
Let modes of wit ſome TOLERATION *ſhare;*
Rome KILLS *for error; be it yours to ſpare.*

DRA-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALZUMA,	Mr. SMITH.
PIZARRO,	Mr. HULL.
DON CARLOS,	Mr. BENSLEY.
OZMAR,	Mr. PERRY.
GONZALEZ,	Mr. GARDNER.
EZMONT,	Mr. THOMPSON.
ORAZIA,	Miſs MILLER.
ORELLANA,	Mrs. HARTLEY.
EMIRA, ZILIA,	two Attendants on Orellana.

Virgins of the Sun, Miſs PIERCE, *Mrs.* WILLEMS, *Miſs* WEWITZER, *Miſs* BROWN, *&c.*

Scene at CUSCO, the Capital of PERU.

ALZUMA.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter FMIRA.

WEARIED at length by their own raging toil,
Her ſpirits ſink to reſt: kind ſleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel,
A momentary reſpite from deſpair.

Enter ZILIA.

EMIRA.

Who's there? That look alarming!--Zilia, ſay
Wherefore this ſudden haſte? How fares it now
With Orellana?

ZILIA.

Still a calm repoſe
Suſpends the tumult of the mighty paſſions,
That war within. Nature, quite harraſs'd down,
Repairs the waſte of grief.

EMIRA.

But oh! to ſoon
With keener ſenſe to waken her again
To the ſtrong agonies that rend her ſoul.
How wears the night?

ZILIA.

ZILIA.

It verges to the dawn.

EMIRA.

Then 'tis th' accuſtom'd hour, the only hour
Of all that circle time's diurnal round,
When Orellana knows ſuſpence from pain.

ZILIA.

The ſun that form'd her lent his brighteſt rays,
His pureſt elements of ſacred fire.
Hence all the virtues that but dimly ſhine
In breaſts of common mould, in her ſublim'd,
Burn to a fierce extravagance of ſoul.

EMIRA.

Yet what avails the great indignant ſpirit,
The generous flame for Freedom and Peru?
The fever of her mind too ſoon muſt end
Her ſickly frame. The live long day it rages,
And each returning night, when all things elſe
Thro' wide creation's round feel wonted reſt,
She only wakes to miſery: forlorn ſhe ſits
With ſtreaming eyes, while unrelenting cares
Waſte all within; and ever and anon
In ſhort diſtracted dreams wild fancy acts
New ſcenes of terror in her blaſted mind.

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

Horror! Protect me! Save me; ſeas of blood
Run purple round the altar: 'tis my brother;
Barbarian, hold!—It is Alzuma bleeds;
Inhuman murd'rers! Oh! (*faints*)

EMI-

EMIRA.

'Tis ever thus:
Sad viſionary terrors rack her brain;
Too wretched mourner, victim of deſpair!

ORELLANA.

Oh! 'tis too much, too much to ſuffer: Zilia,
Art thou there? ever friendly, kind, and good!
Emira too!---Why, ſiſter virgins, why
Muſt you ſtill labour with my weight of woe?

EMIRA.

Attending thee we but obey the call
Of duty and of love. Diſpel thy fears,
And huſh this tumult of diſorder'd fancy.

ORELLANA.

Would Heav'n I could! But theſe imaginings
Were terrible indeed! Round yonder couch
Such horrid phantoms roſe!

EMIRA.

Vain ſhadows all!
You've nothing now to fear.

ORELLANA.

Alas! the wretched
Have ev'ry thing to fear. Methought Pizarro
With fury dragg'd me to his Chriſtian altar;
There urg'd imperious to renounce my gods,
And wed Don Carlos; with apoſtate zeal
My mother join'd her aid, conſpir'd againſt me;
When, oh! diſtracting ſight! my brother, ruſhing
To ſave a ſiſter from the vile diſhonour,
Receiv'd Pizarro's dagger in his heart.

The altar ſmok'd with gore; the cruel Spaniard
Look'd a grim joy to ſee the only hope
Of deſolate Peru, a prince deſcended
From a long race of Kings, ignobly fall,
And welter in his blood before him.

EMIRA.

Yet
Theſe are but fancied ills: Alzuma lives
Safe in obſcurity, far hence remote.
Proſtrate Peru may lift her head again,
And Heav'n reſtore a brother to your arms.

ORELLANA.

Deluſive thought! Yet let me fondly cheriſh
The ſoothing flattery. Oh! Siſter virgins,
Should e'er the hero bleſs my longing eyes,
I could embrace him with a ſiſter's love,
And in his ſight forget my ſorrows paſt.
But oh! vain hope! he would not know me now,
Thus with'ring in my bloom. As yet an infant,
I number'd ſcarce ten years, when hence he went
To Chili's realms, ere the foe burſt upon us,
To learn the courſe of ev'ry orb above,
And all the myſt'ries of his parent ſun.
Mean time the Spaniard---but I'll not retrace
That tale of horror. Since that hour accurſt,
Ten times the ſun hath made his annual circle,
Nor yet Alzuma reigns! Alas! my virgins,
Diſtinction's loſt amongſt us, and the laſt
Surviving Inca of undone Peru
Sinks to a ſlave, a wand'rer o'er the land!

EMIRA.

Rekindle not the fury of your ſoul.
For lo! with purple light the Orient morn
Glows in yon Eaſtern clime! Don Carlos ſoon,

As

As is his wont, with early importunity
Will preſs his ardent ſuit. Be timely cautious,
Nor let him find pale grief and diſcontent
For ever dwell in Orellana's breaſt.
'Twill rouze the Spaniard's rage. A cloyſter'd virgin
With thee, I worſhip'd the eternal fire.
'Tis friendſhip prompts, if I preſume to wiſh
You'd not provoke the foe.

ORELLANA.

I know thy truth,
Thy conſtancy approv'd; and Carlos too
I grant has qualities that claim reſpect.

EMIRA.

Tho' other gods he worſhip, yet in him
Religion wears a gentler mien, nor ſerves
To ſanctify rapacity and murder.
'Tis love perhaps, for ſure he fondly loves!
'Tis love perhaps, not virtue, that allays
His fiercer paſſions; but whate'er the cauſe,
He is our ſhield from ſtern Pizarro's rage:
To him unnumber'd millions lift their hands,
And thank him with their tears for life preſerv'd.

ORELLANA.

'Tis true, Emira: oft I've known him check
The rage of waſting war; oft at his voice
E'en Perſecution reſts upon her altar,
Thirſting for blood in vain. And yet this heart
Was never form'd for him. Yon radiant God,
Tho' each revolving day he riſe to view
His once lov'd region, now a land of ſlaves,
To ſee the Spaniard triumph in his guilt,
Nor rolls th' avenging thunder o'er his head;
Nor ſends the rapid light'ning down to blaſt him;
Tho' he diſdain not ſtill to ſhine alike

On vice and ſuffering virtue---Ha! no more;
'Twere impious madneſs---Thou creat'ſt us all,
Refulgent luminary! thou, the ſource
Of light, and life, and univerſal good!
From thee we iſſue, and to thee return!
Thou mighty parent! *(kneels down)* Thou bright Godhead! Thou
Still inexhauſted lead'ſt the radiant years,
Thro' wide creation pour'ſt thy golden flood,
Thy vivid energy! without thee, nought
Or fair or uſeful ſprings; to thee all nature
Wafts up her orizons; to thee I ſwear,
Whate'er ſhall prove the fate of Orellana,
Thy ſacred beams ſhall never, never ſee her
Leagu'd with her country's foes; ſhall ne'er behold her
A vile apoſtate from her holy vow.

Enter EZMONT.

EMIRA.

Ezmont, why thus with ſudden haſte? and hark!
[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*

ORELLANA.

What means that muſick, that triumphant joy?

EZMONT.

With early zeal Pizarro ſeeks the altar
To celebrate his foreign rites.

ORELLANA.

And fire
His unrelenting heart to new exploits.

EZMONT.

A captive band from various priſons led
Walk in his train, and follow to the temple,
There

There to abjure their country, and their gods,
Or meet their inſtant doom.

ORELLANA.

And does my mother
Attend the guilty pomp?

EZMONT.

She does: with her
All their whole courtier-band attend Pizarro,
All but Don Carlos: with a lover's ſpeed
This way he bends his ſteps. My ſwifteſt zeal
Could ſcarce outſtrip him.

ORELLANA.

Leave me virgins, leave me.
Ezmont I thank thy care. [*they go out.*] Now ſummon all
Thy calmeſt patience, and thy firm reſolve.

Enter DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Let this auſpicious morn diſpel thy cares,
And each ſucceſſive hour on balmy wings
Bring peace, bring health, and beauty's roſeate bloom.
Does Orellana ſhun me? hither turn
Thy gracious aſpect; let thoſe azure eyes
Beam with their gentleſt radiance.

ORELLANA.

Thoſe eyes
With galling tears have long ſince loſt their luſtre.
They, like the daughters of rapacious Spain,
Have not yet learn'd to gild the cloud of woe,

Inſpire

Inſpire the look, and animate the glance,
While miſery lays deſolate the heart.

CARLOS.

Let love diffuſe his cordial o'er thy ſpirits;
Soon ſhall each grace awaken, ſoon thy heart
Beat ſprightly notes of rapture and of joy.

ORELLANA.

Oh! talk not, Carlos, to a wretch forlorn,
And loſt as I am, do not talk of joy.
No more ſhall pleaſure viſit this ſad form,
This breathing ſtatue of deſpair.

CARLOS.

Deſpair
But ill requites th' indulgent care of Heav'n,
That now invites thee to enjoy with me
Your ſhare of love, and empire.

ORELLANA.

Take again,
Take back your vows of friendſhip and of love;
I do entreat you take 'em; bear 'em hence
To the bright dames that grace your native land.
Worthier they'll liſten to you; they have hearts
Prone to thy ſoft impreſſions; they have hearts
That never bled to ſee the ruthleſs ſword,
Thy ſword, Don Carlos, lay their country waſte.
Thou haſt not injur'd them; but oh! reſpect
A captive wretch, a wretch that has full cauſe,
Yet pours no curſes on thee!

CARLOS.

Wilt thou thus,
Relentleſs fair! wilt thou then wound me thus

With

With ſtern reproach? under a father's banner
I wag'd the war; and if her purple wing
Propitious victory wav'd o'er my head,
The world can witneſs, who by me have fall'n,
All bravely fell in the embattled field,
Not naked and diſarm'd: in me the vanquiſh'd
Have found a friend; 'twas Orellana's will.
Her conqu'ring eyes have half aveng'd her country,
And made the victor beauty's willing ſlave.
His laurels bloom for thee; he lays his trophies,
His ſcepter at your feet: thy native realm
Wooes thee to ſov'reign ſway, and bids thee rule
The Weſtern world, when to her ſofter clime
Spain ſhall invite thy mother.

ORELLANA.

Name her not:
I would not think upon her crimes! become
The conqu'ror's wife---oh! ſhameleſs guilt! become
The frantic votariſt of Spaniſh gods,
She fires his haughty ſoul to tenfold rage.
This day prepares new victims: oh! my Lord,
If your religion does not quite ſuppreſs
The voice of nature, ſave the lives of wretches;
Plead thou their cauſe; let me not ſee again
The ſtreaming blood of innocence.

CARLOS.

I move
By thy command alone; and oh! bright maid,
The pity I extend will ſurely claim
The ſoft return of thine.

ORELLANA.

Alas! My Lord,
Much I eſteem thy goodneſs; much I honour
Thy many virtues: but a holy vow

Forbids

Forbids my love; and tell me, ſhould I grant it,
Would'ſt thou receive an interdicted wretch
With counterfeited ſmiles to thy embrace?
Believe me, Sir, who dares renounce her gods,
Will dare be falſe to man.

Enter PIZARRO, ORAZIA, *Attendants*, &c.

PIZARRO.

Come near, my ſon;
Thou ſeeſt thy father with aſſiduous care
Spreading the glories of his King and God
O'er this new world.

CARLOS.

My father's fervent zeal
Shall ſtand time honour'd in the rolls of fame.
Vanquiſh'd Peru thro' all her cities mourns
Thy vaſt renown in arms; it now were time
That weary conqueſt ſhould abate her rigours,
And peace begin to harmonize the world.

ORAZIA.

As yet, young warrior, our untutor'd race
To thee is little known: an Indian mind
Is wrapp'd in error's miſts; from fabling prieſts
Hears impious legends; in each falling ſhow'r,
Each cloud that ſails upon yon azure deep,
Conceives the preſent deity; in dreams,
Which fever'd fancy forms, ſtill thinks it hears
Loud oracles, commercing with the gods.
The dæmons and the human faculties
Are then in dark conſpiracy, and all
Is bigot rage, and cruelty, and horror.
This gloom muſt be diſpell'd; and force, my ſon,
'Tis force muſt execute the holy work.

CAR-

CARLOS.

And think we then our duty unperform'd
Unleſs we imitate with furious zeal
Heav'n's vengeance, not it's mercy?

PIZARRO.

Juſtice calls
For vengeance on a blind offending world.
I know my miſſion here: beneath the Tropic
The holy croſs I've borne, and in that ſign
Pizarro ſtill ſhall conquer: be it mine
To ſtretch the ray of truth, and bid the Indian
Kneel and adore!

CARLOS.

Almagro's conqu'ring arm
In Chili's realm hath cruſh'd the ſavage war.
The weſtern world hath heard the hideous ruin,
And ſuppliant courts the yoke.

PIZARRO.

But ſtill Alzuma
Lives for new tumult.

ORAZIA.

Lives to bid his mother
With tears and burning bluſhes hear his name.
Proud, uncontroulable, and fierce of ſpirit,
Ev'n in his earlieſt youth, his boyiſh days,
When the grim tiger from the thicket ruſh'd,
Did he once fly? did he not ev'n then
Dare the encounter? the fell monſter gor'd
His youthful breaſt, and if his father's arm
Had not transfix'd the ſavage to the earth,
Alzuma then had died. Since that he bore

The tiger's mark, and ere the down of manhood
Sprung on his cheek, went from his mother far,
Grew up implacable of ſoul, and now
With dire alarms ſhakes all the Weſtern World.

CARLOS.

And if our crimes provoké---

PIZARRO.

Our crimes, my ſon!

ORAZIA.

That thought to Orellana owes its birth.
In ſoft captivity ſhe holds him bound:
Her beauty leads him with a ſingle glance,
Moves with a ſigh, and ſoftens with a tear;
And love and grace by turns diſpute his heart.

PIZARRO.

Hear, Orellana: ſay, thou beauteous mourner,
How long ſhall tears and ſlow conſuming grief
Deform thy native graces?

ORELLANA.

Pardon, Sir,
If the rough manners of my native clime
Form'd me in plain ſimplicity: unſkill'd
In all the ſtudied elegance of feature,
I only know to look my honeſt meaning;
An artleſs ſavage, a forſaken wretch,
Whom joy has long forſworn!

ORAZIA.

In Cuſco's court,
Where ev'ry face but thine is deck'd with ſmiles,
Such perſevering ſorrow ill befits

Orazia's

Orazia's daughter. While your mother ſtill
Ev'n with the victor ſhares her ancient ſceptre,
You have full cauſe of joy. And tell me, does not
That gen'rous youth, Pizarro's gallant ſon,
Breathe gentleſt vows, and languiſh for your love?

ORELLANA.

Ay, Madam! love and tenderneſs he brings,
But ſighs and tears are all I have to give.

ORAZIA.

Away with vain excuſe: thou trifler hear;
Spain's pure religion calls: this moment yield,
And rank thee with the faithful.

ORELLANA.

That command----

ORAZIA.

Muſt be obey'd.

ORELLANA.

Alas! full well you know
Force has already dragg'd me to your altar.
There while the cenſer wreath'd its fragrant clouds,
While pealing organs ſwell'd the ſolemn note,
And through deep lengthen'd iſles conſenting choirs
Harmonious hymn'd their God; not to your Heav'n
My pray'rs were offer'd. No! ye holy pow'rs
Whom long Peru hath worſhipp'd, in that hour
You ruſh'd between me and their Chriſtian pomp,
Bore my rapt ſoul to your own orbs on high,
And ſhrines, and burning lamps, grew dim before me.

ORAZIA.

Invincible in ignorance.

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

My Lord,
The ſlaves remain obdurate.

PIZARRO.

Ha! reject
The terms of proffer'd life!

GONZALEZ.

Their eyes intent
Gaze on two leaders, from whoſe fierce demeanour
They gain new courage, obſtinate in guilt.
Their chiefs, by my command, attend your preſence.

Enter ALZUMA, *and* OZMAR.

PIZARRO.

Say, what art thou, who with indignant ſpirit
Haſt dar'd to mock our laws?

ALZUMA.

One born in freedom!
One who, while yet he lives, like freedom's ſon,
Will dare to think.

PIZARRO.

Reflect, raſh youth, and take
New life from this auſpicious day.

AL-

ALZUMA.

The day,
That ſees a man crouch in ignoble bondage,
Sees ev'ry virtue loſt.

PIZARRO.

Beware, thou ſlave!
Know'ſt thou that inſtant death awaits you both?

ALZUMA.

We know it; we expect it; we invoke it;
'Twill end our miſery.

PIZARRO.

Thou inſolent!
All gracious Heav'n, that ſtill delights in mercy—

ALZUMA.

Mercy! delights in mercy!

PIZARRO.

Yes; his word
Gives life and peace to all.

ALZUMA.

And dareſt thou then,
Thou fell deſtroyer! ravager of earth!
And dar'ſt thou then in horrid contraſt ſtand
To infinite benevolence?

PIZARRO.

No more
I'll parley with obdurate guilt. Gonzalez,

Guard

Guard thou thoſe miſcreants; ſee they ſuffer death,
And by their torments warn an impious race.
[*Exit with* Orazia, *and Attendants.*

ORELLANA.

Oh! Carlos, gen'rous youth! if any ſpark
Of love dwell in thy nature, quickly fly,
Purſue your cruel father, haſte, prevent
The horrid murder. What have they committed?
What is their crime? Oh! do not ſee them bleed,
For daring to be true to Heav'n.

CARLOS.

I go,
Thou gen'rous maid, to execute your will.
[*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

Or gain their liberty, or elſe the hour
That ſees 'em fall, will end this wretched being.
[*Exit after* Carlos.

ALZUMA.

And are there feelings here for human woe?

GONZALEZ.

Guards, lead your pris'ners hence.

ALZUMA.

Spaniard a word:
Wilt thou indulge one moment to the wretched?
I thank thee. Ozmar, we have walk'd together
The rugged paths of honour; to the laſt
Grappled with fate; againſt the foe have ſtrain'd
Bold virtue's nerve: oh! let it never ſlacken,

But

But bear us ſtrongly up, like men, who boaſt
Souls ever prompt for liberty or death.

OZMAR.

Sunk as we are, our country bleeding round us,
Our cities ſack't, our very gods diſhonour'd,
Death is relief, is victory and triumph.

ALZUMA.

But let us entertain our doom, my friend,
In ſilent dignity: amidſt our pangs
Let no dejected paſſion tell the Spaniard
Alzuma dies in me!

OZMAR.

Not all the tortures
Their vengeance can inflict, ſhall e'er extort
One ſecret from me.

ALZUMA.

Let him ſhudder ſtill
With dire conceptions at Alzuma's name;
Still let him think Alzuma roams the foreſt,
Climbs the ſteep mountain's brow, or down the lake
Glides in the ſwift canoe, to rouze the war,
And call the nations to a great revenge.
Let that purſue him ſtill: oh! let that thought,
And the dire furies of deteſted guilt
With ceaſeleſs pangs inhabit in his heart:
Alzuma dies content!

OZMAR.

The tyrant's pow'r
Is ſhort liv'd o'er us, and his murd'rous rage
But ſets the hero free.

AL-

ALZUMA.

His pow'r may ſhackle
Theſe mould'ring limbs; but the unbodied ſpirit
Shall bear its native liberty along,
To the bleſs'd vale behind the cloud-capt hill,
The ſilent region of departed ſouls,
That region undiſcover'd by the Spaniard!
Where our forefathers, in unfading bliſs,
Prepare the roſeate bow'r, and weave the chaplet,
For deeds heroic done in life; for all
Who, firm in honour, by diſtreſs unconquer'd,
Have ſmil'd in woe, and to their graves have carried
The ſacred charter of the free-born mind.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Scene at the Gate of the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ALZUMA.

ALZUMA.

DOST thou not hear me, loſt Peru? Not hear
The clank of theſe vile chains that fetter thus
Your rightful ſov'reign? Wherefore thus again
Led to their Chriſtian temple? Why their guards
Plac'd at each paſs? Is this, juſt gods, a lot
For your own progeny? Yet even here,
Here ſtill is room for fortitude and honour.
Yes, ye calamities of this bad world,
Pour all your deſtin'd malice on my head;
Ye ſtorms, ye tempeſts, roar! Each change of fortune
Is but a change of virtue.

Enter OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Valiant Ozmar,
Let me embrace thee. Ozmar, ſpite of all
My heart's beſt firmneſs, it drops blood for thee.

OZMAR.

Alzuma! Tears! And doſt thou think me then
So poor of ſoul?

ALZUMA.

Ozmar, I will not weep;
I will not ſtain a righteous cauſe with tears.

And yet frail nature thus will guſh it's way.
Oh! there's a cauſe that conſecrates each drop
That burns it's channel down the ſoldier's cheek!
Ozmar, to ſee a nation bleeding round us,
Yet fetter'd thus in chains---I cannot ſpeak;
Thy own great heart will tell thee.

OZMAR.

Embitter not the cup of woe.

ALZUMA.

To die
Inglorious! Unreveng'd! My father's death,
Thy ſavage maſſacre, lamented ſhade!
Oh! Atabalipa, yet unaton'd!
His queen Orazia, my much honour'd mother,
How has fate dealt with her? My ſiſter too,
Poor Orellana! 'Tis a long, long time
Since laſt theſe eyes beheld her. Breathes ſhe ſtill
The vital air? And oh! what happy clime
Affords her innocence and truth a ſhelter?
Alzuma knows knows not, and that piercing thought
Unmans my ſoul, and gives a ſting to death.

OZMAR.

The gracious pow'rs, who watch o'er innocence---

ALZUMA.

No pow'r protects it now. Where were ye gods,
In that black period when the Spaniſh ſpoiler
Firſt ſpoke in thunder to us? Not your own
Thrice honour'd temples then contain'd ye! No!
Your ſacred temples, and your hallow'd groves,
You left defenceleſs. You have loſt your rites,
Your kings their empire, and Peru her freedom.

Oz-

OZMAR.

If deeds heroic could have ſav'd the ſtate,
Thy own great patriot toil---

ALZUMA.

Where were ye, gods,
When late in Chili's wide extended plains
I ſought the embattled foe? From ev'ry quarter
I brought the Weſtern world in arms. The ſun
Beneath the burning line beheld my courſe,
Back to the Tropic ſaw my rapid march;
The queen of night, and ev'ry vivid planet,
Walking in brightneſs their empyreal round,
Saw my unwearied labour; ſaw me guide
Down the broad Amazon my rapid bark,
Each iſland viſiting; on ev'ry ſhore
Invoking vengeance. Heav'n beheld it all,
Yet left me in th' extreme; to hoſtile gods,
Th' unjuſt, revengeful, cruel gods of Spain
Betray'd a faithful unſuſpecting race.

OZMAR.

Yes, all, all's loſt, all ruin'd! That laſt battle
Has giv'n 'em up the world. Almagro's arms
Heap'd hideous ruin on us.

ALZUMA.

Ozmar, there,
There liberty, amidſt that purple heap
Her gen'rous boſom grac'd with honeſt ſcars,
Groan'd and expir'd. Oh! City of the Sun,
Ye ſacred aſhes of my friends, who periſh'd
In your lov'd country's laſt expiring blaze!
Oh! ſeat of empire! Witneſs in your fall
I have dar'd nobly for you.

Enter

Enter GONZALEZ *and* Guards.

GONZALEZ.

Be thoſe chains
Inſtant releas'd, and ſet the priſ'ners free.
[*Soldiers unchain them.*

ALZUMA.

Ah! that ſoft virgin form appears again!
This way ſhe bends her ſteps. What may this mean?

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

There is your warrant, Sir; Pizarro's hand
Hath ſign'd their freedom.

GONZALEZ.

I obey the mandate. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

ALZUMA.

Tell me, thou fair unknown! to what new ſcenes
Our fate reſerves us both?

ORELLANA.

Humanity
And juſtice plead your cauſe.

ALZUMA.

And does thy heart
Feel the ſoft touch of nature for the wretched?

ORELLANA.

Stranger, my heart is feelingly alive

When

When miſery claims a tear: that fruitleſs tribute
Is all I can, and Heav'n demands it of me.

ALZUMA.

I pray ye mock me not. A Spaniard's heav'n
Inſpires revenge, and cruelty and murder.

ORELLANA.

In me you ſee a daughter of Peru,
And nature and religion bind me to you.

ALZUMA.

Then our own gods watch o'er affliction ſtill,
And at their hands I do accept my life.
Oh! gen'rous virgin, I reſpect thy virtues;
The pow'rs that gave them will reward them too:
If not in ev'ry ſtate, in death or conqueſt,
They are their own ſweet recompence.

ORELLANA.

That mien!
That prompt heroic ardor! Stranger, ſay,
Whence and what art thou?

ALZUMA.

By my birth obſcure:
Almagro late beheld me graſp the javelin,
And mid'ſt the gen'ral carnage of the day,
Seek death in vain thro' all the paths of war.

ORELLANA.

Ah! tell me then---I tremble while I aſk;
Where is Alzuma? Lives he? Does he yet
Elude the tyrant's ſearch? Or has he ſought
The vale of fleeting ſpirits? Quickly tell me,
For oh! I long to hear.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Support me, Ozmar.
Her tender ſympathy!

OZMAR.

Now ſummon all
Your wonted firmneſs: ſhe's a ſtranger yet.
Let prudence guard thee.

ORELLANA.

Ah! diſtract me not.
Why art thou pale! Why gath'ring in thy eye
Stand thoſe round drops? Alas! he is no more.

OZMAR.

Alzuma lives!

ORELLANA.

Lives!

OZMAR.

But far hence remote
Seeks a retreat for miſery and freedom.

ORELLANA.

Then I am bleſs'd indeed!

ALZUMA.

Abſorb'd in wonder,
My flutt'ring ſoul feels all her functions loſt.

ORELLANA.

Weep'ſt thou, brave youth? Ah! ſay what hidden cauſe---

ALZUMA.

Thy gen'rous tenderneſs. Like you I'm born
With too much ſenſibility of heart.

ORELLANA.

Indeed you ſeem to bear a noble nature.
Say, will you undertake like men, and dare
A hardy enterprize, that tends at once
To your own ſafety and the general weal?

ALZUMA.

Speak thy intent: ev'n ruin'd as we are
We boaſt the virtue ſtill to ſerve thee, virgin.

ORELLANA.

Then mark my words: anon, when in the palace
All court the Spaniard's ſmiles, and do the work
Of low ambition, then with cautious ſtep
Repair ye both to yonder ſacred temple,
In happier days the temple of the Sun!
Now other worſhip, other rites prevail.
Employ'd in ſecret duty there you'll find me.

Enter GONZALEZ.

ORELLANA.

What would Gonzalez?

GONZALEZ.

With determin'd haſte
The empreſs ſeeks you.

ORELLANA.

Lead your captives forth.

[*They bow and are going out.*

Enter

Enter ORAZIA.

ORAZIA.

Theſe are the inſolents whom thy entreaty
Has ſav'd from juſtice.

ORELLANA.

To Don Carlos' goodneſs
I bow in gratitude.

ORAZIA.

Take heed, raſh men,
Or vengeance waits you.
(They go out.) Orellana hear:
Don Carlos languiſhes with gentleſt paſſion,
And wooes you to his arms. A mother's voice
Commands thee to abjure fictitious gods,
And make thee lineal to our ancient ſceptre.

ORELLANA.

What, while my brother lives?

ORAZIA.

Pizarro ſees,
At length with indignation ſees his ſlave
Suſpend the progreſs of our righteous faith.

ORELLANA.

His ſlave! A robber's ſlave! Is that befitting?
Is that my mother? Theſe are virtue's tears;
They mean you no offence.

ORAZIA.

Ungrateful child!
Still with inceſſant rage to ſteel your heart
Againſt

Againſt a victor, whom high Heav'n approves,
Againſt a mother, who would ſave you ſtill.

ORELLANA.

The tyrant has my curſes; I avow it:
My bittereſt imprecations on him! but
A mother claims reſpect. Then hear my pray'r:
Let not your Chriſtian worſhip, while it gives
New modes of faith, oh! let it ne'er efface
The virtues of humanity! [*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Oh! blind
And fatal ſuperſtition!---fix'd in error,
Alas!-ſhe ſees not that by Heav'n commiſſion'd
To chaſe credulity Pizarro came,
And reigns by right divine o'er ev'ry heart.
Oh! happy ſtate! Chriſtian Orazia now
Glows for the honour of eternal truth;
To that bows rev'rent down, and joys to ſee
Awful religion bare the ſword of juſtice.
[*Exit.*

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Thou ſacred dome! thou venerable pile!
Where erſt the pious daughters of the Sun
In meditation dwelt, and ſacred ſong!
No more for you thoſe rites; no more you'll hear
Their pious vows, and their melodious ſtrains.
The Spaniſh robber violates your altars,
And foreign gods poſſeſs you.

OZMAR.

Yet, Alzuma,
Who knows what that bright maid----

ALZUMA.

Some deep intent
Rolls in her boſom. Hark! a feeble ſound
Comes ſlowly winding thro' yon lengthen'd iſle.
[*Muſick is heard at a diſtance.*
It gains upon the ear. And lo! a train
Of ſupplicating nymphs! ye hoſt of Heav'n!
Our own ſolemnities! how my heart glows
With piour ardour! let us hence, my friend,
Leſt we intrude upon their virgin choir.
[*They retire.*

Enter ORELLANA, EMIRA, ZILIA, *and other Virgins. An Image of the Sun, the Moon, &c. in their Hands a Cenſer of Fire, and ſome ſtrewing Flowers.*

ODE.

I.

Bright orb, that rul'ſt th' ætherial way,
And pour'ſt the radiant flood of day;
Thou ſiſter regent of the night,
Who ſhed'ſt o'er all thy ſober light;
Ye ſtars, that gleam from pole to pole;
Ye thunders o'er our heads that roll;
Ye lightnings, rains, ye ſtorms on high,
That ſpeak the preſent deity:
Hear your own ſervants; hear our virgin throng;
Oh! ſave Alzuma; hear our myſtic ſong.

II.

Ye band of venerable juſt,
Ye warriors long ſince laid in duſt;

Whether

Whether in ſilent groves ye ſtray,
Glow in the ſtars or ſolar way,
Aſſemble all ye mighty dead,
And ſtalk around the Spaniard's bed;
In his fell heart with diſmal yell
Awaken all the fiends of hell;

Aſſiſt Alzuma; arm each honeſt hand,
And tear a guilty tyrant from the land.

[*They go out in proceſſion.*

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

For me their vows aſcend! the pious train
Warble their oriſons for loſt Alzuma!
Oh! Ozmar, oh! my friend! the melting notes
With thoughts that burn expand my glowing ſoul.
Ha! that ſweet maid approaches!

Enter ORELLANA.

OZMAR.

Now be huſh'd
Each ſudden tranſport: to diſcloſe thy name
Might fatal prove.

ORELLANA. *(coming forward)*

Alas! my ſpirits ſink,
Cold tremors ſhake my frame.

ALZUMA.

Your pardon, virgin,
That thus encroaching on the hallow'd hour---

ORELLANA.

Strangers! you're welcome both, The wretched ever
Bear their own paſsport to me. Train'd myſelf
In ſad affliction's ſchool, and wanting much
Some charitable aid, theſe hands are ready
To wipe the tear from the pale cheek of care.

ALZUMA.

Alas! misfortune, as we riſe to life,
Prepares her chalice for each human lip:
We all are doom'd to weep.

ORELLANA.

Ye gen'rous youths,
I ſee you both are apt to melt at woe:
I will not trouble you.

ALZUMA.

If there is aught
May ſerve you, virgin, truſt your faithful ſlaves.
Theſe tears but ſtrengthen virtue: ſpeak thy will.

ORELLANA.

There is a buſineſs lab'ring in my heart
That calls for firmeſt vigour.

ALZUMA.

If to drench
A dagger's point in the fell Spaniard's blood---

ORELLANA.

It wants no bloodſhed. Tell me will you ſerve me?

ALZUMA.

By Heav'n I will.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Say, will you traverſe o'er
The foreſts wild, and continents of ſand,
To bear a meſſage to much-lov'd brother,
On whoſe dear life my happineſs is grafted?

ALZUMA.

Direct our courſe: we'll ſeek him ſtraight.

ORELLANA.

Alas!
Baniſhed far hence, dear youth! he little thinks
How here I drag the Spaniard's galling chain,
And neither live nor die. But here I've form'd
In braided colours the ſad tale of woe.
[*Takes out a braid of colours.*
He knows not letters, which th' inventive Spaniard
Has hither brought: but this will tell him all;
This will inſtruct him to avoid this place;
Let me be wretched, I'll endure it all;
But bleſs him gods; watch over all his ways;
My woes muſt end me ſoon.

ALZUMA.

No, thou ſhalt join
Our flight: we'll bear thee to him.

ORELLANA.

Weak of limb
My ſtrength would fail me. Wilt thou give him this?

ALZUMA.

I will; by every Pow'r above, I will.

ORELLANA.

Then take it, youth, and bear it to Alzuma.

ALZUMA.

Alzuma!

ORELLANA.

Yes; to him.

ALZUMA.

Ye gracious powers!
And bear it to Alzuma!---Orellana!

ORELLANA.

Thoſe trembling accents! and the various meanings
Of ev'ry feature---Ah! that look of thine---

ALZUMA.

I am, I am, Alzuma. Oh! my ſiſter!
I, I am he! this fond embrace atteſts it.
She faints, ſhe faints. Oh! could'ſt thou e'er have hop'd it?
'Tis Orellana!---'tis, it is my ſiſter.

ORELLANA.

That air! that face! juſt ſo my father look'd!
I ſcarce can think it yet: thou art not---tell me---
Say, art thou he?---Peru's ſurviving heir?
Art thou Alzuma?---does thy breaſt retain
The tyger's fang?

ALZUMA.

It does, it does.

ORELLANA.

Have I ſo long
Forbore to wander o'er him with my kiſſes?
To claſp thee cloſe, and own thee with my tears?
[*Embraces him.*

ALZUMA.

Grow to thy brother's heart, thou virtuous maid!
Ozmar, the Gods are here; they have not yet
Deſerted innocence. Thou watch, my friend,
That none intrude upon this hour of joy.
[*Exit* Ozmar.

ORELLANA.

Why didſt thou venture to this place of danger?
Oh! quickly fly; of all the Sun beheld
In his own city, by immortals rear'd,
This temple only ſtands.

ALZUMA.

Where is Orazia?

ORELLANA.

She lives.

ALZUMA.

Then to her honour and her gods
She ſtill lives true: I know her virtue well.

ORELLANA.

This ſide the grave no mortal virtue's known.
She's married to Pizarro.

ALZUMA.

Married to him!
False to her faith, and married to Pizarro!

ORELLANA.

She shares his tyrant sceptre.

ALZUMA.

Oh! may Heav'n---
Yet she's my mother still---Forgive her, gods!
If your dread sway can bear such crimes, forgive her,
And keep your red'ning vengeance for the Spaniard.
Say shall I see Orazia?

ORELLANA.

At yon portal
You met her dreadful frown.

ALZUMA.

Was that my mother?
Unnatural woman!

ORELLANA.

In her ruin'd mind
Sits blind enthusiasm, with'ring ev'ry virtue.
Zeal forgets fetters for a free-born race,
And murder's blade gleams in religion's hand.

ALZUMA.

Bright orb! thou hear'st it! I make no appeal
To you against her. But to find thee thus,
Thou best of sisters, 'midst a mother's crimes
That rend my soul, it mixes tend'rest joy,
And makes these tears a transport. Tell thy brother,

What

What force upheld thee? how haſt thou ſuſtain'd
Thy faith inviolate?

ORELLANA.

The Spaniard's rage
Liſts ev'ry paſſion on the ſide of virtue.
Thou wer't far hence, know'ſt not the horrid night
That heav'd this mighty empire from its baſe.

ALZUMA.

Ev'n now I ſhudder for thee!

ORELLANA.

Cloyſter'd here,
Two hundred choſen virgins of the Sun,
Here in this very temple pour'd their praiſe
In midnight harmony to ev'ry god,
And bore thro' glimm'ring iſles th' eternal fire;
When the foe ruſh'd upon us; burſt the ſanctuary
Which ſince the world's foundation 'till that hour
Man never dar'd profane. With virgin ſhrieks,
And female lamentation rung the dome;
Devouring rage, and pale diſmay, and death,
Ran wild in horrid forms; the crimſon pavement
Floated with gore; no check their fury felt,
'Till weary ſlaughter ſtopt at laſt for breath,
And ſpar'd a wretched few.

ALZUMA.

Thou virtuous maid!
What pitying God preſerv'd thee?

ORELLANA.

'Twas in wrath,
In vengeance I was ſav'd, to greater ills
Alas! reſerv'd! to ſee my father murder'd----

ALZUMA.

Oh! bleſſed be his ſhade!

ORELLANA.

E'er ſince Pizarro
Urges to change my gods, and join his ſon
In impious wedlock.

ALZUMA.

May his ſoul be plung'd
In ever-burning floods of liquid gold,
And be his avarice the fiend that damns him!
[*Muſic heard.*

ORELLANA.

End we our conf'rence here: the virgin band
Wait my return: I would not have thee known.
Retire my brother.

ALZUMA.

And muſt we part ſo ſoon?

ORELLANA.

Alas! too ſure we muſt: a faithful friend
Shall lead thee to the grove where oft I walk
In bitterneſs of ſoul.

ALZUMA.

Yet ere you go,
Here kneel, and ſwear by all the holy pow'rs
Whom with firm conſtancy Peru adores;
By the dear ſhades of long-departed heroes,
Whom av'rice ſlaughter'd, or religion ſtabb'd;
Swear here, by all thoſe great, thoſe awful ſanctions,
That never you'll betray your plighted vows.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yes, Orellana ratifies the oath!

ALZUMA.

Now once again come to this fond embrace.
We'll meet anon.

ORELLANA.

We ſhall.

ALZUMA.

Farewell, farewell! [*She goes out.*
Protect, ye pow'rs, that ſtruggling innocence.
In your own holy cauſe ſhe ſuffers all.
Are ye no more the gods of peace? no more
Affliction's friends? If that excelling goodneſs,
If ſhe is wretched thus---yet let me not,
Like the baſe Chriſtian foe, with pious rage,
Who deals deſtruction round, and deems his murder
Grateful on high, oh! let me not, like him,
With horrid attributes affront my God!
Yes, Heav'n is bounteous ſtill! ye gracious pow'rs!
Of you and your juſt ways I'll not complain.
You've made us virtuous, and have done enough!

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT the THIRD.

Scene the Temple.

Enter CARLOS *and* GONZALEZ.

CARLOS.

THOU haſt my thanks, Gonzalez: my fond heart
But for thy watchful care had been the ſport
Of a fierce ſavage beauty. Now I know
The minion of her ſoul. Oh! that reflection
Shoots all the fires of diſappointed love
Thro' my diſtracted heart.

GONZALEZ.

Forgive, my lord,
If I unwittingly have fix'd a pang
That preys upon your peace. In yonder grove
I ſaw them meet in ſecret interview.

CARLOS.

I ſaw them too; thy vigilance inform'd me.
Theſe eyes beheld them in cloſe amorous parley,
In ardent gaze; beheld a peaſant ſlave
Familiar with that luxury of charms,
With Orellana's charms! It fires to madneſs.
I ſaw that wretch whom I redeem'd from death,
At her requeſt redeem'd, unthinking fool!
I ſaw him meet her in the conſcious grove,
Embracing and embrac'd!

GONZALEZ.

Periſh the thought,

That

That thus diſturbs your breaſt: you know, my lord,
By your command I ſeiz'd the ſlave, and now
Far other chains than thoſe of love infold him.

CARLOS.

By Heav'n he dies: this very hour ſhall ſee him
A Chriſtian, or a victim to his errors.

GONZALEZ.

The guards now lead him forth.

CARLOS.

Was it for this
The tyrant fair oppos'd ev'n Heav'n itſelf?
Oh! at the altar's foot her lov'd idea
Was preſent ſtill, and zeal for heav'nly truth
A tear from thoſe bright eyes diſſolv'd away.
But falſe compaſſion rules my heart no more.
I ſaw her meet the ſlave; at my approach
Fierce indignation darted from her eye,
And ſtraight ſhe turn'd with high diſdain away.
Ah! ſee! ſhe comes! ſtill lovely in her guilt!
[*Exit* Gonzalez.
The haughty fierceneſs of untutor'd virtue
Beams ſavage graces round her. Yes, by Heav'n
She ſhall be mine; my heart adores her ſtill.

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

You have done this, Sir, and I thank you for it.

CARLOS.

Think not I urg'd ſeverity againſt thee;
But oh! do juſtice to that gentle nature

That

That governs here; that now throbs wildly for you,
With all the ſoft ſolicitude of love.

ORELLANA.

What has a wretch like me to do with love?

CARLOS.

Doſt thou avoid me then, thou cruel fair?
Doſt thou avoid me? Now I know the cauſe
That made thee unrelenting to my ſighs;
I know your paramour; now know for whom
Don Carlos' vows were all diſpers'd in air;
For years who held dominion o'er your heart,
And made me languiſh at your feet in vain.

ORELLANA.

And if I cheriſh'd a long hidden flame,
Who claims a right to tyrannize my heart?

CARLOS.

Think'ſt thou a breaſt ſuſceptible as mine,
That ſwells with rapture if thou deign'ſt to ſmile,
Or by a frown is tortur'd in the extreme;
Think'ſt thou a heart like mine will e'er permit
A conquer'd ſlave to win thy leaſt regard?
Oh! there's an avarice in love, that claims
Each gentle grace, each amiable air,
Claims the noble hoard of ſweets, and will not bear
A word, a look directed to another.

ORELLANA.

And mean'ſt thou then to choak the voice of pity?
Is that thy purpoſe? Know the injur'd youth,
Whom thy fell rage but now has doom'd to death,
Is miſerable; therefore dear to me.
Know he is virtuous; therefore has my love.

CAR-

CARLOS.

Thy love! does he poſſeſs it? he,
Inhuman fair! but yet recall the word.
Our laws that ſpare no infidel----

ORELLANA.

Thou Spaniard!
Thou fierce barbarian from a world unknown!
But all our ſacred rites thou haſt profan'd,
And well may'ſt violate love's altar too.
Come, point thy dagger at this virgin breaſt,
And conquer hearts as you would force our faith.

CARLOS.

You wrong me much. Hear Orellana, hear
Thy tendereſt ſuppliant.

ORELLANA.

Never: woman's weakneſs
With pity ſaw thee kneeling at my feet,
And ſighing fruitleſs vows. But this laſt outrage
Againſt a helpleſs captive---Witneſs Gods!
If Orellana hear this Spaniard more,
Or liſten to the tale of impious love,
Deep down in earth may ſhe alive be buried,
Her ſpirit doom'd to wander o'er the world,
And never reach the manſion of her fathers.

CARLOS.

Your minion dies; my rage is up in arms,
And the ſoft voice of love ſhall plead no more.
[*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

Barbarian go!---Ah! there's a ſight indeed
Afreſh that opens ev'ry ſource of grief.

Enter

Enter ALZUMA *in chains.*

ORELLANA.

Oh! Let me ſeek thy mother; tell her all;
With the ſtrong eloquence of filial tears,
I'll throw me at her feet, and in her heart,
Loſt as it is, I'll find ſome hidden fibre,
Where all the mother trembles for her offspring.

ALZUMA.

Reſtrain this rage; Alzuma would not owe
A ſecond favour to her. She, alas!
Is dead to nature. That accurſed fiend,
Fanatic fury, blaſts each moral virtue.
She has pronounc'd my doom. Let her not know
She kills a ſon. Oh! let me never add
That guilt atrocious to a parent's crimes.

ORELLANA.

Are there no means to ſave thee?

ALZUMA.

Look not thus:
Ennobled by thy virtues, by diſtreſs
Endear'd, each glance thou ſend'ſt, unmans me quite,
And ev'n a brother's fondneſs akes to view thee.
Thy goodneſs charms, and by each heart-ſtring draws me
Back to this hated world. For thee, my ſiſter,
When I ſhould boldly tread the ridge of peril,
And dare the depth below; for thy dear ſake
I cling to life; extend my feeble arms;
But thou no aid can'ſt give.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Diſtracting thought!
Muſt I ſurvive thee helpleſs and forlorn,
A victim to the Spaniard's hated love?

ALZUMA.

There lies the pang that bids theſe drops of anguiſh
Fall in this copious ſtream. Not for myſelf
I feel, but oh! when I am gone, when fate
Has ſtretch'd this body on the flinty earth,
Who ſhall defend thy weakneſs? Muſt I leave thee
A prey to ruffian force? Muſt that rare beauty,
Shall that conſpire againſt thee? Muſt thoſe eyes
Obedient roll to a fierce conqu'ror's will?
Inflame his hot deſires, to plunge thee deeper
In ſhame and ſervitude?

ORELLANA.

Unpitying gods!

ALZUMA.

Perhaps to waft thee from thy native land
To foreign altars, and a foreign bed!

ORELLANA.

There is but one, one only refuge.

ALZUMA.

Name it.

ORELLANA.

I'll periſh with thee. Lo! behold a weapon!
[*Shews a dagger.*

ALZUMA.

Ha!

ORELLANA.

Where'er thy ſpirit wings it's happy flight,
I'll hail thy triumph; ſoar on trembling wing,
And diſtant eye thy radiant tract of glory,
To ev'ry kindred ſtar.

ALZUMA.

Relentleſs pow'rs!
No other boon you've left me to beſtow.

ORELLANA.

Ah! me! they come; the fell Pizarro comes.

Enter PIZARRO, ORAZIA, CARLOS, *Guards*, &c.

ORAZIA.

Now, Orellana, we demand compliance.
Provoke our wrath no more: the veſted prieſt
Waits at the altar; there Don Carlos' love
And Heav'n indulgent claim thee for their own.

ALZUMA.

Unnatural, barbarous mother! [*Aſide.*

ORELLANA.

For his love
Don Carlos has my thanks. Spain will not think
Her luſtre tarniſh'd, that a wretch like me
Feels no ambition for her proud alliance.
The gods of Spain----

ORAZIA.

This arrogance----

ORELLANA.

Indulge
A favourable ear. The gods of Spain
Will not be jealous that no fragrance rolls
Around their ſhrines from me. If error's maze
Miſguide my ſteps, their all-pervading eye
Will read the honeſt purpoſe of my ſoul,
And mercy win the thunder from their hands.

ORAZIA.

This wilful diſobedience! Who has taught
The vain deluſive dream?

CARLOS.

That ſlave! 'Tis he,
Who rules her wayward fancy.

ORAZIA.

Ha! that traitor!
Doſt thou preſume to ſpread ſedition here?

ALZUMA. *(looking at her)*

Oh! thou apoſtate! Theſe hot burning tears
Will burſt their way.

PIZARRO.

And does thy ſullen eye
Dart the fierce glance of treaſon on your Queen?

ORAZIA.

Who and what art thou?

ALZUMA.

I've no rank or name,
To plead my cauſe in thy obdurate heart.

To your own child unnatural as thou art,
I have no claim to mercy.

PIZARRO.

Baſe reviler!
Within the Tropic all muſt think alike.

ALZUMA.

Betwixt us both the ſacred ſhaft of war
Has long been ſhot, and enmity prevails,
Fierce, inextinguiſhable!

ORAZIA.

My example
May teach thee, ſlave, to yield to ſacred truth,
And Spain's imperial mandate.

ALZUMA.

Thy example!
Full well you judg'd, thou traitreſs to thy country!
To fly to gods who can forgive thy crimes.
Ours ſhudder at them!

PIZARRO.

To the altar drag
The impious ſlave. [*Guards ſeize* Alzuma.

ORELLANA.

Oh! wretched Orellana!

ALZUMA.

Barbarians hold! Yet Spaniard ere I die
Hear my laſt fervent prayer. 'Twas luſt of gold,
Not zeal for truth and love of human kind,
That brought you to Peru: and may that gold,
Oh! may it prove to Spain the direful ſpring

Of

Of worſe calamities than we have felt;
May it unnerve your arm; diſſolve in ſloth
Laborious induſtry; ne'er let your plains
The toiling hand of cultivation know;
Kindle fierce war; and may ſome happier ſtate,
Whoſe ſons with love of gen'rous freedom glowing,
Preſerve their civil and religious rites,
The foes of tyranny! who found their laws
On the broad baſe of reaſon and of nature;
Oh! may that happy ſtate (if ſuch there be)
With bolder prow triumphant o'er the deep,
Purſue you hither with avenging thunder;
In your own harbours wrap your ſhips in fire,
And bow ye down to ſeek deteſted gold
For others uſes! Be that curſe upon you!

PIZARRO.

His blaſphemy pollutes the air: forthwith
Give him the death he merits.

ORELLANA.

Once again
Let me embrace him; one laſt ſad farewell
No pow'r on earth ſhall hinder. [*Embraces him.*

CARLOS.

Ha! that inſolent!
Perdition ſeize the ſlave! Shall he enjoy---
By Heav'n this ſabre cleaves him to the ground.
[*Going to ſtrike.*

ORELLANA.

Now by the vital air, by ev'ry pow'r
That guides, impels, or melts the human heart,
By yon bright orb of day, by your own gods,
Enough of blood they've had, by them I aſk,

They

They will approve ſoft pity; ſpare his life,
Oh! ſpare his innocence, nor murder me.

CARLOS.

Tear off her hold: by Heav'n the ſlave---

ORELLANA.

Now ſtrike,
Now execute your purpoſe! with the blow
This ready dagger plunges to my heart.

CARLOS.

Hold, Orellana! This abhorred ſteel
[*Takes the dagger from her.*
Was never meant to wound thy tender form:
Thou haſt diſarm'd my vengeance; by yon Heav'n
I would not ſee thy beauteous boſom gor'd
For the extended empire of the world.

ORELLANA.

If ought of cruelty the pris'ner ſuffer,
This hand ſhall ſet me free.

CARLOS.

Diſpel thy fears:
I will not urge his fate; I will not urge
Thee to compliance: guiltleſs of his death
I leave this temple, leave this ſcene of horror,
Where perſecution draws the unhallow'd ſword,
And murders for belief.

PIZARRO.

Yet Carlos ſtay,
I charge thee ſtay, nor dare again traduce
A father's deeds.

CAR-

CARLOS.

My heart at length revolts,
Nor will I ſee that youth, whoe'er he be,
A victim to the blind inſenſate rage
That ſheds man's blood, and dares to think it virtue.
[*Exit.*

PIZARRO.

Ha! the time calls for rigour; feeble laws
And government relax'd might hazard all
The laurels this good ſword has reap'd in war.
Raſh and preſumptious boy! By my command
He ſhall retrace his ſteps. This very hour
Sees Orellana his. Ourſelf will ſeek him.
Mean time, Orazia, be it thine to ſee
That traitor die a victim to his crimes. [*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Yield, Orellana, or thy mother's love
Turns to vindictive rage.

ALZUMA.

Diſhonour blaſt
The horrid counſel. Rather brave with ſcorn
Their fierceſt hate. Not all the worſt of ills
The purple tyrant has in ſtore for virtue,
Can plead for pardon with your gods abjur'd.
Oh! ſhun the guilt of treaſon to your ſoul!
On the mind fix'd, and obſtinately juſt,
Ev'n ruin falls in vain.

ORAZIA.

It falls this moment
On thy devoted head.

ORELLANA.

Orazia, hear me;
Reſtrain this rage; all nature ſtarts with horror;
Humanity is ſhock'd; if he muſt die,
Of all who live, thou ſhould'ſt be innocent.

ORAZIA.

Cling not about me thus.

ORELLANA.

Forbear, forbear
The horrid ſtroke! Not all the dews of Heav'n
Will waſh the barb'rous murder from your hands.
Remorſe and anguiſh follow; peace of mind
Will ever ſhun thee; fiends will haunt thy brain,
And all the madneſs of deſpairing guilt.

ORAZIA.

Thou plead'ſt in vain: my ſoul expanding feels
The glowing rapture, the exalted purpoſe
That ſwells above the infirmities of nature,
And burns with all it's god.

ORELLANA.

Ye hoſt of Heav'n!
Seize Orellana; drag her to your altar;
In horrid union bind me to Don Carlos,
Rather than break, by one atrocious act,
All the eternal ties that link the world.

ALZUMA.

Thou break them not! Our country and our gods,
Thoſe are our firſt connexions! For my life
It is not worth my care: who dies for freedom,
Has liv'd his courſe of nature and of glory,

And

And who ſurvives it but a ſingle hour,
Has liv'd that hour too much.

ORELLANA.

My ſoul reſumes
Her ſtrength; I will not yield.

ORAZIA.

The traitor dies;
He dies this moment.

ALZUMA.

Undiſmay'd I come.

ORELLANA.

No, never, never; here theſe hands ſhall hold him;
[*A ſoldier lays hold of her.*
He ſhall not die. Tear, tear me piecemeal firſt;
I'll periſh with him rather; let the blow,
That ends his life, unite us both in death.
[*She is torn from him, a ſoldier ſtands at the altar with a lifted ſabre.*

ALZUMA.

Now Atabalipa, where'er thy ſpirit
Roams in uncertain being, with thy firmneſs
Inſpire my ſoul; teach me like thee to die.

ORAZIA.

Ah!---wherefore ſhould the ſlave invoke that name?
[*She goes near the ſoldier.*

ALZUMA.

Lo thus I bare my boſom!
[*Goes up to the altar.*

ORAZIA.

Ha!

ORELLANA.

Yet hold! [*Held by a ſoldier.*
Thou wretched mother! It is---forbear;
It is the pureſt blood of all Peru!
A vengeful god, a god of wrath beholds
The barb'rous deed; I hear his thunder roll;
It burſts the roof; the pillar'd temple falls;
It falls to cruſh ye all.

ALZUMA.

Here ſtrike at once,
And with my life-blood glut her frantic rage.

ORAZIA.

Forbear *(holding the ſoldier)* I charge thee; ſtop the bloody ſtroke;
Oh! wonder-working pow'rs! [*faints away.*

ORELLANA.

The well-known token
Grav'd on his breaſt has mark'd him for her ſon.
(Aſide)

Enter PIZARRO.

PIZARRO.

No, nought ſhall ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul.
Orazia! why thus ſinks her drooping ſpirit?

ALZUMA.

Does juſtice triumph o'er the gods of Spain?

ORELLANA.

Recall her Heav'n, and o'er her waking ſenſe
Pour down your gentleſt influence. (*Aſſiſts* Orazia.

PIZARRO.

Rebel ſlave!
Th' extirminating wrath of Heav'n purſues thee;
Still ſhalt thou meet thy fate.

ORAZIO.

Oh! lend your aid,
And lead me, guide my ſteps. My Lord Pizarro,
Remit the cruel rigour of the law,
And ſpare a wretch's life.

PIZARRO.

She too rebels;
She pleads for hereſy.

ORAZIA.

Oh, no! I plead
For mercy, and for juſtice.

PIZARRO.

Would'ſt thou ſave
That wilful obſtinate? Reflect Orazia;
Is this your faith? Is this your promis'd zeal?

ORAZIA.

Zeal in exceſs is vice, 'tis impious;
Horrid repugnance to the will of Heav'n;
Subverſive of each virtue; foe to all
The tender laws of charity and love;
Thoſe laws that raiſe, and dignify our being,
Nature's great edict in the human heart.

PIZARRO.

Thy words are treaſon.

ORAZIA.

No! 'tis juſtice ſpeaks:
Thanks to th' eternal pow'rs, at length I ſee
That each religion, truth itſelf may have
Its wild enthuſiaſts, and its frantic zealots.

PIZARRO.

By Heav'n ſome hidden meaning lurks beneath
This ſudden revolution of thy heart.

ORAZIA.

Oh! ſpare his innocence; have mercy!

PIZARRO.

Yes,
The ſlave ſhall live, till from that ſtubborn ſpirit
Torture hath wrung each deep, each hidden purpoſe.
See him ſecur'd in the deep dungeon's gloom.

ALZUMA.

Yes, lead me hence, where I no more may ſee
This hated race. But oh! when I am gone,
Spare Orellana; ſpare that tender form;
From death I ſhrink not: Nature at my birth
Condemn'd me to it: ſoon the hour ſhall come
When truth, when conſcience ſhall condemn thy deeds.
Exit.

PIZARRO.

The rebel's doom is fix'd: I burn to ſee
Each ſhackled ſlave thro' our extended realm
Or live a Chriſtian, or embrace his fate. *Exit.*

ORA-

ORAZIA *and* ORELLANA.

ORAZIA.

Oh! Orellana; 'tis, it is your brother!
The wound indented on his youthful breaſt---
Plainly I ſaw it; 'tis my child, my ſon.

ORELLANA.

It is Alzuma---oh! I know it all;
This day reveal'd it to me.

ORAZIA.

Was it juſt
To leave him thus expos'd?

ORELLANA.

He will'd it ſo.

ORAZIA.

Wretch that I am! I tremble at it ſtill.
Oh! whither was I plunging! What a depth
Of woe and guilt, unutterable guilt,
What endleſs miſery have I eſcap'd!
Murder my ſon! Barbarity unheard of!
It ſhocks my ſoul! And did he, could he think,
Could my child think me dead to human nature?
The thought diſtracts, it rives a mother's heart.
To thee I've been ungentle; thou haſt cauſe
To doubt my love; but come to my embrace.

ORELLANA.

Oh! bleſs'd event! And do I live to taſte
This unexpected joy, this dear delight?

ORA-

ORAZIA.

The brink of horror, on which late I ſtood,
Recalls from error ev'ry wand'ring ſenſe.
Alzuma ſhall not die: the Chriſtian's God
Beams the ſweet ſmiles of univerſal love
On all his fair creation. Haughty Spain
Perverts his holy laws; but ſtill the pow'r,
That warn'd my erring virtue, may inform him,
Truth only triumphs when it conquers hearts,
And never gains by carnage and deſtruction.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT the FOURTH.

Scene the Palace.

Enter ORAZIA.

ORAZIA.

OH! Unexpected day of grief and joy!
My child, my child! I have not yet forgot
To ſhed the tear of natural affection;
To know for whom I bore the child-bed pang;
I am not grown the horror of the world.

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

Alas! all's loſt; Don Carlos rages; ſtern Pizarro
Thirſts for Alzuma's blood.

ORAZIA.

A mother's love
Shall ſtill protect her offspring; Oh! my daughter,
Affection, long an alien to this heart,
Guſhes in tumult thro' each panting vein.
Deſpair and anguiſh too o'erwhelm my ſpirits.
Yet oh! returning nature! yet thy griefs,
Thy very tears are tinctur'd ſtill with joy!
'Tis miſery delightful.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yet ev'n now
The fell Gonzalez leads Alzuma forth.
Ah! whither do they lead him?

ORAZIA.

'Tis to me
They lead your brother forth: One interview,
Unconſcious of his name, Pizarro grants.
Heav'ns! what an interview! A ſon enſlav'd,
And a fond mother, who uſurps his rights!
I cannot ſee my child! And yet I muſt,
I will behold him! hear his ſad, ſad ſtory;
Gaze on each feature, claſp him to my heart;
And periſh with him, if he's doom'd to bleed.
Thou fly to Carlos, ſoothe his troubled mind;
Exert your influence, or your brother's loſt.
Each moment's big with death.

ORELLANA.

Protect him, Gods!
Now virtue ſtruggling in the laſt extreme
Calls for your guardian care. [*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Ye blendid colours, both of guilt and virtue,
Ye ſtrong emotions mix'd of grief and joy,
Oh! how your conflict racks my tortur'd ſoul!

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

The pris'ner from his dungeon waits your will.

ORA-

ORAZIA.

Give him admittance. [*Exit Gonzalez*] Now, all-
gracious Heav'n!
Support a mother; aid me, touch my lips
With thy reſiſtleſs energy of ſpeech,
That I may calm the mighty ſtorm of paſſions,
And reconcile a ſon to life and truth.

Enter ALZUMA.

ORAZIA.

His awful ſtern regard------

ALZUMA.

My firmneſs fails,
And guilty as ſhe is, yet filial love,
Yet nature tells me, ſhe's my mother ſtill.

ORAZIA.

Approach my ſon: embrace your-----

ALZUMA.

Conſcious ſhame,
The ſenſe of vile miſdeeds, yes, goading conſcience
Choaks up thy voice, and tells thee that thou art---

ORAZIA.

A tyrant! an uſurper! That's the name
Of horror thou would'ſt utter: Yet Orazia
Is not ſo far abandon'd o'er to guilt,
But my heart bounds with tranſport, even thus
At length to ſee my ſon. You weep Alzuma!

ALZUMA.

Thou ſource of light! Bright majeſty of Heav'n!
Thee

Thee I atteſt, from thee implore forgiveneſs,
That thus I own a traitreſs; that theſe tears
Confeſs the ſacred character of ſon
You ſtamp'd upon my nature.

ORAZIA.

Oh! Alzuma,
Did I command thy murder? Earth and Heav'n!
A mother ready to imbrue her hands
In her child's---Horror! Why did'ſt thou conceal
The ſecret from me? Why not ruſh for ſhelter
To theſe maternal arms? But oh! I knew thee;
Parental inſtinct gave the ſure alarm,
And now to hear thee, view thee thus, it wakes
Unutterable throbbings in my breaſt.

ALZUMA.

Well may'ſt thou view me; well may'ſt thou ſurvey
Thy ſon return'd! He brings no foul diſhonour.
But thou, can'ſt thou---Indelible reproach!
Oh! ſtain to virtue! Rage and indignation
Burn in my ſoul, and kindle madneſs there.

ORAZIA.

Let not impetuous rage diſturb thy reaſon.
Heav'n on the Spaniard's arms hath ſmil'd ſucceſs;
Thence on Peru ſhone forth the ray of truth,
Sublimer faith, and pure exalted morals.

ALZUMA.

Morals! Each word plants daggers in my heart.
Oh! give me daggers rather; arm my hand
With their own deathful ſteel, that I may hold it
Crimſon and glowing with the tyrant's blood,
Aloft to view, and call my country free.

ORA-

ORAZIA.

Controul this phrenzy; it were impious murder.

ALZUMA.

Murder! A ſacrifice! a glorious ſacrifice
To injur'd men, and violated laws.
What! he whoſe hand reeks with my father's blood?
And yet ſhe pleads a fell deſtroyer's cauſe!
Hold heart-ſtrings, crack not yet: A curs'd invader,
Who thins the race of man! Ev'n now the cries
Of infants murder'd at the foſt'ring breaſt,
The ſhrieks of virgins, dying heroes groans,
Sound in my ear; imperial palaces,
The temples of our gods, all wrapt in fire!
Oh! image not, my ſoul, the horrid ſcene.

ORAZIA.

I cannot bear his ſtrong, his keen reproach.

ALZUMA.

Yet wedded to him! Well thoſe tears may guſh,
Well may thoſe bluſhes glow upon thy cheek.
Deteſted perfidy! My father's heart,
That heart, which ever beat with love of thee,
Duſt as it is, awakens in his tomb,
Alive and ſenſible to guilt like thine;
It ſtirs, it rouzes in the ſhroud of death,
With horror at thy name, and feels it's pangs,
It's tortures o'er again.

ORAZIA.

Obdurate ſon!
Thus to transfix and rend a mother's heart.

ALZUMA.

Am I upon a bed of roſes? Lo! in chains
My bleeding country! Mark in ev'ry region
The deſolation that lays waſte the land!

ORAZIA.

Why wilt thou urge me to deſpair and horror?
Oh! kill me rather; let the deadly point
Pierce to my heart; I'll arm thee for the blow:
Avenge my crime; avenge your country's fall.

ALZUMA.

What ſays Orazia?

ORAZIA.

Stifle in my blood
The pious love I bear the Chriſtian's God.

ALZUMA.

Would'ſt thou debaſe me to the Spaniard's guilt?
If thou indeed believ'ſt the Chriſtian's God,
It is not mine to ſtab for human error.
Farewell! farewell! Live happy if thou can'ſt;
Oh! Heav'ns, if happineſs can dwell with guilt.
[*Going.*

ORAZIA.

Yet ſtay, my ſon; one moment---

ALZUMA.

Pow'rful nature!
Thy tender ſtrugglings! Oh! while thus thy hand
I bathe with tears, and print my kiſſes on it,
Let me implore thee, own your gods again.

My

My father's ſpirit calls; the ghaſtly ſhades
Of martyr'd millions, martyr'd for their faith,
All lift their hands and call aloud for vengeance.

ORAZIA.

Ariſe, my ſon, ariſe.

ALZUMA.

Let me not ſue
And claſp your knee in vain.

ORAZIA.

Oh! ſtrong contention
'Twixt grace and nature, 'twixt my God and thee!

ALZUMA.

Reſume your dignity, your native honour.

ORAZIA.

But Heav'n prevails!

ALZUMA.

Think of your bleeding country!

ORAZIA.

I cannot, muſt not hear thee. Oh! Alzuma,
Thy mind is loſt in darkneſs.

ALZUMA.

How!

ORAZIA.

Thy gods
Are ſuperſtition's dreams.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Away; no more; [*Riſing haſtily.*
I would not hear the voice of profanation.
Go tell your tyrant, all his threats are vain.
Tho' ſprung from thee I ſtill can die with glory.
Farewell! we part for ever.

ORAZIA.

Hear me, hear---

ALZUMA.

Oh! Heav'ns, Orazia---'tis the laſt, laſt time
That e'er---May the juſt gods forgive thee all.
[*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Go, cruel, fierce, inexorable ſon!
Go, ruſh on death; 'twill break thy mother's heart.

ORAZIA, *and* DON CARLOS.

ORAZIA.

Well, Sir, Pizarro now has heard your counſel.

CARLOS.

That treach'rous ſlave, and Orellana too,
They both have heard your counſel. All
Thy arts are known; thy fair hypocriſy
To varniſh treaſon.

ORAZIA.

Oh! thou wrong'ſt me much.
Another cauſe, a cauſe of tend'reſt import,
It is the cauſe of ev'ry Chriſtian virtue;
Love,

Love, juſtice, and humanity are in it,
All that the earth holds dear, and heav'n approves.

CARLOS.

Treaſon, rebellion, perfidy are in it!
For Orellana's huſband all your cares
Are tremblingly alive. This very day
But for thy artifice, the ſlave had died.

ORAZIA.

Miſguided youth! Alas! you little know
Th' eternal bar divine and human laws
Have fix'd between them. Orellana's huſband!
Oh! no, believe it not.

CARLOS.

And wherefore then
Alarm'd and wild with fear? Why ev'ry art
Of tears, of ſhrieks, and female lamentation,
To ſnatch the rebel from the ſtroke of juſtice?

ORAZIA.

Alas! theſe tears flow from the tend'reſt ſource,
That wakes ſoft pity in the human heart.
Carlos, I cannot ſpeak----

CARLOS.

Ha! now by Heav'n
I ſee it all; guilt can no more diſſemble:
That look betrays the ſecrets of thy heart;
The fraud ſtands manifeſt to view.

ORAZIA.

Yet hear me;
Oh! Carlos, hear me, nor afflict thyſelf

With

With falſe, with vain ſurmiſe. Orazia's cares
Are buſy for the wretched.

CARLOS.

Has ſhe then,
Perfidious fair! has Orellana married
That baſe-born peaſant? Does the rebel hope
With her, in evil hour, to claim the crown?
That is your aim; for that I am deceiv'd;
That care you colour with the ſpecious name
Of gen'rous ſympathy for human kind.

ORAZIA.

I feel it here; theſe are unbidden drops.
'Tis you, raſh youth, you, Carlos, that can give
Fair virtue's ſemblance to each wild emotion,
That prompts the ſudden deed. Ere now 'twas love,
That tyrant of thy ſoul, capricious love,
Nay, gen'rous if your will; 'twas that which ſav'd
The lives of men, if Orellana ſmil'd;
And now ſhe looks averſe, the baleful charm
Still ſhoots delicious poiſon through thy ſoul,
And perſecuted virtue pays the forfeit
Of maiden bluſhes, and of coy diſdain.

CARLOS.

Think'ſt thou Don Carlos means to live the ſlave
Of idle charms, and tyrant beauty's frown?
No, let her charms neglected fade and periſh.
May ſorrow wither ev'ry nameleſs grace,
That revell'd once in thoſe deluding eyes;
Then let her lover gaze on faded beauty,
Let him enjoy---Oh! no; the ſlave ſhall die;
Then ſhall his pale inanimated corſe
Glare in her view, an offering from Don Carlos,
The token of his love.

ORA-

ORAZIA.

Away, no more;
Inhuman that thou art!

CARLOS.

Then let her ſhriek,
And rend her hair, and to his clay cold breaſt
Rivet her panting boſom---No! the traitreſs
Shall to the altar; thou ſhalt lead her thither;
And there her blood ſhall expiate her guilt.

ORAZIA.

Thou tiger, nurs'd with gore! away, nor dare,
With ſavage threats to wound a mother's ear.

CARLOS.

The ſtorm is gather'd, and the thunder ſoon
Shall burſt in ruin on their guilty heads. [*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Inhuman, barb'rous man!---And muſt I lead
'Mid'ſt ſongs of triumph, and thro' feſtive bands,
My daughter crown'd with garlands to the altar?
Shall there the prieſt, fell miniſter of wrath,
Force her to nuptials, which her ſoul abhors?
Which never---No---ſhe'll periſh rather; firſt
Give to the cruel ax that tender form!
And muſt her mother, muſt I then return
Alone, heart broken, deſolate, without
My child? thro' arches rais'd with pomp for her?
Thro' ways ſtill redolent of ev'ry flow'r,
Which, as ſhe went, they ſtrew'd beneath her feet?
I will not lead her; no, ſhe ſhall not go.
Alzuma then---Oh! miſery ſupreme!
Shall he too bleed? Thou murd'rer! hold thy hand!

It is Orazia's blood thou ſhed'ſt! The God,
Who died for all, will not demand his life.
He ſpeaks, he menaces, but ſee, ſee there!
He dies, he dies!

Enter ORELLANA.

ORAZIA.

Who's there? What would'ſt thou? ha!

ORELLANA.

Haſte thee, Orazia, haſte, and inſtant think,
Think of ſome means to ward th' impending ſtroke
Enrag'd Pizarro comes: Avow your ſon,
Peru's undoubted heir.

ORAZIA.

It muſt not be:
That fatal truth would overwhelm us all.
Diſtraction! nought remains, no pow'r can ſave him.

Enter PIZARRO, DON CARLOS, *and Guards.*

PIZARRO.

Yes, bring the traitor forth. The ſanctity
Of laws, the policy of our new ſtate,
As yet unfix'd, forbid all dull delay.

Enter ALZUMA, GONZALEZ, *and Guards.*

ORAZIA.

Angels of light protect him, ſave my ſon. [*Aſide.*

PIZARRO.

That once again I deign to parley with thee,

'Tis

'Tis gentle pity prompts. Take heed, raſh youth,
Or certain death.---

ALZUMA.

Death is the only boon
That Spain can give, or I will deign to aſk.
Come bloody bigot! reverend aſſaſſin!
Come on at once, here wreak thy pious rage,
And in the name of heav'n commit a murder!

PIZARRO.

Doſt thou reproach us? thou, who oft haſt ſeen
Blind ſuperſtition offer human victims,
To your own ſenſeleſs, to your monſtrous idols?

ALZUMA.

Poliſh'd Barbarian! what doſt thou do leſs?

PIZARRO.

Beware, nor tempt my vengeance!

ALZUMA.

Thou art he
Who com'ſt to teach thy doctrine ſword in hand;
To tyrannize our ſouls; from free-born men
Withhold the ſacred privilege of thinking!
Thou haſt unchain'd, to ſpread deſtruction round,
Two fiends accurſt: Lo! where inſatiate avarice
Enſlaves mankind! Lo! Spaniſh hierarchy
Erects her ſcarlet head; with pious rage
Bears in her breaſt a poinard, and with blood
Incarnadines the altar of your god.

PIZARRO.

Slave mark my words: No more I'll waſte the hours
In vain debate; reſign thyſelf to Spain;

Abjure thy errors, and embrace the truth;
Or elſe this moment ſweeps thee from my ſight,
To die, in view of thy deluded friends,
A terrible example of our vengeance.

ORAZIA.

No, by the pow'rs above he ſhall not die.
The voice of heav'n reſtrains the murd'rer's hand;
A voice that's heard thro' all the peopled earth,
Reſounding to the limits of the world.

PIZARRO.

Beware, beware, Orazia!

CARLOS.

Still ſhe favours
That inſolent, who ſpurns the light of heav'n.

ORAZIA.

Oh! 'tis the light of heav'n informs my ſoul.
Theſe ſtrong emotions by the Pow'r Supreme
Are waken'd here. The ſpirit that impels
To blood and murder, cannot be from heav'n.
Nature, thou lead'ſt me on! My child, my child;
I will protect thee. Now, inhuman men,
Now come, and tear him from a mother's arms.

ORELLANA.

Yes, both, my brother, both will periſh with thee.

PIZARRO.

By heav'n this treaſon---

CARLOS.

Orellana's brother!
And not her huſband! Then my heart's at peace.
[*Aſide.*

PI-

PIZARRO.

What means this myſtery? Say, art thou Alzuma?

ALZUMA.

Behold me, Spaniard. Let thine eye ſurvey me,
Shrinks not thy heart within thee? Read'ſt thou not
A royalty of nature here?

PIZARRO.

Forthwith
Say, wilt thou take thy life on our conditions?

ALZUMA.

There are conditions that may win my ſoul
Not wholly to abhor thee.

PIZARRO.

Name thy terms!

ALZUMA.

Lay down at once the perſecuting ſword;
Relieve from ſlavery a groaning world;
Aſk what we ſuffer, not what we believe;
Diſplay your morals, not your bigot faith.
If avarice is your god, take gold enough,
Freight well your ſhips, and may propitious gales
In ſafety waft you to your native ſhores.
That done, in time we may perhaps forget,
We may at leaſt forgive you.

PIZARRO.

Stubborn ſlave!
And to a conqueror dar'ſt thou thus to utter
This rebel ſtrain!

AL-

ALZUMA.

Back to your native ſhores!
What do you here, amidſt a virtuous race?

PIZARRO.

The laws of conqueſt, and the laws of Spain---

ALZUMA.

And dar'ſt thou, homicide, alledge the laws?
The laws of Spain? Know there's a prior law,
To which weak mortals are not trained, but born;
Not form'd by ſcience, but endow'd by inſtinct;
Great nature's law! that beſt, that ſureſt guide,
That emanation from the pow'rs above;
O'er all diffus'd, immutable, eternal!
This who ſhall ſilence? who ſhall dare repeal?
Who ſtrives to do it, abdicates his nature;
Renounces all the honours of his being,
And by the act, tho' juſtice ne'er o'ertake him,
Pays full atonement; he's a wretch indeed.

PIZARRO.

I'll hear no more: Since thus thy heart is ſteel'd,
Thus obſtinately fix'd in wilfull guilt,
The juſtice that pronounc'd thy father's doom
Awaits thy crimes. No dark aſſaſſin's ſtab
Ended his days; to our tribunal call'd,
In full aſſembly of the conquering chiefs,
He was arraign'd, was heard, and died for treaſon
To Spain's imperial crown.

CARLOS.

And ſhall that mockery,
That ſtain to juſtice, that black ſcene of horror,
Be acted o'er again?

PI-

PIZARRO.

And doſt thou too,
Doſt thou rebel, confed'rate in their guilt!
Our will is fix'd. Ere yonder ſun decline---
Hear me thou ſlave! or yield to truth and Spain,
Or elſe yon ſun, that idol of your worſhip,
Shall ſee thee on the rack in pangs expire. [*Exit.*

CARLOS.

Thou brave heroic youth, thy every virtue
Demands my wonder. By yon heav'n I ſwear
Thou ſhalt not ſuffer: My ſoul eager pants
To know, to love, to burn in friendſhip with thee.
[*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Alzuma, Oh! my ſon, in this diſtreſs
How ſhall the wretched mother ſave her child?

ALZUMA.

Waſte not a thought on me. Thy own miſdeeds,
Repent of them: And ſince the gods withhold
A brave revenge, 'tis left us ſtill to die,
And greatly periſh in our country's ruin.

GONZALEZ.

He muſt not linger here; my duty bids me
Convey him hence.

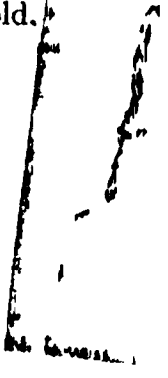
ORAZIA.

Thou buſy meddler! here
Orazia now commands: I lead him forth;
And who ſhall dare oppoſe a mother's voice?
[*Exit with Alzuma.*

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yet grant us vengeance, heav'n! Oh! give us ſtill
To conquer ev'n in death; then mix triumphant,
With penſive ghoſts, and roam the ſhadowy plain,
Where all is peace, all bliſs in endleſs train;
Where with the hunter's cry the valleys ring,
And fragrant zephirs breathe eternal ſpring;
Where ſpicy groves immortal ſweets unfold,
And no pernicious Spaniard thirſts for gold.



End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT the FIFTH.

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ORAZIA *and* ORELLANA.

ORAZIA.

GO, cruel, go, and leave me to my woes.

ORELLANA.

I feel them all; but what, beſet with ills,
Can Orellana do?

ORAZIA.

What can ſhe do?
Prevent the ſtroke; aſſuage *Pizarro's fury;*
That canſt thou do; yet obſtinately fix'd----

ORELLANA.

But fix'd in honour: Oh! thou little know'ſt
Alzuma's ſoul: he will not take a life
Purchas'd by vile diſgrace; will ne'er ſurvive
To ſee Don Carlos ſeize my plighted hand,
That he may linger out his days in bondage.

ORAZIA.

And if his ardour, if his ev'ry virtue
Swell o'er their bounds, and bear his reaſon down,

Wilt thou unpitying---The bare image ſtrikes---
Weep'ſt thou my daughter? Let the gen'rous ſorrow
Melt thy hard heart, and bid Alzuma live.

ORELLANA.

Would Heav'n I could; but if my brother fall,
With him 'tis fix'd to die; thrice happy both
If ev'n in ruin our unſhaken zeal
Our country honours, and our gods approve.

ORAZIA.

Then go, ruſh on, unnatural as thou art!
Go ſince thou wilt, and ſee a brother bleed.
I'll to the altar too; the blow that ſheds
Alzuma's blood, ſhall end this wretched being.

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Let joy ſucceed and triumph in your hearts,
I bring ye gladſome tidings.

ORAZIA.

Speak thy purpoſe.

CARLOS.

I've ſeen your ſon: at length each raging paſſion
To peace ſubſides, and takes a milder tone.
His errors vaniſh, and with ſenſe reclaim'd
He dedicates his ſoul to truth and Spain.

ORELLANA.

What do I hear? The tale of infamy!

ORAZIA.

Then is Orazia bleſt; my ſon ſhall live.

But

But tell me, does Alzuma---tell me all;
Means he this day---

CARLOS.

This very hour he means
To offer up his vows at yonder altar,
He and his choſen friends: he only aſks,
That while Pizarro views the ſolemn act,
The gazing multitude may ſtand aloof,
Nor interrupt him in his holy work.

ORAZIA.

All bounteous Providence! Now, now indeed
You give me back my ſon. Upon the wing
Of love and rapture let me ſeek Pizarro;
Tell him this unexpected bleſs'd event,
That ſaves at once a mother and her child. [*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

Thou hear'ſt it, radiant Deity! thou hear'ſt
This worſt of crimes, nor yet thy orb makes halt;
Nor turns his courſe back on the aſtoniſh'd eaſt,
Nor impious mortals dread eternal night!

CARLOS.

Suppreſs this ſtorm of paſſion: ſmiling peace
Comes with her gentle train, and love prepares
His torch to brighten all our future hours.

ORELLANA.

All truth is fled; Alzuma is a ſlave!

CARLOS.

Henceforth eſteem and dignities await him,
New joys, and all that laviſh hearts can pour.

ORELLANA.

Let him accept them; let him meanly ſtoop
To take a conqueror's gifts. Theſe are your arts,
The arts of tyranny, by which you draw
With baleful luxury, with bland allurements,
Each captive mind, till weak deluded men,
Grown the voluptuous ſlaves of ev'ry vice,
Become the ſlaves of ev'ry maſter too.

CARLOS.

A moment brings him to you; then you'll ſee
He comes with mind enlighten'd. Truth divine
Will from his lip more welcome touch thy ear,
And huſh to peace this tumult of thy ſoul.

ORELLANA.

The tumult of my ſoul will ever rage.
Well, injur'd deities, you fly a land,
Where not one virtue's left. You have full cauſe;
Ev'n your own progeny betrays your rights,
To hoſtile gods betrays. Yet let thoſe gods
Boaſt of their proſelyte; to them he'll prove
A young, a ſubtle hypocrite; each vow
The traitor offers at their Chriſtian ſhrine,
To his own heart, to univerſal nature
Will give the lye, and ſtamp the guilt upon him,
By men and gods abhorr'd, the tenfold guilt
Of daring to equivocate with Heav'n!
I will not live to ſee it. Ha! he comes.

Enter ALZUMA.

ALZUMA.

My ſiſter! why is this? Thou ſhun'ſt me then?
Thou ſhun'ſt thy brother?

ORELLANA.

Thou haſt ruin'd all.

ALZUMA.

Diſtract me not with thy unkind diſdain.
All that is great in nature leads me on,
And my heart labours with the vaſt conception.

ORELLANA.

Vain effort to diſſemble! Even now
The ſtrong expreſſive characters of guilt
Glare in thy eye, and ſhoot their livid fires.

ALZUMA.

Talk not of guilt: thou little know'ſt---

ORELLANA.

Not talk,
When faith and truth, the ſenſe of ancient honour
Are trampled down? when in baſe abject fear
A brother derogates from all his race,
Abjures at once his country and his gods,
And with the foe capitulates for life?

ALZUMA.

Thy virtue charms me; but thou ill doſt chuſe
This awful period: 'tis a moment big
With deſperation, with diſaſt'rous change,
And horrible intents. I ſee thee now
Perhaps for the laſt time.

ORELLANA.

What ſay'ſt thou? Ha!
That look terrific!---But too plain I read.
And yet they told me---

AL-

ALZUMA.

Who?

ORELLANA.

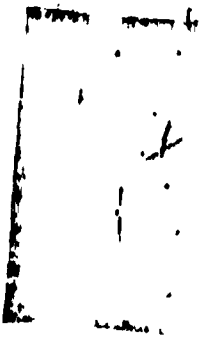
Don Carlos.

ALZUMA.

What?

ORELLANA.

Of gods abjur'd.



ALZUMA.

And did'ſt thou hate thy brother?

ORELLANA.

And can'ſt thou blame me?

ALZUMA.

I do thank thee for it.

ORELLANA.

Still thou art true?

ALZUMA.

As heav'n's foundation fix'd!
Fix'd as the marble pillars of the world.

ORELLANA.

Have I then wrong'd thee? Oh! Alzuma.

ALZUMA.

Come,

Thou

Thou beſt of ſiſters! daughter of the ſun!
Worthy thy character! come to my heart.
And yet is this a time, this hour of horror,
To pour the ſofteſt tranſports of the ſoul,
And mingle tears with madneſs and deſpair?

ORELLANA.

Thy words, thy looks, appall my frighted ſenſe.
Alas! my brother, ere we part---

ALZUMA.

No more;
I charge thee urge no more. Whate'er my lot,
Thou'lt wonder and applaud.

ORELLANA.

Yet boding fears!
Let me attend thy ſteps.

ALZUMA.

It muſt not be.
Wait here thy mother's coming. With apt ſpeech
Beguile her ſtay: I would not have her near me.
Time flies; the hour draws nigh; immortal pow'rs!
The genius of Peru! The fates are buſy!
All nature pauſes for the great event.

ORELLANA.

Thy words portentous---Ha! Pizarro comes!

Enter PIZARRO,

PIZARRO.

At length, Alzuma, with ſereneſt influence
Grace lights upon thee. Come, the altar blazes;
Thy

Thy friends are rang'd around; the brazen gates
Exclude the buſy throng; all things are ready.

ALZUMA.

All ready ſaid'ſt thou?

PIZARRO.

All; we wait but you.

ALZUMA.

Horror! You wait but me! Go on; I follow.

PIZARRO.

Approving Heav'n ſmiles on the juſt deſign.
This holy work perform'd, all will be well.
[*Exit* Pizarro.

ALZUMA.

Be firm, my heart, and you, my trembling ſinews,
Hold, hold awhile. What hollow voice is that?

ORELLANA.

'Tis ſilence deep, and ſolemn ſtillneſs round.

AIZUMA.

"Now is the time," it cries---I come, I come.
The ſacred impulſe---Hark!---it calls again.
Ye crimſon ſpectres! and ye gleaming fires!
Ye ſpirits of revenge, who point my way!
Lead on, your mortal inſtrument I come! [*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

Oh! how my heart---Who's there?

Enter

Enter ORAZIA.

ORAZIA.

And will you ſtill
With ſcorn reject a lover's tend'reſt vows?
Let me prevail.

ORELLANA.

'Tis not an hour for love!

ORAZIA.

Not when your brother---

ORELLANA.

He approves it not.

ORAZIA.

Has he not call'd Pizarro to the altar?

ORELLANA.

He wiſh'd to meet him there.

ORAZIA.

He wiſhes too
To ſee his ſiſter recompence at length
Her lover's faithful fires. Where is Alzuma?
Haſt thou not ſeen him?

ORELLANA.

He went hence but now.

ORAZIA.

Then he has ſought the altar: let us thither.

ORELLANA.

I'll come anon; not now; it were not fit
You ſhould be there. Far other work impends,
The work of fate! 'Twere beſt remain; you muſt
not go.

ORAZIA.

What mean thoſe falt'ring accents? ha! what noiſe?

ORELLANA.

Defend me, heav'nly pow'rs, defend me.

ORAZIA.

Hark!

PIZARRO *within the Scene.*

Perfidious traitor! cleave him to the ground.

ORAZIA.

They murder him; they kill my ſon; forbear;
Hold, ruffians, hold. [*Exit.*

ALZUMA *within the Scenes.*

The gods, the injur'd gods
Demand his blood.

ORELLANA.

'Tis my brother's voice!
Yes, ſtrike Alzuma; with redoubled blow
Avenge a father's death. Look down ye pow'rs
And ſhield my brother's life. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

Wild tumult fills
The ſpacious temple. Ha! again I hear it!

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Treaſon and murder! ſound there, ſound th' alarm!
[*The bell tolls.*

GONZALEZ.

Alas! what new event, what have the fates---

CARLOS.

Oh! 'tis a ſpectacle of woe and horror!
My father dies a victim to their fury.
With treacherous arts Alzuma hath deceiv'd us.
The rites were all prepar'd: the lawn-rob'd prieſt
Stood reverend at the altar; tapers blaz'd,
Incenſe aroſe, and organs fill'd the choir;
When forth Alzuma came, with ſolemn pace,
Looking ſubmiſſion; we ſcarce ſaw the blow;
Wing'd with the light'ning's ſpeed, he ſheath'd his dagger
Deep in my father's heart.

GONZALEZ.

What ſays my Lord?
Recall the word.

CARLOS.

Oh blind and fatal raſhneſs,

That drew me unſuſpecting to the altar!
No ſword, no weapon to defend his life!
Yet with what force I could, with deſp'rate rage
I ruſh'd amidſt their throng: Ev'n that was vain.
The traitor's friends that inſtant clos'd around me,
And I no aid could give. Why lingers thus
The tardy ſoldier? Will no friend ſupply
An inſtrument of vengeance?

GONZALEZ.

Soon the guards
Shall ſtop each avenue: Alzuma then
Shall pay the forfeit of his horrid treaſon.

CARLOS.

With lion rage he daſh'd him on the ground;
With his left hand graſp'd the diſhevell'd hair,
And round his arm the plaited locks intwining,
In gore he dragg'd him to the altar's baſe;
And I the while could only rend the air
With piercing cries; they held my feeble arms.

GONZALEZ.

And is he martyr'd thus by ſavage hands,
His conqueſt ſtopt, and all his laurels wither'd?

CARLOS.

Orazia comes; ſhe raves, ſhe ſcreams, ſhe flies
Wilder than winds; upon her mangled Lord
Throws her extended body, claſps him cloſe,
Then looking piteous up with ſtreaming eyes,
"Forbear, my ſon, forbear; thou ſhalt not murder."
But nought can ſave Pizarro from his rage.
"Die, monſter, die," he cried, then tore him from her
Along the crimſon marble; in deſpair
Upward ſhe ſprung, and darting round his neck

With

With circling arms, intreats, implores, beſeeches,
Bathes his broad cheſt with tears, and vainly ſtrives
To ſave a huſband from a murd'rer's rage.

GONZALEZ.

Deteſted, treacherous villain!

CARLOS.

Arm my friends,
Arm all Peru, and give the means of vengeance.

GONZALEZ.

This way, my Lord, revenge will now be ours:
At yonder gate I ſee the faithful bands.

CARLOS.

Do you go forth and let the troops inveſt
The temples round. Let ev'ry path be clos'd,
That none eſcape my fury. [*Exit Gonzalez.*]
Righteous heav'n!
Now in your cauſe ſtern juſtice lifts the ſword,
And the fell murderer from the altar dragg'd
Shall meet his inſtant doom. [*Exit.*
[*Flouriſh of trumpets and bell tolls.*]

Enter ALZUMA *and* OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Brave Ozmar---ho!
To ev'ry injur'd god this reeking blade
Pour'd hot libation of the tyrant's blood.

OZMAR.

Immortal ſpirits crown him, crown the hero;
The godlike blow for liberty is ſtruck.

AL-

ALZUMA.

The murd'rer of mankind has breath'd his laſt.

Enter ORELLANA.

ALZUMA.

My Orellana, ha! what means that look,
Ghaſtly and pale? Wherefore that trembling ſtep?
Thou art not wounded?

ORELLANA.

Oh! too deep, too deep;
Thou too, Alzuma, born to bitter woe!
Deep in thy heart is fix'd the mortal ſtab.
The altar bluſhes with forbidden blood.
Thy wretched mother---

ALZUMA.

Speak; diſtract me not.

ORELLANA.

Ev'n now ſhe dies.

ALZUMA.

By the dread pow'rs of vengeance,
Whoe'er has dar'd---I here atteſt the gods---

ORELLANA.

Atteſt not heav'n againſt yourſelf. Thy arm,
Alas! thy deſp'rate arm---

ALZUMA.

What doſt thou mean?

ORELLANA.

Too plain I ſaw; as round your neck ſhe clung,
And ſued for mercy to Pizarro's life;
You then, unconſcious, bent on other miſchief,
As ſtill ſhe ſtruggled to reſtrain thy arm,
Then guſh'd the ſacred blood that gave you being.

ALZUMA.

Open thou earth, and take me, take me down
To ſcare the fiends below.

The back Scene draws, and diſcovers an Altar, Pizarro *lying dead, and ſeveral Indians ſtanding round.*

ORAZIA *is brought forward.*

ORELLANA.

And lo! ſee there!
See where the miſerable victim comes.

ORAZIA.

Oh! I am faint; I die; ſoft, lay me down.

ORELLANA.

Diſaſtrous fate!

ALZUMA.

Have I deſerv'd this miſery?

ORAZIA.

I die! alas! I die. Where are my children?
My Orellana---nearer---Oh! Alzuma!
Wilt thou not know me? in this laſt diſtreſs
Not lend a pitying hand?

AL-

ALZUMA.

'Tis red with blood,
With horrid parricide! its touch will blaſt
The ſad remains of life.

ORAZIA.

Approach, Alzuma;
Support me, lend your hand; your's, Orellana,
your's;
Life ebbs apace; I leave ye both, I leave
My dear, dear children. Yet to hold ye thus
Makes ev'n languor ſmile, and ſoftens all
The pangs of death.

ALZUMA.

I call each god to witneſs,
Each cruel god, I never meant to harm
That matron-breaſt that gave its nurture to me.

ORELLANA.

Alas! the agonies of death are on her.

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

There fix your ſtation, guards; Orazia too!
Deform'd and gaſh'd with wounds! in death's em-
brace!
Fell ſavage monſter! Torture waits your guilt.

ORAZIA.

Forbear, forbear; the warning hand of heav'n
With theſe events repays our thirſt of blood.
Too much has flow'd already. Let my child
Now live in peace; it is my dying pray'r.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Doſt thou forgive thy horrible aſſaſſin?

ORAZIA.

'Twas not thy guilt; miſchance, 'twas dire miſchance
That wrought the deed. I thought they murder'd thee,
I flew, thy mother flew to ſave her child:
In that ſad moment---Oh!---

ORELLANA.

Yet ſpare her, heav'n!

ALZUMA.

She dies in torment.

ORAZIA.

No, Alzuma, no;
I feel no pain, my child. In me thou ſeeſt
How an expiring Chriſtian ſuffers death.
Thou God of mercy! ha!---hold!---raiſe me up.
Alzuma, where, where art thou?---Yet a word;
If ever I was dear, if ever---Oh! [*Dies.*

ALZUMA.

She's gone; ſhe's gone; and with her dying breath
Pardon'd her murderer! Could ſhe then forgive me?
Is that a Chriſtian virtue?

CARLOS.

'Tis the virtue
Which you have ſpurn'd; but ſince th' expiring ſaint
Granted her pardon, Spain accords it too!

ALZUMA.

Strike me, juſt gods, deep to the center: here
I ſtand a parricide! a mother's blood
Still glows upon this hand! and are ye not
Gods of juſt vengeance? Will your wrath permit
A wretch like me to ſtalk the groaning earth?
Ye mountains hide me! Oh! no place can hide
A deed accurs'd like mine! [*Falls down.*

ORELLANA.

And do I live
To ſee my mother thus?---A ghaſtly form!
A little while and thoſe dead lips had utt'rance!
That heart beat warm with gen'rous affection!
Thus do I ſee thee? Is this mangled corſe
All that is left me of thee?

ALZUMA. (*Riſing on his knees.*)

She gave me being, and this impious hand
Hath giv'n a ſtab to nature; to the womb
That brought me forth, bore the aſſaſſin's knife!
I wait juſt pow'rs for your dread pleaſure; ſtrike,
Here at once; launch your red vengeance down:
Puniſh and pity me!

CARLOS.

His woes are great,
And his heart lab'ring with the ſtrong compunction
Speaks the ſoul big with ev'ry gen'rous inſtinct,
Wild nature's growth. Forgive me, oh! my father,
Who there lieſt ſtretch'd in death, if I reſpect
The virtues of a foe. Alzuma, riſe,
Repentance may efface------

ALZUMA.

Away, nor talk (*ſtarting up*)

Of

Of fruitleſs penitence. No gods can pardon
A crime like this. See there thoſe glaring orbs!
That boſom gor'd by this deſtructive hand!
Orazia!---oh that look, that ſmile in death,
Damns me beyond all depth---And yet I muſt,
I will approach her---*(kneels down by her)* I no more
can murder thee.
Where are your tortures, Spaniard?---Lo! that
ſight!
Tear out, diſſect my heart.

CARLOS.

Alzuma hear me.
In thee I have beheld the fierce extreme
Of ſavage virtue: for a father loſt
You've laid a ſcene of blood; but now behold
A Chriſtian's virtue: By thy fatal arm
My father there lies dead, and I forgive you.

ALZUMA.

Forgive!---Forgive me ſaid'ſt thou!

CARLOS.

Yes; nay more,
I pity your misfortunes. For your country
You've bravely fought, and I applaud your valour.
For the miſtaken zeal which here by ſlaughter
Would plant the worſhip of the God of peace,
I do diſclaim it all. That righteous God,
Who gave the ſun its light, and from his hand
Launch'd forth the ſtars into the void immenſe,
He tells weak erring man, we may perſuade
Our fellow creatures to embrace their good,
But ev'n for truth itſelf muſt not deſtroy.

ORELLANA. *(Riſing up.)*

Oh! wherefore, Carlos, were thoſe godlike virtues

To this ſaid hour concealed! Chriſtians and Indians
Both, both have err'd alike. The cruelty
That mark'd its way with blood, provok'd revenge:
But this your effort of unheard of goodneſs,
Bids us repent ev'n of our country's love,
Ev'n of our gods, and Orellana's heart
Turns Chriſtian at the thought!

ALZUMA.

Oh, loſt Peru!
Fall'n, fall'n indeed! thy foe was hitherto
A robber, and a murderer! now he conquers;
Now his religion triumphs: all thy gods,
Oh, land belov'd! thy gods prepare for flight,
They yield to ſome divinity unknown,
Some great firſt cauſe of all! And ſhall yon ſun
Move at a maker's will his ſtated round,
No longer now ador'd! The hoſt of ſtars,
Shall they be deem'd his work? The rainbow too,
That over arches the wide tracts of air,
Is his the hand that bent it? I am loſt
In doubt and wonder! Spaniard, mark my words;
If ſuch the virtues which your God inſpires,
We'll learn of thee to live; and oh! we'll learn,
Thou murder'd excellence! of thee to die.

CARLOS.

Enlighten'd hence, ye rulers of each ſtate,
Learn to extinguiſh fierce religious hate;
Truth came reveal'd from the eternal mind,
To bid us love, and not deſtroy mankind;
Not blaſt the work, which heav'n with pleaſure owns:
Hear, bigot kings! and tremble on your thrones.

End of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HARTLEY.

OUR Play thus o'er, now ſwells each throbbing breaſt
With expectation of the coming jeſt.
By Faſhion's *law, whene'er the* Tragic Muſe
With ſympathetic tears each eye bedews;
When ſome bright Virtue *at her call appears,*
Wak'd from the dead repoſe of rolling years;
When ſacred Worthies *ſhe bids breathe anew,*
That men may be, what ſhe diſplays to view;
By Faſhion's law, *with light fantaſtic mien*
The Comic Siſter *trips it o'er the ſcene;*
Arm'd at all points with wit and wanton wiles,
Plays off her airs, and calls forth all her ſmiles;
Till each fine feeling of the heart be o'er,
And the gay wonder how they wept before.

Say, do you wiſh, ye bright, ye virtuous train,
That ev'ry tear that fell, ſhould fall in vain?

If this night's ſcenes ſoft pity could impart,
'Tis your's to ſet the faſhion of the heart.
'Tis your's, ye fair, to aid Alzuma's *cauſe,*
His ruin'd empire, and expiring laws.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

For Orellana *may I dare to plead?*
My faults will all your kind indulgence need.
On you my hopes are fix'd: One ſmile from you
To me is worth the treaſures of Peru.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

THE

WORKS

OF

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

APPRENTICE,

A

COMEDY,

In TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

-------- Non illo quiſquam ſolertior alter
Exprimit inceſſus, vultumque modumque loquendi.
Ovid.

--------Tragicâ deſævit & ampullatur in arte.
Hor.

PROLOGUE:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Eſq;

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

PROLOGUES precede the piece in mournful verſe,
As UNDERTAKERS *walk before the herſe;*
Whoſe doleful march may ſtrike the harden'd mind,
And wake it's feelings---for the dead behind.

To-night no ſmuggled ſcenes from France we ſhew,
'Tis ENGLISH, ENGLISH, *Sirs, from top to toe.*
Though coarſe the colours, and the hand unſkill'd,
From real life our little cloth is fill'd.
The hero is a youth, by Fate deſign'd
For CULLING SIMPLES; *but whoſe ſtage-ſtruck mind*
Nor FATE *could rule, nor his indentures bind.*
A place there is, where ſuch young QUIXOTS *meet;*
'Tis called the SPOUTING-CLUB, *a glorious treat!*
Where PRENTICE KINGS *alarm the gaping ſtreet.*
There BRUTUS *ſtarts and ſtares by midnight taper,*
Who all the day enacts---a Wollen-Draper.
There HAMLET'S *Ghoſt ſtalks forth with doubled fiſt,*
Cries out with hollow voice---" LIST, LIST, OH! LIST *!"*
And frightens Denmark's Prince,---a young Tobacconiſt.
The Spirit too, clear'd of his deadly white,
Riſes a HABERDASHER *to the fight.*
Not young Attornies have this rage withſtood,
But change their pens for TRUNCHEONS, *ink for* BLOOD,
And (ſtrange reverſe!) die for their Country's good.

To check theſe heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to REASON *and their* SHOP,
Our author wrote.---O you, Tom, Dick, Jack, Will!
Who hold the ballance, or who gild the pill;
Who wield the yard, and ſimp'ring pay your court,
And at each flouriſh ſnip an inch too ſhort;
Let no falſe fire your heedleſs ſteps betray.
"Who can tread ſure upon this ſlipp'ry way?"
Where, like to others, whom ambition calls,
Th' advent'rous youth, before he riſes, falls!
The tinſel grandeur turns his giddy brain;
He ſtrolls, and ſtarves; he ſtruts and frets in vain.
[Bell rings.
But ſoft;---the Prompter calls---brief let me be;
Would you no groanings hear, no apples ſee?
Nor yet be damn'd? fly hence; "farewell, remember me."

Dramatis Perſonæ.

WINGATE,	MR. YATES.
DICK, *his Son*,	MR. WOODWARD.
GARGLE, *an Apotherary*,	MR. BURTON.
SIMON, *Servant to Gargle*,	MR. H. VAUGHAN.
CATCHPOLE, *a Sheriff's Officer*,	MR. W. VAUGHAN.
SCOTCHMAN,	MR. BLAKES.
IRISHMAN,	MR. JEFFERSON.
CHARLOTTE, *Daughter to Gargle*,	MISS MINORS.
MEMBERS *of the Spouting-Club*, WATCHMEN, &c.	

THE

APPRENTICE.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE the FIRST.

Enter WINGATE *and* SIMON.

WINGATE.

HOLD your tongue, you blockhead, don't argue with me; don't think to impoſe upon me; I am convinced; I know it all; and if you imagine, varlet, that you are to trifle with me---- what right have you to trifle with me?---You are in the plot, you ſcoundrel, and if you don't diſcover all---

SIMON.

Dear heart, Sir, you won't give a body time.

WINGATE.

Tell me all you know this moment, or---zookers! a whole month miſſing, and no account of him far or near!---it is too much for a father: A vile, unnatural prodigal!---Plague and diſtraction! where can the fellow be?---Look you, friend; don't you

SIMON

SIMON.

Lord, Sir, you are ſo main paſſionate, you won't let a body ſpeak.

WINGATE.

Speak out then, and don't ſtand muttering.---- What a lubberly fellow you are! *(Looks at him and laughs)*---ha! ha! ſuch a ſcare-crow figure! Why don't you ſpeak out, you blockhead?

SIMON.

Mercy on us!---your ſon to be ſure is a fine young gentleman, and a ſweet young gentleman; but lack-a-day, Sir, how ſhould I know any thing of him?

WINGATE.

Prevaricating booby! with more evaſions than if you were before a Middleſex juſtice!---Has not he been apprentice to your maſter, my friend Gargle,--- who by the bye is as great a fool as yourſelf---Has not he been apprentice to him theſe three years? Have not you lived there all the time, and could you be ſo long in one houſe with my ſon, and not know all his haunts and all his ways? And then, you vagabond, you raſcal, what are you lurking about my doors for? What brings you hither ſo often?

SIMON.

My maſter Gargle and I, Sir, have been ſo uneaſy about him, that I have been running all over the town ever ſince morning to enquire for him, every where, high and low; and ſo in my way, I thought I might as well call here.

WIN-

WINGATE.

A villain, to give his father all this trouble! and ſo you have not heard any thing of him, friend?

SIMON.

Not a word, Sir, as I hope for mercy.

WINGATE.

You numſkull! you booby! why did not you tell me ſo at firſt?

SIMON.

I told you as ſoon as you would hear me; and as ſure as you are there, for all I know nothing, I believe I can gueſs what is come of him.

WINGATE.

Ay!---gueſs then, ſirrah; tell me as you gueſs.

SIMON.

As ſure as any thing, maſter, the gypſies have gotten hold of him, and we ſhall have him come as thin as a rake, like the young girl in the city, with living upon nothing but cruſts and water for ſix and twenty days.

WINGATE.

The gypſies have got hold of him!---get out of the room, you blockhead, you driveller, you nonſenſical---ha! ha! the gypſies got hold of him!---Here, you, Simon---

SIMON.

Sir; anan---

WIN-

WINGATE.

Where are you going in ſuch a hurry?---Let me ſee; wounds! what muſt be done?---I'll plague myſelf no more; let him go on his own way.---An abſurd, ridiculous, a ſilly, empty-headed coxcomb! with his *Caſſanders*, and his *Cloppatras*, and his trumpery; with his Romances, and his damn'd plays, and his *Odyſſey* Popes, and a parcel of fellows not worth a groat! wearing ſtone-buckles, and cocking his hat: What right has he to wear ſtone-buckles and cock his hat? But I'll not put myſelf in a paſſion---Death and fury! I never wear ſtone-buckles; never cock my hat. I think of nothing but the main chance; and-----Simon, do you ſtep, and tell my friend Gargle that I want to ſpeak to him. And yet, I don't know, why ſhould I ſend for him? A ſly, ſlow, heſitating, pedantic blockhead!---I ſend for ſuch a fellow! a peſtle-and-mortar, ſimple-ſqueezing, dry piece of formality, with his phyſical cant, and his nonſenſe!---Why don't you go, you booby, when I bid you?

SIMON.

Yes, Sir; I am gone, Sir. [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

This ſon of mine will be the death of me. I can't ſleep in my bed for thinking of him. He'll be undone; he'll be ruin'd;---well! it's his own fault; what care I? My advice is all loſt. A ſcatter-brain puppy! to ſtand in his own light---Death and fire! that we can't get children, without having a regard for them! I have been turmoiling for him all my days, and now the villain is run away.---Suppoſe I adverti ſe the dog, and promiſe a reward to any one that can give an account of him. There, more expence!

pence! why ſhould I throw away money upon ſuch a profligate? Why, as I don't ſay what reward, I may give what I pleaſe when they come. But then if the young rake-hell ſhould deceive me, and happen to be dead? why then he tricks me out of three ſhillings for the advertiſement; there's my money thrown into the fire. I'll think no more about him; let him follow his noſe; it's nothing at all to me: what care I?---What do you come back for, friend?

Enter SIMON.

WINGATE.

Why don't you ſpeak?

SIMON.

As I was going out, Sir, the poſt came to the door, and brought this letter.

WINGATE.

Let me ſee it---The gypſies have got hold of him! *(Looks at him and laughs)* ha! ha! what a conjurer you are?---ha! ha!---why don't you go where I ordered you?

SIMON.

Yes, Sir, [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

Well, well; I'm reſolved, and it ſhall be ſo; I'll advertiſe him to-morrow morning, and promiſe, if he comes home, that all ſhall be forgiven: If he bites at the hook then when I have him faſt, I may do as I pleaſe. Ay, it ſhall be ſo; (*laughs*) I may then do as I pleaſe. Ha! ha! right! very good! Let me ſee, how muſt I deſcribe him? He had on, a

ſilver-looped hat; I never liked thoſe damned ſilver-loops;---a ſilver-looped hat, and---and---confuſion! what ſignifies what he had on? I'll read my letter, and think no more about him. Hey! what in the name of wonder have we here? (*reads*) *Briſtol!*---how! what is all this?

Eſteemed Friend,

Laſt was 20th ultimo, ſince none of thine, which will occaſion brevity. The reaſon of my writing to thee at preſent, is to inform thee, that thy ſon came to our place with a company of ſtrolling players, who were taken up by the Magiſtrate, and committed as vagabonds to jail. That's good news; I am glad of it; let the villain lie there; let him beat hemp (*laughs*) What a fine figure he'll cut in the jail!---ha! ha! Alexander the Great at hard labour! I rejoice at this. Ha! ha! Let me ſee, what more does he ſay? (*reads*) *I am ſorry thy lad ſhould follow ſuch profane courſes; but out of the eſteem I bear unto thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and ſent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago. He is conſigned to thy addreſs; being the needfull from thy friend and ſervant,* *Ebeeneezer Broadbrim.*

My eſteemed friend, Ebeeneezer Broadbrim, you are as great a fool as the reſt of them: What did you take the puppy out of jail for? Could not you let him lie there?---Ha! ha! the ſpirit moved him, I ſuppoſe.---Turned ſtage-player! I'll never ſee the villain's face. Who comes there?

Enter SIMON.

SIMON.

Our Cares are over.

WINGATE.

You lie, you blockhead; our cares are but juſt begun.

SIMON.

SIMON.

All's ſafe and well, make us thankful for it. I met Mr. Gargle on the way, and he has got ſuch news for you, and he is coming as faſt as he can, and here he is.

WINGATE.

Let him come in, and do you go and recover your breath, you gapeing, ſtareing, open-mouthed, fly-catching ſon of a-----

SIMON.

We're all alive and merry. [*Exit.*

Enter GARGLE.

WINGATE.

So, friend Gargle, here's a fine piece of work. Dick's turn'd vagabond.

GARGLE.

He muſt be put under a proper regimen directly. He arrived at my houſe within theſe ten minutes, but in ſuch a trim! I brought him with me; he is now below ſtairs. I judged it proper to leave him there, till I had felt your pulſe, and in due courſe prepared you for his reception.

WINGATE.

Death and fire! what could put it into his head to turn buffoon?

GARGLE.

Nothing ſo eaſily accounted for: when he ought

to be reading the Diſpenſatory, there was he conſtantly poreing over plays, and farces, and *Shakeſpeare*.

WINGATE.

Ay, that damn'd *Shakeſpeare!* I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-ſtealer in *Warwickſhire*. If he had ſold the veniſon, there would have been ſome ſenſe in that; he would have made money by it; a better trade than writing plays. Zookers! if they had hanged the fellow out of the way, he would not now be the ruin of honeſt men's children. What right has my ſon to read Shakeſpeare? I never read Shakeſpeare. Wounds! I caught the raſcal, myſelf, reading that Bartholomew-fair play of *Hamlet*, Prince of----I don't know what, not I---*Sweden* I believe---and there was the Prince keeping company with ſtrollers and vagabonds. A fine example, maſter Gargle!

GARGLE.

His diſorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has taken the infection from him. Bleſs my heart! ſhe was as innocent as water-gruel, till he ſpoiled her. I caught her the other night in the very fact.

WINGATE.

Zookers! you don't ſay ſo! caught her in the fact?

GARGLE.

As ſure as you are there, he has debauched the poor girl.

WINGATE.

Debauched your daughter?

GAR-

GARGLE.

Even ſo.

WINGATE.

I don't much wonder at that, friend Gargle. (*Looks at him and laughs*) The boy has good blood in his veins.

GARGLE.

Poor Charlotte! I caught her in the very fact, reading a play-book in bed.

WINGATE.

Is that the fact?

GARGLE.

Yes, and bad enough of all conſcience.

WINGATE.

Why, you metaphorical blockhead, why could not you ſay ſo at firſt?

GARGLE.

That was my meaning; but I have done for my young madam; I have locked up all her books, and confined her to her room.

WINGATE.

You have ſerved her right. Look you here, friend Gargle; I'll never ſee the villain's face; let him follow his own courſes; let him bite the bridle.

GARGLE.

Lenitives, Mr. Wingate, lenitives are propereſt at

preſent. His habit requires gentle alteratives: Leave him to my management: Twenty ounces of blood, a cephalic tincture, and a cool regimen, will bring him to himſelf, and then he may do very well.

WINGATE.

Pho! truce with your jargon: Where is the ſcoundrel?

GARGLE.

Dear Sir, moderate your anger. Harſh language may---

WINGATE.

Harſh language! If he behaves like a profligate ſhan't I tell him of it?

GARGLE.

Violence may inflame: gentle means may work a reformation: the boy has good ſentiments.

WINGATE.

Sentiments! don't tell me of ſentiment; what have I do with ſentiment?---Let the booby mind his buſineſs, learn how to get money, and never miſs an opportunity. I never miſſed an opportunity; got up at five in the morning; ſtruck a light; made my own fire; worked my fingers ends; and this vagabond is now going to deſtruction. Let him have his full ſwing. Let him go on: A ridiculous---

GARGLE.

Ay; ridiculous indeed! For a long time paſt he could not converſe in the language of common ſenſe.

Aſk

Aſk him a trivial queſtion, he gave you a cramp anſwer out of ſome of his plays, that are always running in his head. No underſtanding a word that he ſays!

WINGATE.

Death and fury! this comes of his keeping company with wits, and be damned to 'em for wits.---ha! ha! wit is a fine thing indeed. I never knew one of your men of genius worth ſixpence. There's my friend Bookworm; he has parts and talents; every body ſays ſo; we went to ſchool together; he ſtudied well. *(laughs)* Ha! ha! yes, he ſtudied well! he made Verſes, and I learned Vulgar Fractions. Where is he now? Looking through iron bars at the King's Bench priſon.---Ha! ha! wit is the moſt raſcally, contemptible, beggarly thing on the face of the earth.

GARGLE.

Would you believe it, Mr. Wingate? I have found out that your ſon went three times a week to a ſpouting club.

WINGATE.

A ſpouting club, friend Gargle! what's a ſpouting club?

GARGLE.

A meeting of prentices, and clerks, and giddy young men, all intoxicated with plays! and ſo they meet at public houſes, and there they repeat ſpeeches. and alarm the neighbourhood with their noiſe, and neglect their buſineſs, aud deſpiſe the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but of becoming actors.

WIN-

WINGATE.

You don't tell me ſo! a ſpouting club! zookers! they are all mad.

GARGLE.

Ay, mad, indeed, Sir: madneſs is occaſioned in a very extraordinary manner; the ſpirits flowing in particular channels---

WINGATE.

'Sdeath! you are as mad yourſelf as any of them.

GARGLE.

And continuing to run in the ſame *ducts*---

WINGATE.

Ducks!---what *ducks?* roaſt *ducks* for ſupper?

GARGLE.

No, ſir, no; but the finer juices running in the ſame capillary ducts or veſſels, the texture of the brain becomes diſordered.

WINGATE.

Friend Gargle, don't plague me. *(walks away)* Who's below there?

GARGLE. *(following him)*

And by the preſſure on the nervous ſyſtem, the head is diſturbed: obſtructions are formed, and thus your ſon's malady is contracted.

WINGATE. *(walking away)*

Will nobody anſwer? Who is below?

GAR-

GARGLE. *(following him)*

But I ſhall alter the morbid ſtate of the juices, correct his blood, ſweeten the humours, and produce laudable CHYLE.

WINGATE.

Produce a laudable fortune; that's the true uſe of GUILE. Who's below there? Tell that fellow to come up.

GARGLE.

Nay, be a little cool: inflammatories may be dangerous. He may reform; there is now ſome proſpect of it.

WINGATE.

Po! none of your proſpects; give me a proſpect of gain. Prithee, don't teaze me, man; here the raſcal comes.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

(Walking ſlow and ſullen, with his arms folded: he looks at his father, then fixes his eyes on the ground)

There's an attitude! If I had chains on, BAJAZET could not do it better. *(Aſide.)*

WINGATE.

Did you ever ſee ſuch a fellow? So friend!

DICK.

"Now, my good father, what's the matter?"

WINGATE.

You have been upon your travels, have you?---you have had your frolick?---Look you, young man, I'll not put myſelf in a paſſion; but death and fire! you ſcoundrel, what right have you to plague me in this manner? Do you think I am to fall in love with your face? Muſt I bear with you, becauſe I am your father?

DICK.

"A little more than kin, and leſs than kind."

WINGATE.

What a pretty figure you cut now? *(ſtands laughing at him)* ſuch a poverty-ſtruck raſcal I never ſaw! Why don't you ſpeak you blockhead? have you nothing to ſay for yourſelf?

DICK. (*aſide*)

Nothing to ſay for yourſelf? What an old prig it is!

WINGATE.

Mind me, friend; I have found you out. How often muſt I tell you that you will never come to good? Turn ſtage-player! wounds! you'll not have an eye in your head in a month. (*Looks at him, and laughs*) Ha! ha! you'll have 'em knocked out of the ſockets with withered apples. Remember I tell you ſo, friend.

DICK.

A critic too! (*whiſtles*) well ſaid old ſquare-toes.

WIN-

WINGATE.

Look you, young man; my advice is all thrown away upon you. But once for all, mind what I ſay: I made my own fortune, and I could do the ſame again. Wounds! if I were placed at the bottom of Chancery-lane with a bruſh and blackball, I know the world, and could make my own fortune again. You read Shakeſpeare! get Cocker's Arithmetic; you may buy it for a ſhilling upon a ſtall; the beſt book that ever was wrote.

DICK. (*aſide*)

Pretty well that! Ingenious, truly! Egad, the old buck has a pretty notion of letters.

WINGATE.

Can you tell me how much is *five eights of three ſixteenths of a pound?*---I ſee you are a blockhead. Five eights of three ſixteenths of a pound! you can't tell me; I would not give a farthing for all you know. If you have a mind to thrive in this world, ſtudy figures, and make yourſelf uſefull.

DICK.

" How weary, ſtale, flat and unprofitable ſeem to " me all the uſes of this world!"

WINGATE.

Mind the ſcoundrel now!

GARGLE.

Do, Mr. Wingate, let me ſpeak to him. Softly, ſoftly; I'll touch him with a gentle hand, Come, young man, lay aſide this ſulky humour, and ſpeak as becomes a ſon.

DICK.

" O Jeptha, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt " thou!"

WINGATE.

What does the fellow ſay?

GARGLE.

He relents, Sir; come, come, young man, make peace with your father.

DICK.

" They fool me to the top of my bent." Egad, I'll bamboozle 'em, and ſo get out of the ſcrape.--- " A truant diſpoſition, good my lord."---No, no, ſtay, ſtay, that's not right: my friend *Ranger* can ſupply a better ſpeech.---" It is as you ſay, when " we are ſober, and reflect but ever ſo little on our " follies, we are aſhamed and ſorry; and yet, the " very next minute, we ruſh again into the very " ſame abſurdities."

WINGATE.

Well ſaid, lad, well ſaid; that's very good ſenſe; I like you when you talk ſenſe. Liſten to me, friend: commanding our own paſſions, and artfully taking advantage of other peoples, is the ſure road to wealth. And without wealth, what is life?---Die a beggar, rather than live a beggar. A man ſhould always have a thouſand pounds at his banker's. Wounds! it's ridiculous not to have a thouſand pounds at your banker's.

DICK.

Without doubt, Sir. *(ſtifling a laugh)*

WIN-

WINGATE.

I'll tell you what, friend; I have a great regard for you in the main. What do I mind my buſineſs for, and get up at five in the morning? Is not it all for you? I never loſt an opportunity in my life. There was my friend Barlow, I knew he could not live; he drank brandy in a morning; I ſaw it; fixed my eye upon him; ſold him an annuity: he did not live to receive the firſt quarter. Ha! ha! ---my poor friend Barlow!---I knew what I was about: and is not all that for you? Mind me friend: if I abuſe you, it is beauſe I wiſh you well. Death and fire! do you think I'd call you a ſcoundrel, if I had not a regard for you?

DICK.

To be ſure, Sir.

WINGATE.

You don't hear me call a ſtranger a ſcoundrel.

DICK.

No bad mark of prudence.

WINGATE.

Prudence!---what do I care for a ſtranger? Mind me, and I'll make a man of you. If you want any thing, you ſhall be provided: have you any money in your pocket? Not a ſixpence, I warrant. (*looks at him and laughs*) There is nothing I hate like poverty. Let me ſee, if I have any money in my purſe. How is this? A ten pound note! Now if I was to give you a bank-note---no; I'll keep it for you; that will do better; and ſo mind what I ſay, and go and make yourſelf uſefull.

DICK.

DICK.

" Elſe, wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian land?"

WINGATE.

Very well; I like that: you had better ſtick to your buſineſs, than turn mountebank, and get truncheons broke upon your arm, and tumble about upon carpets.

DICK.

" I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Sir."

WINGATE.

Very well; very well ſaid. You may do very well: I'll ſay no more to you now: go change your dreſs; make yourſelf fit to be ſeen, and go home to your buſineſs. And let me ſee no more play-books: let me never hear that you wear a laced waiſtcoat: what right have you to wear a laced waiſtcoat? I never wore a laced waiſtcoat; never wore one till I was forty. But I'll not put myſelf in a paſſion; go, and remember what I have ſaid to you.

DICK.

I ſhall, Sir.

" I muſt be cruel only to be kind;
" Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind."

Cocker's Arithmetic, Sir?

WINGATE.

Ay, Cocker's Arithmetic: ſtudy figures; figures and the true Italian method of book-keeping will carry you through the world.

DICK.

DICK.

Yes, Sir. (*ſtifling a laugh*) Cocker's Arithmetic! [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

Let him mind me, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

GARGLE.

Ay, Sir, you know the world. Your ſon will do very well: I wiſh he were out of his time; he ſhall then have my daughter.

WINGATE.

Yes, but not a ſtiver of her fortune; I muſt touch the caſh myſelf; he ſhan't finger it during my life. I muſt keep a tight hand over him. (*Goes to the door*) Do you hear, friend? Mind what I ſay, and go home to your buſineſs immediately.---Friend Gargle, let him follow my directions, and I'll make a man of him.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

"Who call'd on Achmet? Did not Barbaroſſa require me here?"

WINGATE.

What's the matter now? BAROSSA! wounds! what's BAROSSA? Does the fellow call me names? What makes the booby ſtand in ſuch confuſion?

DICK.

"That Barbaroſſa ſhould ſuſpect my truth."

WIN-

WINGATE.

Mad, ſtark ſtaring mad!---Get out of the room, you villain, get out of the room.

DICK.

I thought you called me back, to give me the bank-note, Sir.

WINGATE.

Give you a bank-note!---Death and confuſion! you oaf; you ſcrub; you ridiculous coxcomb; give you a bank-note! the more you expect it, the leſs I'll give it. What right have you to expect it?

DICK.

If you had not mentioned it yourſelf, Sir---

WINGATE.

I mention it!

DICK.

I thought ſo, Sir; and as your word is as good as your bond---

WINGATE.

There now I ſee you're a blockhead: my word as good as my bond! you fool, you numſkull, you'll never ſucceed in the world. Death and fire! how is my word as good as my bond? My word is one thing, and my bond is another; all the world knows that. Let me hear ſuch another word out of your mouth, and I'll turn you out of my houſe immediately. My word as good as my bond. Wounds!

I have

I have a mind never to ſee your face. I hate poverty and nonſenſe: never ſay that to me again.

GARGLE.

Come, young man, every thing was quietly ſettled: do as your father bids you, and don't ſpoil all again. Be adviſed by me: go, make yourſelf clean, and then come home to your buſineſs.

[*He puſhes* DICK *out.*

DICK.

"Oh! I am Fortune's fool." [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

I can be very peremptory, friend Gargle: if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to ſay to him. But I ſtill have hopes; he can do very well: and now I think of it, I have *Cocker*'s Arithmetic below ſtairs in the counting-houſe. I'll ſtep and get it for him, and he ſhall take it home with him.

GARGLE.

Mr. Wingate, I wiſh you a good evening. I have a ſlow fever in the neighbourhood, that I muſt pay a viſit to. You'll ſend him home to his buſineſs. [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

He ſhall follow you directly. *Five-eights of the three-ſixteenths of a pound!*---Multiply the numerator by the denominator; five times ſixteen, is ten times eight; ten times eight is eighty; and then---a---five and carry one. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter DICK *and* SIMON.

DICK.

Simon, did you ever ſee ſuch a queer old putt as my father?

SIMON.

Good enough when he is pleaſed; but main choleric; mercifull! how he ſtorms and raves! blows up like gunpowder.

DICK.

His character will do for the ſtage, and I'll act it myſelf.

SIMON.

Lord love you, maſter, I am ſo glad you are come home; but methinks we had better get away from this houſe; all fiſhing in troubled waters here; much quieter at Mr. Gargle's.

DICK.

No, no, Simon; ſtay a moment. This is but a ſcurvy ſort of a coat I have on: I know old ſquare-toes has always ſomething ſmart locked up in his cloſet; I know his ways; he takes them in pawn; never parts with a guinea without a good pledge in hand.

SIMON.

Odds my life, take care; as ſure as a gun he'll hear you. Huſh! I believe he's coming up ſtairs.

DICK. (*goes to the door and liſtens*)

No---no---no---he is going down ſtairs, growling and

and grumbling---" ſcoundrel, raſcal---bite the bridle ---" make yourſelf uſefull---ſix times twelve is ſe-" venty two"---All is ſafe, Simon; he is gone down; we have nothing to fear. Stand you there, and I'll diſpatch this buſineſs in two minutes " by Shrewſ-" bury clock."

SIMON.

Bleſſings on him, what is he about?---Why, the cloſet door is locked, maſter.

DICK.

I know it, Simon, but I can unlock it.---You ſhall ſee me do it with as much dexterity as any *Sir John Brute* of 'em all.---This right leg here is the beſt lockſmith in England. Come, ſurrender up your truſt--- (*Kicks the door open and goes in*)

SIMON.

He is at his plays again: odds my heart, he is wondrous comical; pure diverting; he will go through with it, I warrant him. Old Drybeard muſt not ſmoke that I have any concern. I muſt be main cautious. What's he about? Bleſs his heart, he is to teach me to act SCRUB. He began with me long ago, and I got as far as the Jeſuit before he went out of town. " Scrub!---coming Sir---why " Scrub!---Ma'am---Lord Ma'am, I have a whole " packet full of news; ſome ſay one thing, and " ſome another, but for my part, Ma'am, I believe " he is a Jeſuit."---That's main pleaſant---" I be-" lieve he is a Jeſuit."

Enter DICK.

DICK.

" I have done the deed; didſt thou not hear a noiſe?"

SIMON.

No, maſter; don't look ſo frightened; not a mouſe ſtirring; all ſnug.

DICK.

This coat will do charmingly. I have outwitted the old gentleman nicely. " In a dark corner of his " cabinet I found this paper; what it is this light " will ſhew." (*reads*) *I promiſe to pay*---ha!---*I promiſe to pay to Mr. Moneytrap or order on demand*--- " 'tis his hand; a note of his;---yet more"---*the ſum of ſeven pounds fourteen ſhillings and ſeven pence, value received by me, London, this 15th June* 1775. " 'Tis " wanting what ſhould follow; his name ſhould fol- " low, but 'tis torn off, becauſe the note is paid."

SIMON.

Oh! Lud! dear heart, I'm frighted out of my ſenſes. You'll ſpoil all; I wiſh we were well out of the houſe. Our beſt way, maſter, is to make off directly.

DICK.

I'll do it; we'll found a retreat in a moment; but firſt help me on with this coat. (*puts it on*) Simon, you ſhall be my dreſſer, when I am a great actor; you'll be pure happy behind the ſcenes.

SIMON.

As happy as the day is long, maſter. I ſhall like of it hugeouſly. I have been behind the ſcenes in the country, when I lived with the man that ſhewed wild beaſtices.

DICK.

DICK.

Hark ye, Simon; when I am playing ſome deep tragedy, and "cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech," you muſt ſtand at the ſide of the ſcenes, and cry bitterly. (*Teaches him*) Oh!---it's ſo moving, I can't ſtand it.

SIMON.

Yes, I'll do it; I am rare one to cry.

DICK.

And when I am playing a gay, ſprightly, genteel part in comedy, you muſt be ready to crack your ſides with laughing. (*Teaches him*) I ſhall be damned pleaſant.

SIMON.

Never doubt me, maſter. (*Both laugh*)

DICK.

Very well; now go and open the ſtreet door; I'll ſteal down, and we'll leave old Multiplication Table to himſelf.

SIMON.

Ay, ſo beſt: we are dancing upon thorns here: I am gone to ſerve you, maſter.

DICK.

"To ſerve thyſelf; for look, when I am Manager, "claim thou of me the care o' th' wardrobe, with all "thoſe moveables whereof the property-man now "ſtands poſſeſt."

SI-

SIMON.

I does not underſtand it, but I likes to hear you talk. Huſh! I am gone.

DICK.

Hold, hold; Simon, come hither. "What "money have you about you, Maſter Matthew?"

SIMON.

But a teſter.

DICK.

A teſter!---ſomething of the leaſt, Maſter Matthew. Let me ſee it.

SIMON.

You have had fifteen ſixpences now.

DICK.

Never mind; I'll pay you all at my benefit.

SIMON.

I does not fear you. Huſh!---I'll go and open the door. [*Exit.*

DICK, *ſolus.*

"Thus far we run before the wind."---An apothecary! make an apothecary of me! what cramp my genius over a peſtle and mortar, or mew me up in a ſhop with an "alligator ſtufft, and a beggarly ac-"count of empty boxes!" To be culling ſimples, and conſtantly adding to the bills of mortality. No, no, I'll add to the Play-bills rather: it will be much better to be paſted up in capitals, *The part of Romeo by a young gentleman who never appeared upon any ſtage be-*

before!---My ambition fires at the thought. But hold, hold; may'nt I run ſome chance of failing in my attempt? Hiſſed, pelted, laughed at, not admitted into the Green-room! That will never do;" " down buſy devil, down, down."---Take it t'other way---Loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes; " Colonel, is not he a charming crea- " ture?---My Lord, don't you like him of all " things? Makes love like an angel---What an eye " he has? The ſweeteſt figure!---I'll certainly go " to his benefit." Celeſtial ſounds!---and then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myſelf put up in every ſhop;---in the character of Macbeth, " This is a ſorry ſight." (*ſtands in an attitude*) In the character of Richard, " Give me another horſe, " bind up my wounds; have mercy"---Oh! it will do rarely; and then the chance of ſome great fortune falling in love with me---" O glorious thought! By " Heav'n, I will enjoy it, though but in fancy; ima- " gination ſhall make room to"---I wonder what o'clock it is: (*looks at his watch*) ſdeath! almoſt ten. I'll away at once, this is club-night; the ſpouters will be all met. I'll make one among 'em. Little do they think I am in town; they will be ſurprized to ſee me; I'll beat up their quarters, and then for my aſſignation with my maſter *Gargle*'s daughter. Poor Charlotte! by her letter I find ſhe is locked up, but I ſhall contrive means to favour her eſcape. I'll carry her off. A pretty theatrical genius. If ſhe flies to my arms " like a hawk to it's perch," it will be ſo rare an adventure, and ſo dramatic an incident! as my friend POLYDORE ſays,

" Limbs do your office, and ſupport me well;
" Bear me but to her, then fail if you can."

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Scene diſcovers the Spouting Club: the Members ſeated, and roaring out BRAVO, *while one ſtands at a diſtance, acting* PIERRE.

FIRST MEMBER.

" CURS'D be your ſenate; curs'd your conſti-
" tution;
" The curſe of growing factions and diviſions
" Still vex your councils"---

SECOND MEMBER.

Don't you think his action rather confined?

FIRST MEMBER.

Confin'd!---don't you know that I am in chains? you know nothing of the ſtage. A blockhead!

SECOND MEMBER. *(advancing to him)*

Blockhead, ſay you?---I know more of the ſtage, than ſuch upſtarts as you can pretend to. Blockhead!---Was not I the firſt that took compaſſion on you, when you lay, like a ſneaking fellow, under the counter, and ſwept your maſter's ſhop in a morning? When you read nothing but *The Young Man's Pocket Companion*, or *The True Clerk's Vade Mecum*, did not I ſhew you the way to the upper gallery? teach you the uſe of a catcall, and put *Ckrononhothontologos* into your hand?

All

ALL.

Well argued; bravo! bravo!

PRESIDENT.

Come, gentlemen; no diſputes; no quarrelling. Conſider where you are: This is the honourable ſociety of SPOUTERS; and ſo to put an end to all animoſities, read the ſeventh rule of this ſociety.

THIRD MEMBER. *(reads)*

That buſineſs, or want of money, ſhall not be received as an excuſe for non-attendance; nor the anger of PARENTS, MASTERS, GUARDIANS, *or* RELATIONS, *be a reſtraint to genius; to the end that this Society may boaſt it's own mimic heroes, and be a ſeminary of young actors, to grace the ſock and buſkin, in ſpite of the low mechanic notions of people fit only for the drudgery of trade and buſineſs.*

PRESIDENT.

That is not the rule I meant to read. But come--- "Fill a meaſure the table round"---"Now good digeſtion wait on appetite, and health on both"---

ALL.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

SCOTCHMAN.

What ſay you, lads?---Now I'll gee you a touch of *Macbeeth*.

FIRST MEMBER.

Well done highlander; let us have it.

SCOTCHMAN.

What do'ſt leer at, mon? I have had muckle applauſe at *Edinburgh*, when I enacted in the *Reegiceede*. I now intend to do *Macbeeth*. I ſeed the *degger* yeſterneet, and I thought I ſhould ha' killed every one that came athwart my gate.

IRISHMAN.

Arrah, ſtand out of the way, my boys, and you ſhall ſee me give a touch of OTHELLO, my dear. Now for the truth of it. *(Burns a cork, and blacks his face)* The devil burn the cork, it would not do it faſt enough.

FIRST MEMBER.

Here, here; I'll lend you a helping hand.

(a rap at the door.)

SECOND MEMBER.

"Open locks, whoever knocks."

Enter DICK.

DICK.

"How now, ye ſecret, black, and midnight *wags!* "what is't you do?"

ALL.

Ha! the genius! the genius come to town!---the genius!---huzza!

DICK.

"How fare the honeſt partners of my heart?" *Natt Pigtail*, give us your hand; *Jack Oakſtick*, yours; *Bob Nankeen*, how goes it my boy? *Billy Saplin*, I re-

joice to ſee you.---Gentlemen, I rejoice to ſee you all. But come the news; the news of the town, for I am but juſt arrived. Has any thing been damned? Any new performer this winter? How often has Romeo and Juliet been acted? What new plays on the ſtocks? Come, my bucks, inform me; for I want news.

FIRST MEMBER.

Brave Sir Harry! you ſhall know all in good time: but prithee, my dear boy, how was it? you played at Briſtol: the firſt daſh is over with you: come, let us hear.

SECOND MEMBER.

Ay, the particulars, my dear Dick.

DICK.

Look you there now; as *Ranger* ſays, let us have it, dear boy, and dear Dick.

FIRST MEMBER.

Nay, nay, let us hear; how was you received?

DICK.

Romeo was my part: I touch'd 'em to the quick. Every pale face from the Wells was there. Not in the leaſt frightened; on I went. Eaſy at firſt; came to the Garden-ſcene: Juliet thought to have it hollow: ſhe tuned her ſilver pipe: are you at that work ſays I? three ſtrides to the ſtage door, turned ſhort, and here goes. I gave 'em a volley. I tickled 'em, as you will ſee in the papers. But come, "What "bloody ſcene has Roſcius now to act?"

FIRST MEMBER.

All well ſtudied; ready in ſeveral characters. But Genius,

Genius, why come among us ſo late? Why was not you here in the beginning of the night?

DICK.

Why, *ſtap* my vitals, I longed to ſee you all; but whom ſhould I meet in my way but my friend *Catcall?* a deviliſh good critic. He has been in at the death of many a piece. He and I went together and had our pipe, "to cloſe the orifice of the ſtomach you know," and what do you think I learned of him?

FIRST MEMBER.

Something deep.

DICK.

"Not as deep as a well, but it will do." Can you tell whether the *emphaſis* ſhould be laid upon the *epitaph* or the *ſubſtantive?*

FIRST MEMBER.

The *epitaph*, or the *ſubſtantive!*

DICK.

Ever while you live, lay your *emphaſis* upon the *epitaph*.

IRISHMAN.

Arrah, my dear, what is that ſame *epitaph* now?

DICK.

Arrah, "my dear Couſin Macſhane, won't you "put a remembrance upon me?"

IRISHMAN.

But is it mocking me you are?---I believe it's a knock

knock you have a mind to take. Hark you, my jewell; if you'd be taking me off---don't you call it taking off?---By my ſhoul, I would be making you take yourſelf off.---What?---don't you like it?---If you are for a carte over the arm, I would not matter you three ſkips of a *flay*.

DICK.

Nay, prithee, no offence: I hope we ſhall be brother players.

IRISHMAN.

Ow! then we'd be very good friends; for you know two of a trade can never agree, my dear.

SCOTCHMAN.

Locke is certainly *reet* in his chapter aboot innate ideas; for this mon was born without any at all. A ſheet of blank paper: *Tabula raſa:* and t'other mon yonder---I ken not his name; they call him the Genius; I doot he has no great heed-piece.

DICK.

What character do you intend to appear in?

IRISHMAN.

Othollo, my dear. Let me alone: you'll ſee how I'll *bodder* 'em. Though by my ſhoul, myſelf does not know but I would be frightened, when every thing is in a *hub-bub*, and nothing to be heard, but "Throw him over"---"Over with him"---"Off, off, off the ſtage"---"Muſic"---"Wont y' ha' ſome orange chips"---"Ha! ſome nonpareils"---"Prologue"---"Hornpipe"---"Roaſt beef"---My dear, it is not like going to the *ſod:* A body could do that, freſh and faſting in a morning, without fee or reward;

ward; *becaze*, why? you are as terrible yourſelf as your enemy.---But the critics have the advantage---Ow! never mind that; who knows but the dear *craturs* in the boxes will be *lucking* at my legs? To be ſure! the Devil burn the *luck* they'll give 'em.

SCOTCHMAN.

By St. Andrew, the *cheeld* of *North-Britain* has taken that trade out of your hands.

IRISHMAN.

That trade out of our hands, is it?---Why ſure, my dear, the *legs* are the manufacture of Ireland. Ow! never fear it. Let me alone, my jewel; may be I would ſee a little round face from Dublin in the pit; may be I would.

SCOTCHMAN.

For the elocution you will ſee that we have the preference: I'll gee you a ſpecimen.

DICK.

What with that impediment?

SCOTCHMAN.

Impeediment! what impeediment? I do not *leeſp*, do I? I do not *ſqueent*. I am well *leem'd*, am I not?

IRISHMAN.

Why then, if you go to that, I am as well *timber'd* myſelf as any of them; and by and by you will ſee what a figure I will make in *genteel* and *top* comedy.

SCOTCH-

SCOTCHMAN.

Out a waw! ſtand clear, mon, and I'll *gee* you a touch of *Macbeeth*. (*repeats.*)

" Is this a dagger that I ſee before me?
" The haundle tow'rds my haund!"

IRISHMAN. (*collaring him*)

" Villain, be ſure you prove my
" Love a whore" (*repeats the reſt of the ſpeech.*)

THIRD MEMBER.

(*With his face powder'd, and a pipe in his hand.*)

" I am thy father's ſpirit;
" Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night---"

DICK.

Po! Prithee, man; you are not fat enough for a ghoſt,

ALL.

No, no; it ſtands to reaſon that a ghoſt ſhould be the fatteſt actor on the ſtage.

THIRD MEMBER.

I intend to make my firſt appearance in the Ghoſt: but I am little puzzled about one thing. The audience, you know, allways applaud a man at his firſt appearance: now I want to know, when I come on, and they all fall a clapping, whether I ſhould make a bow to the pit and boxes?

IRISHMAN.

To be ſure you would; and then if you are *damned*, being a ghoſt, you are at home you know, my dear.

SECOND

SECOND MEMBER.

Now gentlemen for the true way of dying--(*ſpreads a blanket*) you muſt ſuppoſe me wounded---(*falls*)
" Oh! Altamont, thy genius is the ſtronger;
" Thou haſt prevail'd---"

WATCHMAN. (*within*)
Faſt five o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

DICK.

How! paſt five o'clock!---ſdeath! I ſhall miſs my appointment with Charlotte---" I have ſtaid too " long, and I ſhall loſe my proſelyte."---Come, my boys, let us ſally out.

ALL.

Ay! let us adjourn; let us beat the rounds.

IRISHMAN.

Ow! never fear me; I am ready for any thing, my dear; though if they had ſtaid, I ſhould have *boddered* 'em finely in *Othello*.

SCOTCHMAN.

I ſhould have *ſheened* in *Macbeeth*. But never mind it now. I'll go to my friend the bookſeller, and tranſlate *Cornelius Tacitus*, or *Grotius de Jure Belli*.

ALL.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

DICK.

We'll ſcower the watch---" Confuſion to Mora-
" lity! I wiſh the conſtable was married"---Huzza!

IRISH-

IRISHMAN.

Why then, myſelf did not care if I was well married too; a wife with a good fortune would be hindering me from going on the ſtage. Ow! no matter; I may meet with a willing *cratur* ſomewhere.

[*Exit ſinging.*

DICK.

Now for the *Montagues* and the *Capulets*, and if they bite their thumbs at me---- [*Exit.*

ALL.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene a STREET.

Enter WATCHMAN.

WATCHMAN.

Paſt five o'clock, and a cloudy morning.----All mad I believe in this houſe. This is their trade three nights in the week, I think.---Paſt five o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

ALL. (*within*)

Huzza! down with the watch: I wiſh the conſtable was married.

WATCHMAN.

What in the name of wonder are they about now?

Enter the SPOUTERS.

DICK.

"Angels and miniſters of grace defend us."

FIRST MEMBER.

" By Heav'n, I'll tear thee joint by joint, and ſtrew
" This hungry church-yard with your limbs."

DICK.

" Avaunt, and quit my ſight: thy bones are mar-
" rowleſs;
" There's no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes, that thou
" doſt glare withall."

WATCHMAN.

You are diſpoſed to be merry, maſter,

SECOND MEMBER.

" Be ſure you write him down an aſs."

DICK.

" Be alive again
" And dare me to the deſert with thy pole."

FIRST MEMBER.

" Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear"

SECOND MEMBER.

" The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger"---

DICK.

" Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
" Shall never tremble"---

WATCHMAN.

Soho! ſoho!

Enter

Enter Watchmen from all parts, ſome drunk, ſome coughing, and many ſtanding at a diſtance.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

What's the matter here?

FIRST WATCHMAN.

I charge 'em all in the King's name; they have broke the peace; they have committed burglary.

WATCHMEN.

Down with 'em; bring 'em along.

DICK.

" Unmanner'd ſlave!
" Advance your *lanthorn* higher than my breaſt,
" Or by St. Paul, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
" And ſpurn the beggar for this inſolence."

WATCHMEN.

Upon 'em; fall on; to the round-houſe. *(They fight; Dick falls; ſeveral run away; Watchmen follow.)*

DICK.

" I am not valiant neither.
" But a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
" And he retires. Where ſhould Othello go?"

Go! where ſhould I go?---To my little Charlotte to be ſure. Egad, I'll make my eſcape. Now Love direct me, " Like the ſureſt arrow from your " quiver." [*Exit.*

Enter WATCHMEN *and ſeveral* SPOUTERS.

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Bring 'em along.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

Ay, ay; bring 'em along; they ſhall anſwer this.

FIRST MEMBER.

" Good ruffians, hold a while."

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Hold 'em faſt.

SECOND MEMBER.

" I am unfortunate, but not aſham'd of being ſo."

SECOND WATCHMAN.

No, aſham'd of nothing, I'll warrant.

FIRST MEMBER.

Raſcals! here is the moſt prevailing, powerful rhetoric. *(throws money down.)*

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Stay, ſtay; the money need not be loſt.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

We came honeſtly by it, whatever they did. (*Watchmen pick up the money, and the Spouters run away.*)

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Come, neighbour; no bad booty,

[*Exeunt Watchmen.*

Scene

Scene, Another STREET.

Enter DICK, *with a Lanthorn and Ladder.*

DICK.

All's quiet here; the coaſt clear. Now for my adventure with Charlotte. This ladder will do the buſineſs; though it would be more theatrical if it was a ladder of ropes. That does not ſignify much: I have ſeen it done this way in one of the pantomimes.---This is my maſter Gargle's. "I remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells."---Not being yet broad day, "the beggar's ſhop is ſhut."---What ho! apothecary!---Soft; "what light breaks from yonder window?--

"It is the Eaſt, and Juliet is the Sun.
"Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon"---

CHARLOTTE. (*at the window.*)

Who's there? my Romeo?

DICK.

"The ſame, my love, if it not thee diſpleaſe."

CHARLOTTE.

Not ſo loud; be a little natural now; you'll wake my father.

DICK.

"Alas! there's more peril in thy eye,"
Than twenty of his gallypots.

CHARLOTTE.

Pſhaw! how can you? don't be in heroics now; never

never mind poetry and plays. How could you ſtay ſo long?

DICK.

" Chide not, my fair, but let the god of love
" Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart."

CHARLOTTE.

As I live and breathe, you'll ruin every thing. I ſhall be diſcovered. Be ſilent; make no noiſe, and I'll come down to you.

DICK.

No, no; not ſo faſt; let us act the *Garden-ſcene* firſt.

CHARLOTTE.

And my next ſcene will be a priſon ſcene. My father will lock me up, where I ſhall have no poſſibility of eſcaping. Have patience, and I'll be with you in a moment.

DICK.

Nay, then, I'll act Ranger: " Up I go, neck or " nothing."

CHARLOTTE.

Was there ever ſuch a man? You are enough to fright a body out of one's wits. I have ſettled every thing with Simon: he is going to open ſhop, and has promiſed to let me out that way. Can't you ſtay where you are? Don't come up. I tell you there is no occaſion for the ladder.

DICK.

But I tell you, I would not give a farthing for it without

without the ladder. " Up I go: If it was as high " as the garret, I ſhould mount."

Enter SIMON, *at the Door.*

SIMON.

Sir, Sir; maſter, madam---

DICK. (*Going up the ladder*)

Prithee be quiet, Simon. I am aſcending " the " high top-gallant of my joy."

SIMON.

Always ſome new comical notion in his head. An't pleaſe you, maſter, my young miſtreſs may come through the ſhop: I am going to ſweep it out, and ſhe may paſs that way ſafe and faſt enow.

CHARLOTTE.

That will be the beſt way: do you go down again; ſtay at the door, and be ready to receive me. [*She goes in.*

DICK.

But I tell you that will not do: you ſhan't hinder me from going through my part. (*Goes up and looks in at the window*) " A woman by all that's lucky; " neither old nor crooked;" in I go. (*Gets in*) And for fear of my maſter *Gargle*, and the purſuit of the family, I'll make ſure of the ladder.

(*Pulling up the ladder*)

SIMON.

Hiſt! hiſt! maſter; leave the ladder; it may ſave me from being ſuſpected. I can ſay that young miſtreſs got out of the houſe that way.

DICK.

DICK.

Very true, Simon: take care of a ſingle rogue; I'll leave the ladder, and be with you in a moment. [*He goes in.*

SIMON.

Lord love him, how pleaſant he is!---it will be fine diverſion for me, when we are all playing the fool together in the ſtage-play, to call him Brother Martin---" Brother Martin; Brother Martin."

Enter CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE.

Dear me! I am frighted out of my ſenſes: where is he?

SIMON.

He is a coming, ma'am---" Brother Martin."

Enter DICK.

DICK.

" Cuckold him, ma'am, by all means: I'm your " man."

CHARLOTTE.

Well, I proteſt and vow, I wonder how you can ſerve a body ſo. Feel how my heart goes, thump, thump: it flutters like a bird in a cage.

DICK.

" 'Tis an alarm to love."---But ſtay; I have not done my part right: here has been no rapture at our meet-

meeting---Quick let me ſnatch thee to thy Romeo's arms."

CHARLOTTE.

Huſh! don't you conſider the danger?

DICK.

But I tell you, in ſpite of all danger we ſhould indulge our rapture. It is not dramatic otherwiſe. (*Embraces her*) "Curls like a vine, and touches "like a god."

WATCHMAN. (*Within*)

Paſt ſix o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

CHARLOTTE.

As I live and breathe, we ſhall be diſcovered and taken. We have not a moment to loſe: if you love me, let us make our eſcape without more foolery.

WATCHMAN. (*Within*)

Paſt ſix o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

CHARLOTTE.

It comes nearer and nearer: let us get away.

DICK.

Give me your hand, my fair adventurer, I attend you. "He muſt fight damn'd hard that takes you "from me now."

"Yes, my dear Charlotte, we will go together;
"Together to the Theatre we'll go;
"There to their raviſh'd eyes our ſkill we'll ſhew,
"And point new beauties---to the Pit below.

[*Exit with* Charlotte.

SIMON.

Heaven bleſs the couple of 'em!---Lud! ſome body coming!---huſh; I muſt get out of the way. [*Goes in and ſhuts the door.*

Enter CATCHPOLE *and his* FOLLOWER.

CATCHPOLE.

That's he yonder, as ſure as you're alive. Yes, yes; 'tis he. And by that token there *(pointing to the ladder)* he has been about ſome miſchief.

FOLLOWER.

Yes, it is; no, no: that an't he. That one has a laced coat on him: thoff I can't ſay---yes, it is---as ſure as a gun it is he.

CATCHPOLE.

Ay, I ſmoked him at once.---Do you run that way, and ſtop at the bottom of *Catherine-ſtreet*; I'll turn into *Drury-lane*, and between us both, it's odds but we *nab* him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WATCHMAN.

WATCHMAN.

Paſt ſix o'clock---a troubleſome riotous night I have had of it---hey! what's here? A ladder at maſter Gargle's window! I muſt alarm the family. Ho! ho! maſter Gargle! *(raps at the door)*

GARGLE. *(at the window)*

What's the matter? How comes this window to be open? Ha!---a ladder: who's below there?

WATCH-

WATCHMAN.

Good morning, maſter Gargle: you an't robbed, I hope: going my rounds I found a ladder here, and ſaw that window open.

GARGLE.

My mind miſgives; ſome misfortune has happened; that young Graceleſs has been at work, I fear. Take away the ladder: where is Charlotte? my daughter, Charlotte---

[*He goes in.*

Enter SIMON *imitating* SCRUB.

SIMON.

" Thieves! murder! thieves! robbery! popery!"

WATCHMAN.

What's the matter with the man? Are you crazy?

SIMON. *(with his coat half off)*

" Spare all I have, and take my life.

WATCHMAN.

Any miſchief within?

SIMON.

" They broke in with fire and ſword. " They'll " be here in a moment---five and forty!"---this will do---young maſter taught me this: I ſhould not know what to ſay but for he: this will deceive 'em all. Five and forty, Sir; with ſword and piſtol!

WATCHMAN.

Robbers in the houſe?

SIMON.

"With ſword and piſtol---Five and forty, I ſaw 'em all."

WATCHMAN.

Nay, an that be the caſe, it's time for me to march off: I may happen to have the worſt on't, and ſo I'll go and ſleep in whole bones---Half an hour paſt ſix o'clock. [*Exit.*

SIMON.

If it was not for my friend Scrub I don't know what I ſhould do.

Enter GARGLE.

GARGLE.

She's gone; the villain has robbed me; my daughter is run away; he has carried her off; Simon, I ſay, Simon; where is the fellow?

SIMON.

Down o' your knees; down o' your marrowbones; five and forty! robbers, villains, thieves, murderers, with ſword and piſtol; down o' your marrowbones.

GARGLE.

What a fright the poor fellow is in?---Get up Simon. My daughter is loſt; I am ruined.

SIMON. (*Aſide*)

He does not ſuſpect me: young maſter has taught me rarely, bleſſings on him for it. (*to Gargle*) "Spare all I have, Sir, and take my life."

Enter

Enter WINGATE, *with a News-paper.*

WINGATE. (*Reading*)

" *Wanted on good ſecurity,* FIVE HUNDRED " POUNDS, *for which lawful intereſt will be given,* " *and a* GOOD PREMIUM: *Whoever this may ſuit,* " *enquire for* S. T. *at the* CROWN AND ROLLS *in* " *Chancery-lane. Nota-Bene; The utmoſt ſecrecy may* " *be depended upon.*"---This may be worth looking after. If the fellow's a fool, I'll fix my eye upon him. Other peoples follies are an eſtate to the man who knows how to make himſelf uſefull. Hey! whom have we here?---Friend Gargle!---up early I ſee; nothing like it; nothing to be got by lounging in bed, like a great lubberly fellow. What's the matter with you? You look as if you had been taking your own phyſic.

GARGLE.

No wonder; no wonder; my daughter Charlotte!

WINGATE.

Your daughter! what ſignifies a fooliſh girl?

GARGLE.

Poor girl! out at that window there!

WINGATE.

Fallen out of the window! If ſhe is dead, ſhe is provided for. Here, I have brought the book; I could not find it laſt night. Here it is; more ſenſe in it than in all their *Macbeths* and their trumpery: (*reads the title page*) Cocker's Arithmetick; let that booby ſon of mine ſtudy this, and he will know how to fight his way in the world. Look you here now: ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe you have a ſixteenth part of a ſhip, and I buy one fifth of you; what ſhare of the ſhip do I buy?

GARGLE.

Dear heart! dear heart! mine is a melancholy caſe.

WINGATE.

So it is, if you can't anſwer the queſtion. Why ſhould not a man know every thing? How can you ſettle partnerſhip accounts? One fifth of one ſixteenth, what ſhare of the whole do I buy? Let me ſee; I'll do it a ſhort way.

GARGLE.

To loſe my daughter in this manner! ſeduced out of my houſe! She is gone, beyond redemption.

WINGATE.

Zookers! be quiet man; you put me out. Can't you hold your tongue? Five times ſixteen is equal to ten times eight; ten times eight is eighty. Wounds! I'll give the book to that ignorant ſcoundrell, though, for aught I ſee, you are as ignorant yourſelf.

GARGLE.

Deliver me! I don't know which way to turn myſelf. Your ſon is returned to his old tricks.

WINGATE.

His old tricks! what, on the ſtage again?

GARGLE.

I ſuppoſe ſo; and he has carried off poor Charlotte.

WIN-

WINGATE.

Carried off your daughter! how did the raſcall contrive that?

GARGLE.

Oh! I am diſtracted. The watch alarmed us a little while ago, and I found a ladder at the window. I wiſh I had never taken him into my houſe. He may debauch the poor girl.

WINGATE.

Suppoſe he does; what then? She's a woman, is not ſhe? The fellow will have ſenſe enough for that, I warrant him.---Ha! ha! and that's what ſhe wants I ſuppoſe.

GARGLE.

I never ſuſpected her: their intrigue was all a ſecret to me.

SIMON. (*Aſide*)

Now I may venture to ſpeak------" Secrets! " Secrets!"

WINGATE.

What does the fellow ſay?---Are you in the ſecret, raſcall?

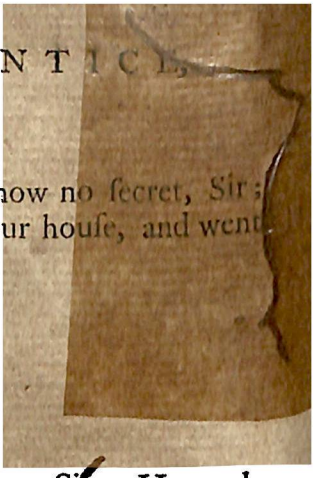
SIMON.

" There be ſecrets in all families, but for *my part* " I'll not ſpeak a word *pro* or *con* till there's a peace."

WINGATE.

You won't ſpeak, ſirrah? Speak out this moment you villain; do you know any thing of this plot?

SIMON



SIMON.

Who, I Sir? Not I, Sir, I know no ſecret, Sir; he came home laſt night from your houſe, and went out again directly.

WINGATE.

You ſaw him then?

SIMON.

Yes, Sir; I ſaw him to be ſure, Sir. He made me open the ſhop-door for him: he ſtopt on the threſhold, and looked as if he ſaw ſomething, and pointed at one of the clouds, and aſked if it was like an ouzel.

WINGATE.

Like an ouzel! wounds! what's an ouzel?

GARGLE.

And then he came back in the dead of the night, and ſtole away my daughter.

WINGATE.

Po! what ſignifies your daughter? All women are ruined ſome time or other. Wounds! I'll not put myſelf in a paſſion: what right has the ſcoundrell to put me in a paſſion? Ill think no more about him. Let him bite the bridle. I'll go and mind my buſineſs, and not loſe an opportunity for ſuch a worthleſs numſkull.

GARGLE.

What ſhall I do? Mr. Wingate, do not leave me in this affliction. Conſider, Sir, Sir, when the animal

mal ſpirits are properly employed, the whole ſyſtem is exhilarated; a proper circulation in the ſmaller ducts or capillary veſſels.

WINGATE.

Look you there now; the fellow is at his *ducks* again. Ha! ha! what a mountebank of a doctor you are!

GARGLE.

But when the ſpirits are under undue influence---

WINGATE.

Pox! you are as mad with your phyſical jargon as my ſon is with his *Shakeſpeare*, and his ridiculous beggarly poets.

GARGLE.

Dear Sir, let us go in queſt of him. He ſhall be well phlebotomized, and for the future I will keep his ſolids and fluids in a proper ballance.

WINGATE.

Don't tell me of ſolids. The blockhead will never be ſolid. I'll mind my own affairs. What [illegible] him? Let me ſee; my chap is at (*reads*) [illegible]ay, at the *Crown and Rolls*. Friend [illegible]our mind eaſy: go and ſtudy vulgar tractio[illegible]hmetical proportion is when the antecedent and the conſequent---

Enter a PORTER.

WINGATE.

Who are you, friend? What do you want?

PORTER.

Is one Mr. Gargle here?

GARGLE.

My name is Gargle: any body taken ſick?

PORTER.

Here's a letter for you.

GARGLE.

Let me ſee it. What can this be? *To Mr. Gargle at the Peſtle and Mortar*---A letter from your ſon, Mr. Wingate; this is his hand.

WINGATE.

Let me ſee it (*ſnatches it*) this will unravel all, I ſuppoſe---his writing ſure enough: what can the villain ſay for himſelf (*reads*)

To Mr. Gargle.

Moſt potent, grave, and reverend Doctor, my very noble and approved good maſter---The fellow is mad: what a reverend doctor you are! (*looks at Gargle and laughs*) ha! ha! you look like a mummy---(*reads*) *That I have ta'en away your daughter it is moſt true, true I will marry her. Tis true tis pity, and tis true.* I never read ſuch nonſenſe in my life: friend SHAKESPEARE has taught him [redacted] *I have done your ſhop ſome ſervice, and [redacted] it; no more of that. Yet I could wiſh, that at this time, I had not been this thing.* What does the ſcoundrel mean? (*reads*) *For time may have yet one fated hour to come, which wing'd with liberty, may overtake occaſion paſt.*--- His poets have taught him that too, and it's all flat nonſenſe: time and tide wait for no man, (*reads*) *Here is a ruffian making villainous jeſts at my undoing. Even the lewd rabble, when they beheld him ſeizing me,*

grumbled

grumbled pity. I could have hugged the greaſy rogues; they pleaſed me. I expect redreſs from thy noble ſorrows. Farewell, remember me. *Richard Wingate.*

I don't underſtand a word of it. Mad as a March hare; ſtark ſtaring mad.

PORTER.

An't pleaſe ye, I fancy's the gentleman is a little beſide himſelf. He took me hold by the collar, and called me villain, and bid me prove his wife a whore. Lord help him! I never ſeed the gentleman's ſpouſe in my born days before.

GARGLE.

Is ſhe with him now?

PORTER.

There's a likely young woman with him, all in tears.

GARGLE.

My daughter to be ſure.

WINGATE.

Let him ſtay there. Wounds! I would not go the length of my arm to ſave the villain from the gallows. Where was he, friend, when he gave you this letter?

PORTER.

I fancy the gentleman's in troubles: I brought it from a ſpunging-houſe.

WINGATE.

A ſpunging-houſe!

PORTER.

Yes, Sir---Mr. CATCHPOLE's in *Gray's Inn Lane.*

WINGATE.

Let him lie there; I am glad of it.

GARGLE.

Let us go to him, Mr. Wingate, I intreat you; we may ſave him from ruin.

WINGATE.

No; let him ſuffer for it. This it is to have a genius---ha! ha! Genius is a fine thing indeed!

GARGLE.

We may ſtill do ſome good. We may retrieve him. Step into my houſe. I'll ſlip on my coat. This honeſt porter will ſhew us the way.

WINGATE.

Come in, and I'll talk to you: but I will have nothing to do with the ſcoundrel--- [*Exit.*

GARGLE.

Honeſt friend come with us; I ſhall be ready in a moment. Simon, do you ſtay and take care of the houſe, [*Exit.*

SIMON.

Oh! I underſtand it now: my poor young maſter ſhut up in a jail. I have three ſhillings, and a teſter, and

and I ſhould like to give it to him all, an it would do him any good.

GARGLE. (*within*)

Simon, Simon.

SIMON.

Anan; I'm a coming. [*Exit.*

Scene a SPUNGING-HOUSE.

DICK *and* CATCHPOLE *at a table*; CHARLOTTE *ſitting in a diſconſolate manner.*

CATCHPOLE.

Here's my ſervice to you, young gentleman. Don't let your ſpirits ſink. The debt is no ſuch great matter. Why ſo ſad?

DICK.

" Becauſe captivity has robbed me of a juſt and " dear revenge."

CATCHPOLE.

Never look out of humour at me. I never uſes any body ill. No complaints of my houſe. Come, this has been many a good man's lot. Don't be dejected. I have taken a liking to you. Your look beſpeaks ſomething. My heart warms, to you, methinks. Here's my ſervice to you. Hey! the liquor out. Come, we'll have t'other bowl.

DICK.

DICK.

" I've now not fifty ducats in the world; yet
" Still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin."

CATCHPOLE.

What do you ſay? You have fifty ſhillings I hope.

DICK.

" Now thank Heav'n, I'm not worth a groat."

CATCHPOLE.

Not worth a groat!---Then there's no credit here, I can tell you that. You muſt get bail, or go to Newgate. The county jail is the place for the like of you. Who do you think is to pay houſe-rent for you? I ſaw ſomething ſneaking in you at the firſt caſt of my eye. I knew you was nobody. My heart turned againſt you at once. Such poverty-ſtruck devils as you have no buſineſs in my houſe.

DICK.

" The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns that pa-
" tient
" Merit from th' unworthy takes!"

CATCHPOLE.

Merits! The plaintiff will ſhew you that he has merits, I warrant him. And you ſee your friends won't come near you. They have all anſwered in the old cant, " I've promiſed my wife never to be " bail for any body"---" I have ſworn not to be ſe-" curity"---I would lend you the money, if I had it, " but I deſire to be excuſed from juſtifying bail"---And the porter you ſent but juſt now will bring the ſame anſwer. Don't think to ſtay ſnivelling here. You

You ſhall go to *quod* I can tell you that. (*knocking at the door.*) Coming, coming; I'm a coming. I ſhall lodge you in *Newgate* before night. Not worth a groat!---I'll keep no ſuch low-lived company in my houſe. (*knocking at the door*) Knock the houſe down, do, will you? A parcel of actor-folks coming I ſuppoſe. None but players will come after you. I'll take none of 'em for bail. They ſhan't jibe me, I promiſe you. [*Exit.*

DICK.

"Has this fellow no feeling in his buſineſs, that "he laughs in making priſoners?" Come, clear up, Charlotte; never mind this; let us act the Priſon-ſcene in the *Mourning-Bride.*

CHARLOTTE.

How can you think of acting plays now, when we are in ſuch diſtreſs?

DICK.

Why that's the time to imitate great examples. "Unbend that brow and look more kindly on me." Come, we'll practice an attitude. How many of 'em have you?

CHARLOTTE.

Oh! attitudes enough, if that would pay the debt. Let me ſee; one, two, three, and then in the fourth act, and then---as I live and breathe, I believe, I have ten at leaſt.

DICK.

That will do ſwimmingly. I believe I have a round dozen myſelf.

Enter

Enter WINGATE *and* GARGLE.

GARGLE.

Huſh! let us liſten to him. I dare ſay he repents.

WINGATE.

Wounds! what cloaths are thoſe he has on? The villain has robbed me.

DICK.

Ay, we will ſhew 'em attitudes enough. Let us try, Charlotte. Come; you fancy me dead, and I think the ſame of you. (*They ſtand in attitudes*)

WINGATE.

The fellow ought to be in a ſtrait waiſtcoat---there, there; mind him now.

DICK.

" Oh! thou ſoft fleeting form of Lindamira!"

CHARLOTTE.

" Illuſive ſhade of my beloved lord!"

DICK.

" She lives, ſhe ſpeaks, and we ſhall ſtill be happy."

WINGATE.

You lie, you villain, you ſhan't be happy.

(*Knocks him down.*

DICK. (*On the ground*)

" Perdition catch thy arm, the chance is thine."

GARGLE.

GARGLE.

So, young madam, I have found you again.
(*Seizes* Charlotte.

DICK.

" Capulet forbear; Paris let loose your hold;
" She is my wife; our hearts are twin'd together."

WINGATE.

Sirrah! villain! I'll teach you what it is to torment your father. (*ſtriking him*)

DICK.

" Parents have flinty hearts; no tears can move
" 'em; children muſt be wretched."

WINGATE.

Get off the ground; riſe up this moment, or---

DICK. (*Riſing*)

A pity there are no ſcene-drawers to carry me off.

WINGATE.

What a vile profligate! Where did you get that coat? Raſcal, I have a mind to break your head.

Enter CATCHPOLE, *liſtening at a diſtance.*

DICK.

What, like this? (*Pulls off his wig, and ſhews two patches on his head*)

WINGATE.

Have not I told you what your follies would bring you to? Can nothing ſting you to reflection? A

thouſand circumſtances might before now have touched you to the quick. Your own ſufferings; a ſenſe of filial duty; the ingratitude that marks your conduct, and the certain ruin that muſt be the conſequence of irregular and wild purſuits.

CATCHPOLE. *(aſide)*

Vaſtly well! he ſpeaks more naturally than any of them.

DICK.

Sir, with your permiſſion, "Rude am I in my "ſpeech, and little ſhall I grace my cauſe in ſpeak-"ing for myſelf, yet by your gracious favour"---

CATCHPOLE. (*aſide*)

No; that won't do; ſad ſtuff and ill ſpoken.

WINGATE.

What do you deſerve for this behaviour? Where do you think it will end? Without experience and knowledge of the world, muſt you preſume to judge for yourſelf? Is there nothing due to your ſuperiors? No deference to authority? By perſiſting in a wild career of error and diſſipation, you may plant thorns upon a father's pillow, but the uneaſineſs you give him will only ſerve to embitter your own reflections, when you are left in pain and diſtreſs to think of what you have done.

CATCHPOLE.

Very good! (*goes up to Wingate and claps him on the ſhoulder*) I like to hear you: you are the beſt actor among them. (*embraces him*)

WIN-

WINGATE.

What does the fellow mean?

CATCHPOLE.

You do it admirably: give us another ſpeech. You have a good ſalary, I warrant you.

WINGATE.

Zookers! do you take me for a mountebank? Mighty well, young man; you ſee what diſgrace you bring upon your father. Wounds! friend Gargle, I have done with him. I made my own fortune, and ſooner than he ſhall ſpend a ſhilling of my money, I'll take a boy out of the *Blue-coat Hoſpital*, and give him all I have. The ſcoundrell has robbed me, and ſo Mr. CATCHPOLE you may take him to *Newgate*.

CATCHPOLE.

Well, I thought I never heard a better actor in my life. I'll take him if you be ſo minded, and are in good earneſt.

GARGLE.

If you go to that extremity, Mr. Wingate, then you know the fortune I intended to give my daughter muſt go into another channel.

WINGATE.

How is that?---I muſt not loſe the handling of his money---Why you know, friend Gargle, I am not hard-hearted in the main.

GARGLE.

Very true, Sir, and if you'll make the young gen-

tleman ſerve out the laſt year of his apprenticeſhip, I ſhall be giving over buſineſs; he may then ſet up for himſelf, and have all my practice into the bargain.

WINGATE.

Right, you are right---I don't like to loſe an opportunity: If the blockhead would get as many crabbed phyſical phraſes from your *Hippocrites and Allen*, as he has from his plays and farces, I don't know, between you and me, but he may paſs for a good phyſician.

DICK.

"And muſt I leave thee Juliet?

CHARLOTTE.

Have done with ſpeeches now: you ſee we are in the laſt diſtreſs: you had better make it up.

(aſide to Dick)

DICK.

Why, for your ſake, I could almoſt find it in my heart---(*aſide*)

WINGATE.

You'll ſettle your money on your daughter?

GARGLE.

You know it was always my intention.

WINGATE.

I muſt not let the caſh ſlip through my hands. (*aſide*) Look ye here, young man: I am the beſt natured man in the world,---Mr. Catchpole, how much is the debt?

CATCH-

CATCHPOLE.

The gentleman gave his note at Briſtol, I underſtands, where he boarded: 'Tis but twenty pounds, debt and coſts. I have treated him kindly, as I always do to every body, and ſo what you pleaſe for civility money.---The gentleman knows I have been very civil.

WINGATE.

Twenty pounds! what right have you to owe twenty pounds? Why don't you ſend for your friend *Shakeſpeare* to bail you?---ha! ha! I ſhould like to ſee *Shakeſpeare* attempt to juſtify bail---Mr. Catchpole, will you take bail of *Ben Thompſon*, and *Shakeſpeare*, and *Odyſſey Popes?*

CATCHPOLE.

No ſuch people have been here. Are they houſekeepers?

DICK.

" You do not come to mock my miſeries?"

GARGLE.

Huſh! you'll ſpoil all *(takes him by the hand)* Bleſs me! you are in a high fever. When you come home, I'll adminiſter a gentle febrifuge.

DICK.

" Throw phyſic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

WINGATE.

What does he ſay, Gargle?

GARGLE.

GARGLE.

He repents; he promiſes to reform.

WINGATE.

That's right, lad; now you are right. Serve out your time, and my friend Gargle will make a man of you. Wounds! you'll have his daughter and all his money; and if I hear no more of your trumpery, and you mind your buſineſs, and ſtick to my little Charlotte, and make me a grandfather in my old days, why then, you will have all my money too, that is, when I am dead.

DICK.

And then, Charlotte, we may go to the play as often as we pleaſe. (*aſide*)

CHARLOTTE.

That will be the pureſt thing in the world, and we may ſee *Romeo and Juliet* every time its acted. (*aſide*)

DICK.

So we may: I'll buy a renter's ſhare. And beſides, it will look like a play now, if I reform in the end---(*aſide*)---Sir (*to Wingate*) "free me ſo "far in your moſt generous thoughts that I have ſhot "my arrow o'er the houſe, and hurt my brother."

WINGATE.

What do you ſay? ſpeak out friend.

CHARLOTTE.

Tell him in plain Engliſh. (*aſide to Dick*)

DICK.

DICK.

I will: he knows nothing of metaphors. Sir, you ſhall find for the future that we will both endeavour to give you all the ſatisfaction in our power.

WINGATE.

Very well; that's right. You may ſtill do very well. Friend Gargle, I am overjoy'd.

GARGLE.

Chearfulneſs is the principal ingredient in the compoſition of health.

WINGATE.

Wounds! no more of your phyſic. Here young man, put this book in your pocket, and let me ſee how ſoon you'll be maſter of vulgar fractions. Mr. Catchpole, ſtep home with me, and I'll pay you the money. You ſeem a notable ſort of a fellow, Mr. Catchpole, and I dare ſay mind your opportunities. Could you *nab* a man for me?

CATCHPOLE.

Ay, faſt enow, when I have the writ.

WINGATE.

Very well, ſtep with me. I lent a young gentleman a hundred pounds. A cool hundred he called it---ha! ha!---it did not ſtay to cool with him. I touched a *præmium* there; but I ſhan't wait a moment. Come, young man; do you know any body that will give you twenty pounds? I never was obliged to my family for twenty pounds. But I'll ſay no more. If you have a mind to thrive in the world, make yourſelf uſefull; that's the only rule I know, and it's the *golden rule*.

DICK.

DICK.

Charlotte, as you are to be my reward, I intend now to be a new man.

CHARLOTTE.

And now I ſhall ſee how much you love me.

DICK.

It ſhall be my ſtudy to deſerve you. And ſince we don't go on the ſtage it is ſome comfort that "the world's a ſtage, and all the men and women "merely players."

Some act the upper, ſome the under parts,
And moſt aſſume what's foreign to their hearts.
Thus life is but a tragi-comic jeſt,
And all is FARCE and MUMMERY at beſt.

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

Written by Mr. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

Enters reading the Play Bill.

A Very pretty Bill, as I'm alive!
The part of---Nobody---by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry, ſcribbling fool! to leave me out!
He'll ſay, perhaps, he thought I could not ſpout.
Malice and envy to the laſt degree!
And why?---I wrote a farce as well as he.
And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of Woodward *dreſs'd in black, and Face in maſquerade.*
Poor ſoul, ſuch canting ſtuff will never do,
Unleſs, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting *that, from theſe ſame obſequies,*
Some pickings to our youthful bard ariſe;
Should your applauſe to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feaſt Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better ſcheme by half
T'have wrote for me, and made his audience laugh.
I could have ſhewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A ſpouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a Milliner in yonder row,
Well dreſs'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for ſhew,
Who, when in rage, ſhe ſcolds at Sue *and* Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd diſſembler!---*thinks ſhe's more than* ZARA.

EPILOGUE.

She has a daughter too that deals in lace,
And ſings---O ponder well---*and* Chevy Chaſe,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's *place.*
And in her cock'd up hat, and gown of camblet,
Preſumes on ſomething---touching the Lord Hamlet.
A couſin too ſhe has, with ſquinting eyes,
With wadling gait, and voice like London Cries;
Who, for the ſtage too ſhort by half a ſtory,
Acts Lady Townly---thus---in all her glory.
And, while ſhe's traverſing the ſcanty room.
Cries---" *Lord, my Lord, what can I do at home!*"
In ſhort, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, ſtarting, and the jealous,
The Hotſpurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
Oh! little do thoſe ſilly people know,
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myſelf, who moſt in harmony delight,
Am ſcolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal Milliners, ye apron'd Kings;
Young men beware, and ſhun our ſlipp'ry ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinſel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;
Be timely wiſe, for oh! be ſure of this!
A ſhop with virtue is the height of bliſs.

THE

UPHOLSTERER;

OR

WHAT NEWS?

A

COMEDY,

In TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

----------O Bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audiſti?

Hor.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. MOSSOP.

THE love of news, now grown the ruling paſſion,
In ev'ry age has been the gen'ral faſhion.
'Twas ſo at Athens:---when in evil hour
Ambition aim'd at univerſal pow'r;
When the fierce man of Macedon *began*
Of a new monarchy to form the plan;
Each Greek *(as fam'd* Demoſthenes *relates)*
Politically mad! wou'd rave of ſtates!
And help'd to form, where'er the mob could meet,
A band of Senators in ev'ry ſtreet.
What news, what news? was their eternal cry;
Is Philip *ſick! then ſoar'd their ſpirits high;*
Philip *is well!---dejection in each eye.*
Athenian *coblers join'd in deep debate,*
While gold in ſecret undermin'd the ſtate;
Till Wiſdom's bird the vulture's prey was made;
And the ſword gleam'd in Academus' *ſhade.*

Now modern Philips *threaten this our land,*
What ſay Britannia's *ſons?---along the Strand*
What news? ye cry---with the ſame paſſion ſmit;
And there at leaſt you rival attic wit.
A Parliament of porters here ſhall muſe
On ſtate affairs, "ſwall'wing a taylor's news;"
For ways and means *no ſtarv'd projector ſleeps;*
And ev'ry ſhop ſome mighty ſtateſman keeps;
He Britain's *foes, like* Bobadil, *can kill;*
Supply th' EXCHEQUER, *and neglect his till.*
In ev'ry alehouſe legiſlators meet;
And patriots ſettle kingdoms in the Fleet.

To ſhew this phrenzy in its genuine light,
A modern newſmonger appears to night!

PROLOGUE.

Trick'd out from Addiſon's *accompliſh'd page,*
Behold th' Upholſterer *aſcends the ſtage.*

No Miniſter ſuch trials e'er hath ſtood;
He turns a BANKRUPT *for the public good!*
Undone himſelf, yet full of England's *glory!*
A politician!---neither Whig nor Tory!
Nor can ye high or low the Quixote *call;*
"He's Knight o' th' Shire, and repreſents ye all."

As for the Bard, to you he yields his plan;
For well he knows, you're candid where you can.
One only praiſe he claims; no party ſtroke
Here turns a public character to joke.
His Panacæa *is for all degrees,*
For all have more or leſs of this diſeaſe.
Whatever his ſucceſs, of this he's ſure,
There's merit even to attempt the cure.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

QUIDNUNC, *the Upholſterer,*	MR. YATES.
PAMPHLET, *a Political Writer,*	MR. GARRICK.
RAZOR, *a Barber,*	MR. WOODWARD.
FEEBLE,	MR. BLAKES.
BELLMOUR,	MR. PACKER.
ROVEWELL,	MR. USHER.
CODICIL, *a Serjeant at Law,*	MR. TASWELL.
BRISK,	MR. VERNON.
WATCHMAN.	

WOMEN.

HARRIET,	MRS. YATES.
TERMAGANT,	MRS. CLIVE.
BETTY,	MISS COCKAYNE.

THE

UPHOLSTERER;

OR

WHAT NEWS.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE BELLMOUR's *Lodging*.

Enter BELLMOUR *beating* BRISK.

BRISK.

MR. Bellmour,---let me die, Sir,---as I hope for mercy, Sir---

BELLMOUR.

Sirrah! rogue! villain!---I'll teach you, I will, you raſcal, to ſpeak irreverently of her I love.

BRISK.

As I am a ſinner, Sir, I only meant---

BELLMOUR.

Only meant! you could not mean it, varlet, you had no meaning, booby.---

BRISK.

BRISK.

Why no, Sir, that's the very thing, Sir, I had no meaning.

BELLMOUR.

Then, ſirrah, I'll make you know your meaning before you give a looſe to your tongue for the future.

BRISK.

Yes, Sir, to be ſure, Sir, and yet upon my word if you would be but a little cool, Sir, you would find I am not much to blame. Beſides, maſter, you can't conceive the good it would do your health, if you would but keep your temper a little.

BELLMOUR.

Mighty well, Sir, give your advice.

BRISK.

Why really now this ſame love hath metamorphoſed us both very ſtrangely, maſter; for to be free, here have we been at this work theſe ſix weeks, ſtark-ſtaring mad in love with a couple of baggages not worth a groat: and yet, Heav'n help us! they have as much pride as comes to the ſhare of a lady of quality before ſhe has been caught in the fact with a handſome young fellow; or indeed after ſhe has been caught, for that matter.

BELLMOUR.

You won't have done, raſcal?

BRISK.

In ſhort, my young miſtreſs and her maid have as much

much pride and poverty as---as---no matter what, they have the devil and all, when at the ſame time every body knows the old broken Upholſterer, Miſs Harriet's father, might give us all he has in the world, and not eat the worſe pudding on a Sunday.

BELLMOUR.

Inſolent, ſcurrilous wretch! detract from that heaven of beauty! I'll reform your notions, I will, thou profligate, abandoned, vile blaſphemer!

(*ſtriking him*)

BRISK.

Hold, hold, Sir; for mercy-ſake, a little patience; not ſo hard, Sir.

Enter ROVEWELL.

ROVEWELL.

Bellmour, your ſervant. What at loggerheads with my old friend Briſk!

BELLMOUR.

Confuſion! Mr. Rovewell, your ſervant. This is your doing, hang-dog.---Jack Rovewell, I am glad to ſee thee.

ROVEWELL.

Briſk uſed to be a good ſervant: he has not been deſtroying the game, inſtead of ſpringing it for his maſter, has he?

BELLMOUR.

Do you know, Rovewell, that he had the impudence to talk detractingly and prophanely of the idol of my heart?

BRISK.

For which, Sir, I have ſuffered in a moſt inhuman and unchriſtian-like manner, I aſſure you, Sir.

BELLMOUR.

Will you leave prating, booby?

ROVEWELL.

Weſl, but Bellmour, where does ſhe live?---I'm but juſt arrived you know: don't grudge your friend a little intelligence: I may have occaſion to beat up her quarters.

BELLMOUR.

Beat up her quarters!---

(looks at him, then half aſide)

" Favours to none; to all ſhe ſmiles extends,
" Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends."

(ſtands muſing)

ROVEWELL.

Hey! what fallen into a reverie!---Prithee, Briſk, what does all this mean?

BRISK.

Why, Sir, you muſt know, I am over head and ears in love.

ROVEWELL.

But I mean your maſter; what ails him?

BRISK.

That's the very thing I am going to tell you: as I ſaid,

I ſaid, Sir, I am over head and ears in love with a whimſical, queer kind of an odd piece of affectation here in the neighbourhood, and ſo nothing can ſerve my maſter, but he muſt fall in love with the miſtreſs. Look at him now, Sir.

(Bellmour *continues muſing and talking to himſelf*)

ROVEWELL.

Ha, ha, ha,---poor Bellmour, I pity thee with all my heart---(*ſtrikes him on the ſhoulder*)

" Ye Gods, annihilate both ſpace and time,---
" And make two lovers happy."

BELLMOUR.

My dear Rovewell, ſuch a girl!---ten thouſand Cupids play about her mouth, you rogue.

ROVEWELL.

Ten thouſand pounds had better play about her pocket? What fortune has ſhe?

BRISK.

Heaven help us, not much to crack of.---

BELLMOUR.

Not much to crack of, Mr. Brazen! Prithee, Rovewell, how can you be ſo ungenerous as to aſk ſuch a queſtion? You know I don't mind fortune, though by the way ſhe has an uncle who is determined to ſettle very handſomely upon her; and on the ſtrength of that expectancy, does ſhe give herſelf as many airs, as the moſt finiſhed coquette that ever fluttered in a ſide box.

ROVEWELL.

Fortune not to be minded!---I'll tell you what, Bell-

Bellmour, though you have a good one already, there's no kind of inconvenience in a little more. I'm ſure if I had not minded fortune, I might have been in Jamaica ſtill, not worth a ſugar-cane; but the widow Moloſſes took a fancy to me; heaven or a worſe deſtiny has taken a fancy to her: and ſo, after ten years exile, and being turn'd adrift by my father, here I am again a warm planter, and a widower, moſt woefully tired of matrimony. But, my dear Bellmour, we were both ſo overjoyed to meet one another yeſterday evening, juſt as I arrived in town, that I did not hear a ſyllable from you of your love fit: how, when, and where did this happen?

BELLMOUR.

Oh! by the moſt fortunate accident that ever was, I'll tell thee, Rovewell: I was going one night from the tavern, about ſix weeks ago; I had been with a parcel of blades, whoſe only joy is centered in their bottle, and 'faith till this accident I was a mere town-rake myſelf. But from that time I am grown a new man.

ROVEWELL.

Ay, a new man indeed!---Who in the name of wonder would take thee, ſunk as thou art into a muſing, moping, melancholy lover, for the gay Charles Bellmour, whom I knew in the Weſt-Indies?

BELLMOUR.

Poh, the Weſt Indies! the object there was to kill time, you know. What could I do? My father took me againſt my will from the Univerſity, and conſigned me over to the academic diſcipline of a man of war; ſo that to prevent a dejection of ſpirits, I was obliged to run into the oppoſite extreme, as you yourſelf were wont to do.

ROVE-

ROVEWELL.

Why, yes, I had my moments of reflection; thoughts were uneaſy, and I was glad to diſſipate them. You know I always told you there was ſomething extraordinary in my ſtory; and ſo there is ſtill; I ſuppoſe it muſt be cleared up in a few days. I'm in no hurry about it; I muſt ſee the town a little this evening, and have my frolick firſt. But to the point, Bellmour; you was going from the tavern you ſay.

BELLMOUR.

Yes, Sir, about two in the morning, and I perceived an unuſual blaze in the air: I was in a rambling humour, and ſo reſolved to know what it was.

BRISK.

I and my maſter went together.

BELLMOUR.

Oh! Rovewell! my better ſtars ordain'd it to light me on to happineſs; by ſure attraction led, I came to the very ſtreet where a houſe was on fire: water-engines playing, flames aſcending, all hurry, confuſion, and diſtreſs; when on a ſudden the voice of deſpair, ſilver ſweet, came thrilling down to my heart; poor dear, lovely angel, what can ſhe do! cried the neighbours. Again ſhe ſcream'd, the fire gathering force, and gaining upon her every inſtant. Here, ma'am, ſaid I, leap into my arms, I'll be ſure to receive you; and wou'd you think it? down ſhe came,---my dear Rovewell, ſuch a girl! I caught her in my arms, you rogue, ſafe, without harm. The dear naked Venus, juſt riſen from her bed, my boy! Her ſlender waiſt, Rovewell, the downy ſmoothneſs of

of her whole perſon, and her limbs "harmonious, "ſwell'd by Nature's ſofteſt hand."

ROVEWELL.

Raptures and Paradiſe!---What Seraglio in Covent Garden did you carry her to?

BELLMOUR.

There again now! Do, prithee correct your way of thinking: take a *quantum ſufficit* of virtuous love, and purify your ideas. Her lovely baſhfulneſs, her delicate fears, her beauty heightened and endeared by diſtreſs, diſperſed my wildeſt thoughts, and melted me in tenderneſs and reſpect.

ROVEWELL.

But, Bellmour, ſurely ſhe has not the impudence to be modeſt after you have had poſſeſſion of her perſon?

BELLMOUR.

My views are honourable I aſſure you, Sir; but her father is abſurdly poſitive. The man's diſtracted about the balance of power, and will give his daughter to none but a politician. When there was an execution in his houſe, he thought of nothing but the camp at *Pyrna*; and now he's a bankrupt, his head runs upon ways and means, and ſchemes for paying off the national debt: the affairs of *Europe* engroſs all his attention, while the diſtreſſes of his lovely daughter paſs unnoticed.

ROVEWELL.

Ridiculous enough! But why do you mind him? Why don't you go to bed to the wench at once? Take her into keeping, man.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

How can you talk ſo affrontingly? Have not I told you, though her father is ruin'd, that ſhe has great expectancies from a rich relation?

ROVEWELL.

Then what do you ſtand watering at the mouth for? If ſhe is to have money enough to pay for her china, her gaming debts, her dogs, and her monkeys, marry her at once, if you needs muſt be enſnar'd; amuſe yourſelf in a fool's paradiſe for a honey-moon, then come to yourſelf, wonder at what you've done, and mix with honeſt fellows again. Carry her off I ſay, and never ſtand whining for the father's conſent.

BELLMOUR.

Carry her off! I like the ſcheme: will you aſſiſt me?

ROVEWELL.

No, no; there I beg to be excuſed. I'll have no hand in that buſineſs. My friend may marry if he will, but he ſhall never ſay that I helped to faſten the nooſe. Don't you remember what the ſatyriſt ſays,---"Never marry while there's a halter to "be had for money, or a bridge to afford a con-"venient leap."

BELLMOUR.

Prithee leave fooling.

ROVEWELL.

I am in ſerious carneſt I aſſure you; I'll drink with you, game with you, go into any ſcheme or frolic with you, but war matrimony. Nay, if you'll come

come to the tavern this evening, I'll drink your miſtreſs's health in a bumper; but as to your conjugal ſcheme, I have no reliſh for that buſineſs. It is not my talent. I will ſerve my friend with all my heart, but will do no miſchief.

BELLMOUR.

Well, well, I'll take you at your word, and meet you at ten exactly, at the ſame place where we ſpent laſt night; then and there I'll let you know what further meaſures I have concerted.

ROVEWELL.

Till then, farewell; *a-propos*,---do you know that I've ſeen none of my relations yet?

BELLMOUR.

Time enough to-morrow.

ROVEWELL.

Ay, to-morrow will do,---well, your ſervant. If you muſt marry, bon voyage! [*Exit.*

BELLMOUR.

Rovewell, yours,---Briſk do you come to me in my ſtudy, that I may give you a letter to Harriet; and hark you Sir,---be ſure you ſee Harriet yourſelf, and let me have no meſſages from that officious go-between, her maid,---Mrs. Termagant, I think you call her.

BRISK.

Yes, Sir, Mrs. Termagant. You know by experience that love ſpies certain perfections in the object of it's eſteem, which nobody elſe can diſcover, and

and Fanny poſſibly be in the ſame caſe with the maid, as you are with Miſs Harriet.

BELLMOUR.

Again taking liberties!---Raſcal! your Mrs. Termagant is the verieſt blunderer that ever perverted the uſe of language. Another Mrs. SLIPSLOP! with an eternal fund of unintelligible jargon, and a medley of words, of which ſhe neither knows the meaning nor the pronunciation. Go, and order a coach.

BRISK.

Yes, Sir.--- [*Exit.*

BELLMOUR.

I'll write to Harriet this moment; acquaint her with the ſoft tumult of my deſires, and, if poſſible, make her mine this very night.

"Love firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
"Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid."

[*Exit.*

Scene the UPHOLSTERER'S HOUSE.

Enter HARRIET *and* TERMAGANT.

TERMAGENT.

Well, but Ma'am, he has made love to you ſix weeks *ſucceſsfully*; he has been as conſtant in his *'moors* poor gentleman, as if you had the *ſubverſion* of *'ſtate* to ſettle upon him---and if he ſlips thro' your fingers, now Ma'am, you have nobody to *depute* it to but yourſelf.

HARRIET.

My gracious! how you run on!--- I tell you, Termagant

magant, my pride was touched, becauſe he ſeemed to preſume on his opulence, and my father's diſtreſſes.

TERMAGANT.

La, Miſs Harriet, how can you be ſo *paradropſical* in your *'pinions?*

HARRIET.

Well, but you know, though my father's affairs are ruin'd, I am not in ſo deſperate a way; conſider, my uncle's fortune is no trifle, and I think that proſpect entitles me to give myſelf a few airs before I reſign my perſon.

TERMAGENT.

I grant ye, Ma'am, you have very good pretenſions; but then it's waiting for dead men's ſhoes: I'll venture to be perjur'd Mr. *Bellmour* ne'er *diſclaim'd* an *idear* of your father's diſtreſs.

HARRIET.

Suppoſing that.

TERMAGANT.

Suppoſe, Ma'am---I know it *diſputably* to be ſo.

HARRIET.

Indiſputably I gueſs you mean;---but I'm tired of wrangling with you about words.

TERMAGANT.

By my troth you're in the right on't;-----there's ne'er a ſhe in all Old England, (as your father calls it) is miſtreſs of ſuch *phiſiology*, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their words together with ſuch a *curacy* as myſelf.

I once

I once lived with a *miſtus*, Ma'am,---*miſtus!*---ſhe was a lady; a great tallow-chandler's wife! and ſhe wore as fine cloaths as any perſon of quality, let her get up as early as ſhe will; and ſhe uſed to call me ---Tarmagant, ſays ſhe, what's the *ſignification* of ſuch a word? and I always told her; I told her the *importation* of all my words, though I could not help laughing, Miſs Harriet, to ſee ſo fine a lady, ſuch a downright *ignoranimus*.

HARRIET.

Well,---but pray now, Tarmagant, would you have me directly upon being aſked the queſtion, throw myſelf into the arms of a man?

TERMAGANT.

O'my conſcience you did throw yourſelf into his arms with ſcarce a ſhift on, that's what you did.

HARRIET.

Yes, but that was a leap in the dark, when there was no time to think of it.

TERMAGANT.

Well, it does not ſignify *argifying*, I wiſh we were both warm in bed, you with Mr. Bellmour, and I with his coxcomb of a man; inſtead of being *minured* here with an old crazy fool---*axing* your pardon, Ma'am, for calling your father ſo---but he is a fool, and the worſt of fools, with his *policies*, and his news, and his pamphlets, and his one ſide of the queſtion, and then t'other ſide, when all the time his houſe is full of *ſtatues of bankreſſy*.

HARRIET.

It is too true, Termagant; but he is my father

ſtill, and I muſt always think of him with reſpect, with gratitude and love.

TERMAGANT.

Love! I ſhould not have though of that. He is an *anecdote* againſt love.

HARRIET.

Huſh! here he comes.

TERMAGANT.

No, it's your uncle Feeble. Poor gentleman, I pity's him, eaten up with *infirmaries*, and yet always taking pains about a crack-brained politician, aſking your pardon, Madam.

Enter FEEBLE.

HARRIET.

Well, uncle, have you been able to conſole him?

FEEBLE.

He wants no conſolation child. Lackaday! I am ſo infirm I can hardly move. I found him tracing in the map, Prince Charles of Lorraine's paſſage over the Rhine, and comparing it with Julius Cæſar's.

TERMAGANT.

An old blockhead! I've no patience with him, with his fellows coming after him every hour in the day with news. Well now, I wiſhes there was no ſuch thing as a news-paper in the world, with ſuch a pack of lies, and ſuch a deal of good authority to day, and ſuch flat contradiction tomorrow, that there is no ſuch a thing as believing a word they ſay.

FEEBLE.

FEEBLE.

Ay, there were three or four ſhabby fellows with him when I went into his room. I can't get him to think of appearing before the Commiſſioners tomorrow, to diſcloſe his effects; but I'll ſend my neighbour Counſellor Codicil to him. Don't be dejected, Harriet; my poor ſiſter, your mother, was a good woman; I love you for her ſake, child, and all I am worth ſhall be your's. But I muſt be going; I find myſelf very ill; good night, Harriet, good night. [*Exit* Feeble.

HARRIET.

You'll give me leave to ſee you to the door, Sir. [*Exit* Harriet.

TERMAGANT.

O' my conſcience this maſter of mine within here, might have pick'd up his crumbs as well as Mr. Feeble, if he had any *idear* of his buſineſs. I'm ſure if I had not hopes from Mr. Feeble, I ſhould not tarry in this houſe. By my troth, if all who have nothing to ſay the *'fairs* of the nation, would mind their own buſineſs; and thoſe who ſhould take care of our *'fairs*, would mind their buſineſs too, I fancy poor Old England (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em. This old crazy pate within here! playing the fool, when the man is paſt his grand *clytemneſter*. [*Exit* Termagant.

SCENE *diſcovers* QUIDNUNC *at a Table, with News-Papers, Pamphlets, &c. all around him.*

QUIDNUNC.

Six and three is nine; ſeven and four is eleven, and

and carry one. Let me ſee, one hundred and twenty-ſix million, one hundred and ninety-nine thouſand, three hundred and twenty-eight: and all this with about---where, where's the amount of the ſpecie? Here, here; with about fifteen million in ſpecie, all this great circulation! good, good; why then how are we ruined?---how are we ruined? What ſays the land tax at four ſhillings in the pound? two million! now where's my new aſſeſſment?----- here, here, the 5th part of twenty, five in two I can't, but five in twenty *(pauſes)* right, four times: why then upon my new aſſeſſment there's four million. How are we ruined?-----What ſays malt, cyder, and mum? eleven and carry one, nought and go two---good, good, malt, hops, cyder, and mum; then there's the wine licence, and the gin act. The gin act is no bad article. If the people will ſhoot fire down their throats, why in a Chriſtian country they ſhould pay as dear as poſſible for ſuicide. Salt! good; ſugar! very good; window lights! good again! ſtamp duty! that's not ſo well; it will have a bad effect upon news-papers, and we ſhan't have enough of politics. But there's the lottery: where's my new ſcheme for a lottery?---Here it is----Now for the amount of the whole: how are we ruined? ſeven and carry nought; nought and carry one.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Sir, Sir,---

QUIDNUNC.

Hold your tongue, you baggage, you'll put me out. Nought and carry one.

TER-

TERMAGANT.

Counſellor Codicil will be with you preſently.

QUIDNUNC.

Prithee be quiet, woman. How are we ruined?

TERMAGANT.

Ay, I'm *confidous* as how you may thank yourſelf for your own *ruination.*

QUIDNUNC.

Ruin the nation!---hold your tongue, you jade, I am raiſing the ſupplies within the year. How many did I carry?

TERMAGANT.

Yes, you've carried your pigs to a fine market.

QUIDNUNC.

Get out of the room, huſſey; you trollop; you jade, you baggage, get out of the room.

[*turns her out.*

Enter RAZOR, *with a Shaving Baſon in his Hand.*

QUIDNUNC.

Friend Razor, I am glad to ſee thee. Well, haſt got any news?

RAZOR.

A budget! I left a gentleman half ſhaved in my ſhop over the way; it came into my head of a ſudden, ſo I could not be at eaſe till I told you.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

That's kind, that's kind, friend Razor: never mind the gentleman, he can wait.

RAZOR.

Yes, ſo he can, he can wait.

QUIDNUNC.

Come, now let's hear, what is it?

RAZOR.

I ſhav'd a great man's butler to day.

QUIDNUNC.

Did ye?

RAZOR.

I did.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay!

RAZOR.

Very true. *(both ſhake their heads)*

QUIDNUNC.

What did he ſay?

RAZOR.

Nothing.

QUIDNUNC.

Hum---how did he look?

RAZOR.

RAZOR.

Full of thought.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay! full of thought! What can that mean?

RAZOR.

It muſt mean ſomething. *(ſtaring at each other)*

QUIDNUNC.

Mayhap ſomebody may be going out of place.

RAZOR.

Like enow: there is always ſomething at the bottom when a great man's butler looks grave. Things can't hold out in this manner, maſter Quidnunc!---Luxury will be the ruin of us all, it will indeed.---Kingdoms riſe and fall! *(ſtares at him)*

QUIDNUNC. *(ſtaring at* RAZOR*)*

So they do.---They riſe and fall like the Stocks. ---Here to-day, gone to-morrow. Pity! great pity!

RAZOR.

Yes, yes; the more the pity. *(both ſtand muſing)*

QUIDNUNC.

Pray, friend Razor, do you find buſineſs as current now as before the war?

RAZOR.

No, no: I have not made a wig the Lord knows

when. I can't mind it for thinking of my poor country.

QUIDNUNC.

That's generous, friend Razor.

RAZOR.

Yes, I can't gi'my mind to any thing for thinking of my country. When I was in Bedlam, it was the ſame; I cou'd think of nothing elſe in Bedlam, bu poor Old England, and ſo they ſaid as how I was incurable for it.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay! and ſo they laugh at all virtue, and true patriotiſm. They might as well ſay the ſame of me.

RAZOR.

So they might. Well, your ſervant, Mr. Quidnunc, I'll go now and ſhave the reſt of the gentleman's face.---Poor Old England!

(*ſighs and ſhakes his head going*)

QUIDNUNC.

But hark ye, friend Razor, aſk the gentleman if he has got any news.

RAZOR.

I will---I will.

QUIDNUNC.

And d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has.

RAZOR.

I will, I will---poor Old England! (*going returns*) O, Mr. Quidnunc, I want to aſk you---pray now---

Enter

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

My ſtars! O gemini! Are you mad? How can a man have ſo little *difference* for his cuſtomers?

QUIDNUNC.

I tell you, Mrs. Malapert---

TERMAGANT.

And I tell you, the gentleman keeps ſuch a bawling yonder; for ſhame, Mr. Razor; you'll be a *bankrupper* like my maſter, with ſuch a houſe full of children as you have, pretty little things---that's what you will.

RAZOR.

I'm a coming, I'm a coming, Mrs. Termagant---I ſay, Mr. Quidnunc, I can't ſleep in my bed for thinking what will become of the Proteſtants, if the Papiſts ſhould get the better in the preſent war.

QUIDNUNC.

I'll tell you---The geographer of our coffee-houſe was ſaying the other day, that there is an huge tract of land about the Pole, where the Proteſtants may retire, and that the Papiſts will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the Northern Powers hold together, and the Grand Turk make a diverſion in their favour.

RAZOR.

That makes me eaſy---I'm glad the Proteſtants will know where to go, if the Papiſts ſhou'd get the better. *(going returns)* Oh! Mr. Quidnunc---hark'ye ---India Bonds are riſen.

QUIDNUNC.

Are they?---how much?

RAZOR.

A Jew Pedlar ſaid in my ſhop as how they are riſen three ſixteenths.

QUIDNUNC.

Why then that makes ſome amends for the price of corn.

RAZOR.

So it does, ſo it does; if they but hold up, and the Proteſtants know where to go, I ſhall then have a night's reſt mayhap. Poor Old England!

[*Exit* Razor.

QUIDNUNC.

I ſhall never be rightly eaſy till thoſe careening wharfs at Gibraltar are repaired.

TERMAGANT.

A fiddle for you *dwarfs*, *impair* your ruin'd fortune, do that.

QUIDNUNC.

If only one ſhip can heave down at a time, there will be no end of it---and then, why ſhould watering be ſo tedious there?

TERMAGANT.

Look where your daughter comes, and yet you'll be *ruinating* about *Give-a-halter*, while that poor thing is breaking her heart.

Enter

Enter HARRIET.

QUIDNUNC.

It's one comfort, however, they can always have freſh proviſions in the Mediterranean.

HARRIET.

Dear papa, what's the Mediterranean to people in our ſituation?

QUIDNUNC.

The Mediterranean, child? Why if we ſhould loſe the Mediterranean, we're all undone.

HARRIET.

Dear Sir, that's our misfortune; we are undone already.

QUIDNUNC.

No, no,---here, child; I have raiſed the ſupplies within the year.

TERMAGANT.

I tell you, you're a *lunadic* man.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, yes, I'm a lunatic to be ſure---I tell you, Harriet, I have ſaved a great deal out of my affairs for you.

HARRIET.

For Heav'n ſake, Sir, don't do that: you muſt give up every thing; my uncle Feeble's lawyer will be here to talk with you upon that ſubject.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Poh, poh, I tell you, I know what I am about. You ſhall have my books and pamphlets, and all the manifeſtoes of the powers at war.

HARRIET.

And ſo make me a politician, Sir?

QUIDNUNC.

It would be the pride of my heart to find I had got a politician in petticoats. A female Machiavel! S'bodikins, you might then know as much as moſt people that talk in coffee-houſes; and who knows but in time you might be a Maid of Honour, or Sweeper of the Mall, or---

HARRIET.

Dear Sir, don't I ſee what you have got by politics?

QUIDNUNC.

Pſhaw! my country's of more conſequence to me; and let me tell you, you can't think too much of your country in theſe worſt of times; for Mr. *Monitor* has told us, that affairs in the North, and the Proteſtant intereſt, begin to grow *tickliſh*.

TERMAGANT.

And your daughter's affairs are very tickliſh. Poor thing to be in ſuch *jeopardy*.

HARRIET.

Prithee Termagant---

TERMAGANT.

Nay, I muſt ſpeak to him---I know you are in a *tickliſh* ſituation, Ma'am.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

I tell you, Trull---

TERMAGANT.

But I am convicted it is ſo---and the poſture of my affairs is very tickliſh too; and ſo for my part I *imprecate* that Mr. Bellmour may come, and---

QUIDNUNC.

Mr. Bellmour come! I tell you, Mrs. Impudence, that my daughter ſhall never be married to a man, that has not better notions of the balance of power.

TERMAGANT.

But what *purviſion* will you make for her now, with your balances?

QUIDNUNC.

There again now!---Why do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll look in the papers for a match for you, child; there's often good matches advertiſed in the papers. Evil betide it, evil betide it!---I once thought to have a ſtruck a great ſtroke, that would have aſtoniſhed all Europe.---I thought to have married my daughter to Theodore King of Corſica.

HARRIET.

What, and have me periſh in a jail, Sir!

QUIDNUNC.

S'bodikins my daughter would have had her Coronation Day; I ſhould have been allied to a crowned head, and been FIRST LORD of the TREASURY of COR-

CORSICA!---But come,---now I'll go and talk over the *London Evening*, till the *Gazette* comes in. I ſhan't ſleep to-night unleſs I ſee the *Gazette*.

Enter SERJEANT CODICIL.

CODICIL.

Mr. Quidnunc, your ſervant. Your ſtreet door was open, and I entered upon the *premiſes*. I am juſt come from the great hall of Pleas.

QUIDNUNC.

This man is come to keep me at home. What from the Hall at this late hour in the evening?

CODICIL.

Yes; afternoon ſittings have detained me. Upon my word Miſs Harriet is as pretty a young lady as a man would deſire to have and to hold. Ma'am your moſt obedient; I have drawn my friend Feeble's will, in which you have all his goods and chattles, lands, tenements and hereditaments.

HARRIET.

I thank you, Sir, for the information.

CODICIL.

And I hope ſoon to draw your marriage ſettlement for my friend Mr. Bellmour.

HARRIET.

Huſh, dear Sir; not a word of that before my father. I wiſh you'd try, Sir, to get him to think of his affairs.

CODI-

CODICIL.

Why yes, I have inſtructions for that purpoſe. Mr. Quidnunc, I am inſtructed to expound the law to you.

QUIDNUNC.

What, the law of nations? Termagant, get out of the room; Harriet, leave me with this gentleman ---I ſay, Termagant, begone and leave me. Leave me this moment. (*puts them both out*)

CODICIL.

I am inſtructed, Sir, that you're a bankrupt; *quaſi bancus ruptus*; *banque route faire*. And my inſtructions ſay further, that you are ſummoned to appear before the Commiſſioners to-morrow.

QUIDNUNC.

That may be, Sir, but I can't go to-morrow, and ſo I ſhall ſend 'em word. I am to be to-morrow at Slaughter's coffee-houſe with a private committee, about buſineſs of great conſequence to the affairs of Europe.

CODICIL.

Then, Sir, if you don't go, I muſt inſtruct you, that you'll be guilty of a felony: it will be deem'd to be done *malo animo*; it is held ſo in the Books; and what ſays the Statute? By the 5th *George* 2d, *Cap.* 30. Not ſurrendering or imbezzling is felony without benefit of Clergy.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay,---you tell me news.

CODICIL.

Give me leave, Sir,---I am inſtructed to expound the law to you; felony is thus deſcribed in the Books; *felonia*, ſaith *Hotoman, de verbis feudalibus, ſignificat capitale facinus*, a capital offence.

QUIDNUNC.

You tell me news, you do indeed.

CODICIL.

It was ſo apprehended by the *Goths* and the *Longobards*, and what ſaith Sir Edward Coke? *Fieri debeat felleo animo.*

QUIDNUNC.

You've told me news: I did not know it was felony; but if the Flanders mail ſhould come in while I am there, I ſhall know nothing at all of it.

CODICIL.

But why ſhould you be uneaſy? *Cui bono*, Mr. Quidnunc, *cui bono?*

QUIDNUNC.

Not uneaſy! If the Papiſts ſhould beat the Proteſtants in the preſent war.

CODICIL.

But I tell you, they can get no advantage of us. The laws againſt the further growth of Popery will ſecure us. There are proviſoes in favour of Proteſtant purchaſers under Papiſts---10th Geo. I cap. 4. and 6th Geo. II. cap. 5.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Ay!

CODICIL.

And beſides, Popiſh recuſants can't carry arms, ſo can have no right of conqueſt, *vi & armis.*

QUIDNUNC.

That's true; that's true; I'm eaſier in my mind.

CODICIL.

To be ſure: what are you uneaſy about? The Papiſts can have no claim to Sileſia.

QUIDNUNC.

Can't they?

CODICIL.

No, they can ſet up no claim. If the Queen on her marriage had put all her lands into *Hotchpot*, then indeed---and it ſeemeth, ſaith *Littleton*, that this word *Hotchpot* is in Engliſh a Pudding.

QUIDNUNC.

You reaſon very clearly, Mr. Codicil, upon the rights of the powers at war, and ſo now if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my affairs.

CODICIL.

Nor does the matter reſt here; for how can ſhe ſet up a claim, when ſhe has made a conveyance to the Houſe of Brandenburgh? The law, Mr. Quidnunc, is very ſevere againſt fraudent conveyances.---

QUIDNUNC.

S'bodikins, you have ſatisfied me.

CODICIL.

Why therefore then, if he will levy fines and ſuffer a common recovery, he can bequeath it as he likes in *feodum ſimplex*, provided he takes care to put in *ſes Heres*.

QUIDNUNC.

I'm heartily glad of it; ſo that with regard to my effects---

CODICIL.

Why then ſuppoſe ſhe was to bring it to a trial at bar---

QUIDNUNC.

I ſay with regard to the full diſcloſure of my effects---

CODICIL.

What wou'd ſhe get by that? At common law ſhe would have no chance, and as to equity---

QUIDNUNC.

Pray, muſt I now ſurrender my books and my pamphlets?

CODICIL.

What wou'd Equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her; ſhe might be kept at leaſt twenty years before a Maſter to ſettle the account.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

You have made me eaſy about the Proteſtants in this war, you have indeed; ſo that with regard to my appearing before the Commiſſioners---

CODICIL.

And as to the *Ban of the Empire*, he may demur to that. For all Tenures by *Knight's Service* are aboliſhed, and the Statute 12 Char. II. has declared all lands to be held in *Common Socage*.

QUIDNUNC.

To the point, Mr. Serjeant. Why will you ramble thus? I want to hear about my own affairs. To the point. Is there no way of compelling the creditors to grant my certificate?

CODICIL.

Why therefore then, if they're held in *Common Socage*, I ſubmit it to the Court, whether the Empire can have any claim to *Knight's Service?* They can't call upon him for a ſingle man for the war.

QUIDNUNC.

But I ſay as to my certificate.

CODICIL.

They can't demand *Unum Hominem ad Guerram*;--- for what is *Common Socage?---Socagium idem eſt quod Servitium ſocæ*, the ſervice of the plough.

QUIDNUNC.

I tell you I am willing to attend the Commiſ-

ſioners,

ſioners. But pray now,---It is of great conſequence to me to know this point. I ſay, Mr. Serjeant---

CODICIL.

A number of caſes may be cited---

QUIDNUNC.

Truce with your caſes. I ſay, when my certificate is ſigned, may not I then---Hey! (*ſtarting up*) hey! ---What do I hear?

CODICIL.

I apprehend, I humbly conceive, when your certificate is ſigned---

QUIDNUNC.

Hold your tongue, man---did not I hear the Gazette?

NEWSMAN. (*within*)

Great news in the London Gazette.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, yes it is---it is the Gazette---Termagant, Termagant; I ſay, Termagant; where is the jade? Stop the Newſman; he is going by now; Termagant, I ſay. (*ſtands bawling at the ſide of the ſcene*)

CODICIL.

The law in that caſe, Mr. Quidnunc, *prima facie*,

QUIDNUNC.

I can't hear you now; I have not time. Termagant, run, fly, make haſte; get me the Gazette; bring it directly. (*ſtamping violently*)

Co-

CODICIL.

I ſay it is held in the Books---

QUIDNUNC.

I care for no Books; I want the Papers---
(ſtamping)

CODICIL.

It is held throughout the Books, that your certificate, if not obtained by fraud---

QUIDNUNC.

You ſhan't defraud me of my Newſpaper. Where is it? Bring it this moment.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

What do you keep ſuch a bawling for?

CODICIL.

Non compos, that's his caſe. Mr. Quidnunc your politicks---

QUIDNUNC.

Mr. Serjeant, your Caſes, and your Statutes, and your muſty old Books---

CODICIL.

Bo! as mad as any man in Bedlam. Have you no ſuch thing as a ſtrait waiſtcoat in the houſe?

QUIDNUNC.

Give me the news, I ſay.

CODI-

CODICIL.

There again! His friends, inſtead of a commiſſion of bankrupts, ſhould take out a commiſſion of lunacy. [*Exit.*

TERMAGANT.

He is an old *Don Quickſet* ſure enough. The Newſman ſays as how the Emperor of *Molocco* is dead.

QUIDNUNC.

The Emperor of Morocco!

TERMAGANT.

Yes, him.

QUIDNUNC.

The Emperor of Morocco had a regard for the Balance of Europe, (*ſighs*) well, well, come, come, give me the Paper.

TERMAGANT.

The Newſman would not truſt, becauſe you're a *bankrupper*, and ſo I paid two-pence halfpenny for it.

QUIDNUNC.

Let me ſee; let me ſee.

TERMAGANT.

Give me the money firſt. (*running from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

Give it me this inſtant, you jade, (*after her*)

TER-

TERMAGANT.

Give me the money, I ſay. (*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

I'll teach you, I will you baggage. (*after her*)

TERMAGANT.

I won't part with it till I have the money. (*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

I'll give you no money, huſſey. (*after her*)

TERMAGANT.

Your daughter ſhall marry Mr. Bellmour. (*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

I'll never accede to the treaty. (*after her*)

TERMAGANT.

Go, you old fool. (*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

You vile minx, worſe than the Whore of Babylon. (*after her*)

TERMAGANT.

There, you old crack'd brain politic! there's your paper for you. (*throws it down and exit.*

QUIDNUNC. (*ſitting down.*)

Oh! Heavens!---I am quite out of breath. A jade, a vile baggage, to keep my news from me.

What does it ſay? (*Reads very faſt*) " Whereas a " commiſſion of bankrupt is awarded and iſſued " forth againſt Abraham Quidnunc, of the pariſh of " St. Martin in the Fields, Upholſterer, Dealer, and " Chapman, the ſaid Bankrupt is hereby required " to ſurrender himſelf." Po, what ſignifies this ſtuff? I don't mind myſelf, when the balance of power is concerned. However, I ſhall be read of in the ſame paper, in the London Gazette, by the powers abroad; together with the Pope, and the French King, and the Mogul, and all of 'em. Good, good, very good! here's a pow'r of news,---let me ſee, (*reads*) " Letters from the Vice Admiral, dated Tyger, off Calcutta."---(*mutters to himſelf very eagerly*) Oddſheart, thoſe baggages will interrupt me, I hear their tongues a-going, clack, clack, clack; I'll run into my cloſet, and lock myſelf up. A vixen! a trollop! to want money from me, when I may have occaſion to buy The State of the Sinking Fund, or Faction Detected, or The Barrier Treaty, ---or---and beſides, how could the jade tell but to-morrow we may have a Gazette Extraordinary?

[*Exit.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Scene the UPHOLSTERER'S HOUSE.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

WHERE, where, where is he?---Where's Mr. Pamphlet?---Mr. Pamphlet!---Termagant, Mr. a---a---Termagant, Harriet, Termagant, you vile minx, you ſaucy---

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Here's a racket indeed!

QUIDNUNC.

Where's Mr. Pamphlet? You baggage, if he's gone---

TERMAGANT.

Did not I *intimidate* that he's in the next room? Why ſure the man's out of his wits.

QUIDNUNC.

Shew him in here then. I would not miſs ſeeing him for the diſcovery of the North-Eaſt paſſage.

TERMAGANT.

Go you old Gemini Gomini!

[*Exit* Termagant.

QUIDNUNC.

Shew him in I ſay. I had rather ſee him than the whole ſtate of the Peace at *Utrecht*, or 'the *Paris A-la-main*,' or the Votes, or the Minutes, or---Here he comes, the beſt political writer of the age.

Enter PAMPHLET,

(With a ſurtout coat, a muff, a long campaign wig out of curl, and a pair of black garters, buckled under the knees.)

QUIDNUNC.

Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to ſee you; as glad as if you were an expreſs from the Groyn, or from Berlin, or Zell, or from Calcutta over land, or from---

PAMPHLET.

Mr. Quidnunc, your ſervant. I am come from a place of great importance.

QUIDNUNC.

Look ye there now! Well, where, where?

PAMPHLET.

Are we alone?

QUIDNUNC.

Stay, ſtay, till I ſhut the door. Now, now, where do you come from?

PAMPHLET.

From the Court of Requeſts.

(laying aſide his ſurtout coat)

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

The Court of Requeſts! (*whiſpers*) Are they up?

PAMPHLET.

Hot work.

QUIDNUNC.

Debates ariſing may be?

PAMPHLET.

Yes, and like to ſit late.

QUIDNUNC.

What are they upon?

PAMPHLET.

Can't ſay.

QUIDNNNC.

What carried you thither?

PAMPHLET.

I went in hopes of being taken up.

QUIDNUNC.

Lookye there now. (*ſhaking his head*)

PAMPHLET.

I have been aiming at it theſe three years.

QUIDNUNC.

Indeed! (*ſtaring at him*)

PAM-

PAMPHLET.

Indeed: ſedition is the only thing an author can live by now. Time has been I could turn a penny by an earthquake; or live upon a jail-diſtemper; or dine upon a bloody murder; but now that's all over: nothing will do now but roaſting a Miniſter; or telling the people that they are ruined (*whiſpers*); the people of England are never ſo happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, but they an't ruined: I have a ſcheme for paying off the national debt.

PAMPHLET.

Let me ſee it; let me ſee. (*puts on his ſpectacles*) Well enough! well imagined,---a new thought this; I muſt make this my own. (*aſide*) Silly, futile, abſurd, abominable, this will never do---I'll put it in my pocket, and read it over in the morning for you. Now look you here; I'll ſhew you a ſcheme (*rummaging his pockets*) no that's not it---that's my Conduct of the Miniſtry, by a Country Gentleman---I proved the nation undone here; this ſold hugely---and here now, here's my anſwer to it, by a Noble Lord;---this did not move among the trade.

QUIDNUNC.

What, do you write on both ſides?

PAMPHLET.

Yes, both ſides. I have two hands Mr. Quidnunc, always impartial, *ambo dexter*.---Now here, here's my Dedication to a Great Man-----touched twenty

twenty for this! and here,----here's my libel upon him.

QUIDNUNC.

What, after being obliged to him?

PAMPHLET.

Yes, for that reaſon: it excites curioſity. White-waſh and blackball, Mr. Quidnunc! *in utrumque paratus*---no thriving without it.

QUIDNUNC.

What have you here in this pocket?

(*prying eagerly*)

PAMPHLET.

That's my account with Jacob Zorobabel, the Broker, for writing paragraphs to raiſe or tumble the ſtocks, or the price of lottery tickets, according to his purpoſes.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, how do you do that?

PAMPHLET.

As thus,---To day the Proteſtant intereſt declines, Madraſs is taken, and England's undone; then all the long faces in the Alley look as diſmal as a blank, and ſo Jacob buys away and thrives upon our ruin. ---Then to-morrow, we're all alive and merry again, Pondicherry's taken; a certain Northern Potentate will ſhortly ſtrike a blow, to aſtoniſh all Europe, and then every true born Engliſhman is willing to buy a lottery ticket for twenty or thirty ſhillings more than it is worth; ſo Jacob ſells away, and reaps the fruit of our ſucceſs.

QUIDNUNC.

What, will the people believe that now?

PAMPHLET.

Believe it!---believe any thing; no ſwallow like a true born Engliſhman's: a man in a quart bottle, or a victory, it's all one to them,---they give a gulp, and down it goes,---glib, glib, they ſwallow all.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, but they an't at the bottom of things.

PAMPHLET.

No, not they; they dabble a little, but can't dive.

QUIDNUNC.

Pray now, Mr. Pamplet, what do you think of our ſituation?

PAMPHLET.

Bad, Sir, bad, and how can it be better?----the people in power never ſend to me, never conſult me; it muſt be bad. Now here, here, (*goes to his looſe coat*) here's a manuſcript!---this will do the buſineſs, a maſter-piece! I ſhall be taken upon up for this.

QUIDNUNC.

Shall ye?

PAMPHLET.

As ſure as a gun I ſhall. I know the Bookſeller's a rogue, and will give up his author.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

But pray now what ſhall you get by being taken up?

PAMPHLET.

I'll tell you---(*whiſpers*) in order to make me hold my tongue.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, but you won't hold your tongue for all that.

PAMPHLET.

No, no, not a jot the more for that: abuſe them the next day.

QUIDNUNC.

Well, I wiſh you ſucceſs. But do you hear no news? Have you ſeen the Gazette?

PAMPHLET.

Yes, I've ſeen it. Great news, Mr. Quidnunc: but harkye!---(*whiſpers*) and kiſs hands next week.

(*Each in deep thought without looking at the other.*)

QUIDNUNC.

Ay!

PAMPHLET.

Certain.

QUIDNUNC.

Nothing permanent in this world.

PAMPHLET.

All is vanity.

QUIDNUNC.

Ups and downs.

PAMPHLET.

Ins and outs.

QUIDNUNC.

Wheels within wheels.

PAMPHLET.

No ſmoak without fire.

QUIDNUNC.

All's well that ends well.

PAMPHLET.

It will laſt our time.

QUIDNUNC.

Whoever lives to ſee it, will know more of the matter.

PAMPHLET.

Time will tell all.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, we muſt leave all to the determination of time. Mr. Pamphlet, I'm heartily obliged to you for this viſit: I love you better than any man in England. To think the ſame of the Commonwealth is the trueſt and beſt foundation of friendſhip.

PAM-

PAMPHLET.

And for my part, Mr. Quidnunc, I love you better than I do England itſelf.

QUIDNUNC.

That's kind, that's kind: there is nothing I would not do, Mr. Pamphlet, to ſerve you.

PAMPHLET.

Mr. Quidnunc, I know you are a man of integrity and honour; I know you are; and now ſince we have opened our hearts, there is a thing, Mr. Quidnunc, in which you can ſerve me. You know, Sir, this is in the fullneſs of our hearts,---you know you have my note for a trifle. Hard dealing with aſſignees,--- now, could not you, to ſerve a friend, could not you throw that note into the fire?

QUIDNUNC.

How! but would that be honeſt?

PAMPHLET.

Leave that to me: a refin'd ſtroke of policy: papers have been deſtroyed in all governments.

QUIDNUNC.

So they have: it ſhall be done; it will be political; it will indeed. It will ballance accounts between us. But now that I have mentioned a ballance of accounts, pray, Mr. Pamphlet, what do you take to be the true political ballance of power?

PAMPHLET.

What do I take to be the ballance of power?

QUIDNUNC.

Ay; what do you take to be the ballance of power?

PAMPHLET.

The ballance of power: what do I take to be the ballance of power? The ballance of power (*ſhuts his eyes*) what do I take to be the ballance of power?

QUIDNUNC.

The ballance of power, I take to be, when the Court of Aldermen ſits.

PAMPHLET.

No, no, no ſuch thing: wide of the mark.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, yes, I am right: the bird in the eye.

PAMPHLET.

No, no: the ballance of power is, when the foundations of government and the ſuperſtructures are natural.

QUIDNUNC.

How do you mean natural?

PAMPHLET.

Prithee be quiet man; this is the language. The ballance of power is, when the ſuperſtructures are reduced to proper ballances, or when the ballances are not reduced to unnatural ſuperſtructures.

QUIDNUNC.

That won't do: I differ; with ſubmiſſion I differ: I take

I take the ballance of power to be, when the fortifications of *Dunquerque* are demoliſh'd.

(Both in a paſſion and walking about.)

PAMPHLET.

But I tell you, Mr. Quidnunc---

QUIDNUNC.

I ſay, Mr. Pamphlet.---

PAMPHLET.

Hear me, Mr. Quidnunc.

QUIDNUNC.

Give me leave, Mr. Pamphlet.

PAMPHLET.

I muſt obſerve, Sir,---

QUIDNUNC.

I am convinc'd Sir, that---

PAMPHLET.

That the ballance of power---

QUIDNUNC.

That the fortifications of *Dunquerque*---

PAMPHLET. (*making towards the door, and* QUIDNUNC *following him*)

Depends upon the ballances and the ſuperſtructures---

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Conſtitute the true political equilibrium.

PAMPHLET.

Nor will I converſe with a man---

QUIDNUNC.

And, Sir, I never deſire to ſee your face,---

PAMPHLET.

Of ſuch anti-conſtitutional principles.---

QUIDNUNC.

Nor the face of any man who is ſuch a Frenchman in his heart, and has ſuch notions of the ballance of power. [*Exeunt.*

QUIDNUNC. (*re-entering*)

Ay, I have found him out: ſuch abominable principles! I never deſire to converſe with any man of his notions; no, never while I live. He does not think of the conſtitution as I do: I will have no connection with a man of his character.

Re-enter PAMPHLET.

PAMPHLET.

Mr. Quidnunc, one word, Sir, if you pleaſe.

QUIDNUNC.

Sir, I never deſire to ſee your face.

PAMPHLET.

My property, Mr. Quidnunc: I ſhan't leave my pro-

property in the houſe of a bankrupt. (*twiſting his handkerchief round his arm*) A ſilly, empty, incomprehenſible blockhead!

QUIDNUNC.

Blockhead, Mr. Pamphlet?

PAMPHLET.

A blockhead to uſe me thus, when I have you ſo much in my power.

QUIDNUNC.

In your power!

PAMPHLET.

In my power, Sir: it's in my power to hang you.

QUIDNUNC.

To hang me!

PAMPHLET.

Yes, Sir; to hang you. (*drawing on his coat*) Did not you propoſe, but this moment, did not you deſire me to combine and confederate to burn a note, and defraud your creditors?

QUIDNUNC.

I deſire it!

PAMPHLET.

Yes, Mr. Quidnunc, but I ſhall detect you to the world. I'll give your character.---You ſhall have a ſixpenny touch next week.

Flebit et inſignis totâ cantabitur urbe.

[*Exit* Pamphlet.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Mercy on me! there's the effect of his anti-conſtitutional principles! The ſpirit of his whole party; I never deſire to exchange another word with him,

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Here's a pother indeed!---did you call me?

QUIDNUNC.

No, you trollop, no.

TERMAGANT.

Will you go to bed?

QUIDNUNC.

No, no, no, no,---I tell you, no.

TERMAGANT.

Better go to reſt, Sir; I heard a doctor of phyſic ſay as how, when a man is paſt his grand *crimé*---what the deuce makes me forget my word?---his grand *crime-hyſteric*, no, no, that's not it---*clytemneſter* ay, that's it: when a man is paſt his grand *clytemneſter*, nothing is ſo good to aſſiſt nature as reſt, and the *non-naturals*.

QUIDNUNC.

Hold your prating: I'll not go to bed; I'll ſtep to my brother Feeble; I want to have ſome talk with him, and I'll go to him directly. [*Exit* Quidnunc.

TERMAGANT.

Go thy ways for an old hocus-pocus of a newſ-monger

monger---You'll have good luck if you find your daughter here when you come back: Mr. Bellmour will be here in the *intrim*, and if he does not carry her off, why then I ſhall think him a mere ſhilly ſhally *feller*; and by my troth I ſhall think him as bad a *politiſhing* as yourſelf.---Well, as I live and breath, I wonders what the dickens the man ſees in theſe newſpapers, to be for ever *toxicated* with them. Let me ſee one of them, to try if I can *weſtigate* any thing---- (*takes the newſpaper and reads*)

" Yeſterday at noon arrived at his lodgings in " Pall mall, John Stukely, Eſq; for the remainder " of the winter ſeaſon."

Where the devil has the man been?---who knows him, or cares a minikin pin about him? He may go to Jericho for what I cares.

" The ſame day Mr. William Tabby, an eminent " man-milliner, was married to Miſs Minikin, " daughter of Mr. Minikin, a conſiderable haber- " daſher in Bearbinder-lane."

What the dickens is this to me? Can't Miſs Minikin and her Man-milliner go to bed, and hold their tongues? Why muſt they kiſs and tell?

" By advices from *Violenna*---this is *policies* now--- (*reads to herſelf*)---" and promiſes a general peace." ---Why can't that make the old curmudgeon happy?

" By letters from Paris"---this is more *policies*--- (*reads to herſelf*) " and all ſeems tending to a ge- " neral rupture."---What the devil does the *feller* mean?---Did not he tell me this moment there was to be a peace? and now its bloody news again! To go to tell me ſuch an impudent lye to my face!

" At the Academy in Eſſex-ſtreet, Grown People " are taught to dance."

Grown People are taught to dance! I likes that well enough; I ſhould like to be *betterer* in my danc- ing. I likes the *figerre* of a *minute* as well as a *figerre* in ſpeech (*dances and ſings*); but ſuch *trumpry* as the

news is, with Kings, and Cheeſemongers, and Biſhops, and *Highwarman*, and Ladies Prayer-Books, and Lap-Dogs, and the *Domodary* and *Camomile*, and Ambaſſadors, and Hair-Cutters, all higgledy piggledy together. As I hope for *marcy*, I'll never read another paper. And I wiſhes old Quidnunc would do the ſame. If the man would do as I do, there would be ſome ſenſe in it. If, inſtead of his *policies*, he would *manure* his mind like me, and read good *alters*, and improve himſelf in fine *langidge*, and *bombaſt*, and *polite accolliſhments*---

[*Exit ſinging and dancing.*

Scene the STREET.

Enter BELLMOUR, ROVEWELL, *and* BRISK.

BELLMOUR.

Women ever were, and ever will be fantaſtic beings, vain, capricious, and fond of miſchief.

BRISK.

Well argued, maſter.

ROVEWELL. (*ſings*)

Deceit is in every woman,
But none in a bumper can be, my brave boys,
But none in a bumper can be.

BELLMOUR.

To be inſulted thus, with ſuch a contemptuous anſwer to a meſſage of ſuch tender import! ſhe might methinks at leaſt have treated me with good manners, if not with a more grateful return.

ROVE-

ROVEWELL.

Confuſion to her manners! let us go and drink t'other bumper to drown ſorrow.

BELLMOUR.

I'll ſhake off her fetters: I will Briſk, this very night I will.

BRISK.

That's right, maſter, and let her know we have found her out, and as the poet ſays,

" *She that will not when ſhe may,*
" *When ſhe will, ſhe ſhall have nay,*" Maſter.

BELLMOUR.

Very true, Briſk, very true; the ingratitude of it touches to the quick. My dear Rovewell, only come and ſee me take a final leave.

ROVEWELL.

No, truly, not I: none of your virtuous minxes for me. I'll ſet you down there, if you've a mind to play the fool. I know ſhe'll melt you with a tear, and make a puppy of you with a ſmile, and ſo I'll not be witneſs to it.

BELLMOUR.

You're quite miſtaken, I aſſure you: you ſhall ſee me moſt manfully upbraid her with her ingratitude, and with more joy than a fugitive galley ſlave, eſcape from the oar to which I have been chain'd.

BRISK.

Maſter, Maſter, now's our time, for look by the glim-

glimmering of yonder lamp, who comes along by the ſide of the wall.

BELLMOUR.

Her father, by all that's lucky; my dear Rovewell, let us drive off.

ROVEWELL.

No, I'll ſpeak a good word to him for you.

BELLMOUR.

Not for the world; prithee come along.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, *with a dark lanthorn.*

QUIDNUNC.

If the Grand Turk ſhould actually commence open hoſtility, and the Houſe-bug Tartars make a diverſion upon the frontiers, why then it's my opinion, time will diſcover to us a great deal more of the matter.

WATCH. *(within)*

Paſt eleven o'clock, a cloudy night.

QUIDNUNC.

Hey! paſt eleven o'clock! 'Sbodikins, my brother Feeble will be gone to bed: but he ſhan't ſleep till I have ſome chat with him. Hark'ye watchman, watchman.

Enter WATCHAN.

WATCH.

Call, maſter!

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, ſtep hither, ſtep hither: have you heard any news?

WATCH.

News, maſter!

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, about the Pruſſians or the Ruſſians?

WATCH.

Ruſſians, maſter!

QUIDNUNC.

Yes; or the movements in Pomerania?

WATCH.

La, maſter, I know nothing---poor gentleman--- *(pointing to his head)* Good night to you maſter--- Paſt eleven o'clock. [*Exit* Watchman.

QUIDNUNC.

That man now has a place under the government, and you ſee how guarded he is. The diſcretion of office! His mouth is padlockt. Not a word: he won't ſpeak. But I am loſing time. (*knocks at the door*) Hazy weather (*looking up*); the wind's fix'd in that quarter, and we ſhan't have any mails this week to come. Come about good wind, do, come about.

Enter BETTY.

BETTY.

La, Sir, is it you?

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Is your maſter at home, Mrs. Betty?

BETTY.

Gone to bed, Sir.

QUIDNUNC.

Well, well, I'll ſtep up to him.

BETTY.

Muſt not diſturb him for the world, Sir.

QUIDNUNC.

Buſineſs of the utmoſt importance.

BETTY.

Pray conſider, Sir, my maſter an't well.

QUIDNUNC.

Prithee be quiet, woman; I muſt ſee him.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene a ROOM *in* FEEBLE'S HOUSE.

Enter FEEBLE *in his night-gown.*

FEEBLE.

I was juſt ſtepping into bed; bleſs my heart, what can this man want?---I know his voice: I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour.

QUIDNUNC. (*within*)

Hold your tongue you fooliſh huſſey,---he'll be glad to ſee me.---Brother Feeble,-- Brother Feeble!

FEEBLE.

FEEBLE.

What can be the matter?

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

Brother Feeble, I give you joy. The Nabob's demoliſh'd. (*ſings*) "Britons ſtrike home, re-"venge," &c.

FEEBLE.

Lackaday, Mr. Quidnunc, how can you ſerve me thus?

QUIDNUNC.

Suraja Dowla is no more.

FEEBLE.

Poor man! he's ſtark ſtaring mad.

QUIDNUNC.

Our men diverted themſelves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they diſlodged the enemy from the octagon, and the counterſcarp, and the bunglo.

FEEBLE.

I'll hear the reſt to-morrow morning. Oh! I'm ready to die.

QUIDNUNC.

Odſheart man be of good chear. The new Nabob Jaffier Ally Cawn has acceded to a treaty; and the Engliſh Company have got all their rights in the Phirmaud and the Huſhbulhoorums.

FEEBLE

FEEBLE.

But dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be diſturb'd for this?

QUIDNUNC.

We had but two Seapoys killed, three Chokeys, four Gaul-walls, and two Zemidars. (*ſings*) "Britons never ſhall be ſlaves!"

FEEBLE.

Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this?

QUIDNUNC.

Light up your windows, man, light up your windows. Chandernagore is taken.

FEEBLE.

Well, well, I'm glad of it. Good night. (*going*)

QUIDNUNC.

Here, here's the Gazette.

FEEBLE.

Oh, I ſhall certainly faint. (*ſits down*)

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, ay, ſit down: I'll read it to you. (*reads*) nay, don't run away---I've more news to tell you, there's an account from Williamſburgh in America. The Superintendant of Indian affairs---

FEEBLE.

Dear Sir, dear Sir,---(*avoiding him*)

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Has ſettled matters with the Cherokees---*(following him)*

FEEBLE.

Enough, enough,---(*avoiding him*)

QUIDNUNC.

In the ſame manner he did before with the Catabaws. (*after him*)

FEEBLE.

Well, well, your ſervant.---(*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

So that the back inhabitants---(*after him*)

FEEBLE.

I wiſh you would let me be a quiet inhabitant in my own houſe.

QUIDNUNC.

So that the back inhabitants will now be ſecured by the Cherokees and the Catabaws.

FEEBLE.

You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the Commiſſioners.

QUIDNUNC.

Go home! no, no, I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-houſe.

FEEBLE.

Do ſo, do ſo.

QUIDNUNC. *(returning)*

Mr. Feeble,---I had a diſpute about the balance of power.---Pray now can you tell---

FEEBLE.

I know nothing of the matter.

QUIDNUNC.

Well, another time will do for that---I have a great deal to ſay about that (*going, returns*) right, I had like to have forgot, there's an erratum in the laſt Gazette.

FEEBLE.

With all my heart.

QUIDNUNC.

Page 3, line 1, col. 1, and 3, for *bombs* read *booms*.

FEEBLE.

Read what you will.

QUIDNUNC.

Nay, but that alters the ſenſe, you know. Well, now your ſervant. If I hear any more news I'll come and tell you.

FEEBLE.

For Heaven's ſake no more.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

I'll be with you before you're out of your firſt ſleep.

FEEBLE.

Good-night, good-night. [*Runs off.*

QUIDNUNC.

I forgot to tell you: the Emperor of *Morocco* is dead. Brother Feeble, do you hear? (*bawls through the key-hole*) The Emperor of *Morocco* is dead. So, now I have made him happy, I'll go to our coffee-houſe, and make them all happy there. (*ſings*) "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves"---

[*Exit.*

Scene a Street: a ſhabby houſe in front, with a barber's pole, and the windows lighted up.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

Ha! friend Razor! He is a good ſubject, a true Engliſh heart. He makes a right uſe of a rejoicing night. Our victories are not thrown away upon him. Who knows but he may have heard more intelligence? (*knocks at the door*)

RAZOR. (*looking out of the window*)

RAZOR.

Anan!

QUIDNUNC.

Friend Razor.

RAZOR.

My Maſter Quidnunc! I'm rejoicing for the news. Will you partake of a pipe? I'll open the door.

QUIDNUNC.

Not now, friend Razor.

RAZOR.

I've ſomething to tell you; I'll come down.

QUIDNUNC.

This may be worth ſtaying for: what can he have heard!

Enter RAZOR, *in a cap, a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard in his hand.*

RAZOR.

Say, here's to you, Maſter Quidnunc.

QUIDNUNC.

What have you heard? What have you heard?

RAZOR.

The Conſumers of Oats are to meet next week.

QUIDNUNC.

Thoſe Conſumers of Oats have been meeting any time theſe ten years to my knowledge, and I never could find what they are about.

RAZOR.

Things an't right, I fear: its enough to pull down a body's ſpirits--- *(drinks)*

No,

QUIDNUNC.

No, nothing to fear. I can tell you ſome good news. A certain great Potentate has not heard high maſs the Lord knows when.

RAZOR.

That puts a body in ſpirits again. (*drinks*) Here, drink no wooden ſhoes.

QUIDNUNC.

With all my heart----(*drinks*) Good liquor this, Maſter Razor; of a cold night.

RAZOR.

Yes, I put a quartern of Britiſh brandy in my beer. Whu!---Do you know what a rebel my wife is?

QUIDNUNC.

A rebel!

RAZOR.

Ay, a rebel---I earned nineteen-pence halfpenny to-day, and ſhe wanted to lay out all that great ſum upon the children. Whu---but I bought thoſe candles for the good of my country, to rejoice with as a body may ſay, a little *Virginy* for my pipe, and this ſup of hot. Whu. Bitter cold.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, you're an honeſt man, and if every body were like you and me, what a nation we ſhould be!

RAZOR.

Very true! (*ſhakes his head*)

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

I can give you the Gazette to read.

RAZOR.

Can you! a thouſand thanks. I'll take it home to you when I have done.---(*drinks and ſtaggers*).

QUIDNUNC.

Friend Razor, you begin to be a little in for't.

RAZOR.

Yes, I have a whirligigg of a head. But a body ſhou'd take a cheering glaſs ſometimes for the good of one's country.

QUIDNUNC.

Well, I ſhall be at home in half an hour!---- Hark'ye.

RAZOR.

Anan!

QUIDNUNC.

I have made a rare diſcovery. Florida will be able to ſupply Jamaica with peet for their winters firings. I had it from a deep politician.

RAZOR.

Ay! I am glad the poor people of Jamaica will have Florida peet to burn. They may now have a little firing in the winter. I don't know what the news is, but I have been rejoicing for the good of my country. I'll go and read the Gazette, to ſee a little what it's about. After all is ſaid and done, O rare Old England! (*goes into his houſe*).

QUID

QUIDNUNC.

Ay! rare Old England! ſtrong enough ſtill for all our enemies; we ſhan't be a bankrupt nation yet, and that's ſome comfort---I will now go and ſee who is up at our coffee-houſe, and diſcuſs points with our political club. [*Exit.*

Scene the UPHOLSTERER'S HOUSE.

Enter HARRIET *and* BELLMOUR.

HARRIET.

I don't know what to ſay Mr. Bellmour. It is difficult to refuſe you. A heart touched as mine has been, cannot eaſily reſolve to give you a moment's uneaſineſs. And yet your propoſal---

BELLMOUR.

It is a fair and honourable propoſal. It ſprings from eſteem and true affection. You cannot doubt my honour.

HARRIET.

No, Mr. Bellmour: to form an ill opinion of you is impoſſible: but you may judge otherwiſe of me. What will be your ſentiment hereafter, ſhould I now be wanting in that duty, which I owe my father?

BELLMOUR.

You have promiſed me your hand. Your father unreaſonably withholds it. To all his juſt commands you owe obedience: but when the whims and oddities of a wild diſordered imagination have no other tendency than to involve you in the ruin, which has unhappily befallen himſelf, why muſt you be

be a ſacrifice to his humours? And why muſt I be rendered miſerable, Harriet?

HARRIET.

But then, to comply with your ſolicitations, and leave my father in a ſcene of trouble and misfortune---

BELLMOUR.

It will be the means of making his misfortunes lighter. In his moments of reflection he will feel with pleaſure that his conduct has not prevented your happineſs. You will then have the means of behaving to him with gratitude and generoſity.

HARRIET.

But my uncle Feeble what will he ſay?

BELLMOUR.

You may depend upon his approbation. I will be anſwerable for it: a coach is now waiting at the end of the ſtreet to receive you. Harriet, will you refuſe me your hand?

HARRIET.

Muſt I give it? I don't know what to ſay. Why don't you take it?

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Undone, undone! Oh! my ſtars, I am all over in ſuch a tribulation. The old newſmonger is coming.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Diſtraction!--- what brings him here ſo ſoon?

TERMAGANT.

Oh! Mr. Bellmour, this overpowers me quite. What can I ſay to him?

TERMAGANT.

The devil is in it: this is ſuch a croſs accident. I am at my wit's end. No; that's not true neither. I have it: I'll tell you what to do. Don't *fruſtrate* yourſelf, ma'am. Away, Mr. Bellmour, into that room. He never will find you out. Away, fly, Mr. Bellmour. Do you ſtay, Miſs Harriet, and talk to the old gentleman. When you have ſeen him, and wiſhed him a good night, you may ſlip down ſtairs, and ſo make the beſt of your way to the coach at the end of the ſtreet---I ſhall find ſome nonſenſe news for the old politician, and when I get him to bed, Mr. Bellmour may follow you, madam. Why don't you go, Mr. Bellmour? You are enough to ruin a body.

BELLMOUR.

I am gone, I'll be govern'd by you. [*Exit.*

HARRIET.

Oh! Termagant, I ſhall never be able to go through this buſineſs: my ſtrength fails me.

TERMAGANT.

Have courage, madam. I hear him coming. Let me ſee: have I nothing in my pocket to amuſe him? Yes, yes; this will do; never fear, Miſs Harriet. Now let the old walking Gazette come as ſoon as he will. I am ready for him, I warrant me.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

Fy upon it, fy upon it! All the coffee-houſes ſhut up. Harriet, what makes you out of bed at this late hour?

TERMAGANT.

A rejoicing night, Sir: but this love of her country does not agree much with her. She is quite ſick for the good of Old England----Speak to him, madam.

HARRIET.

I am frightened out of my wits, Termagant. I ſhall faint.

QUIDNUNC.

It is well we have not a female Parliament. Late debates would be too much for her ſpirits. Get to reſt, Harriet; get to bed.

HARRIET.

I wiſh you a good night, Sir. [*Exit.*

TERMAGANT. (*going with her*)

This will do purely, ma'am.

QUIDNUNC.

Where is my *Salmon's Gazetteer*, and my maps of the world? I muſt ſee all theſe places before I ſleep. They are in that room, I believe.

(*going towards the door*)

TERMAGANT. (*returning*)

What is he about now?---Sir, Sir, Sir---Here has been

been Mr.---I forget his name---He that writes letters in the news-papers about paying off the national debt---Mr. RUIN, Sir---he has been here, and he deſires you'll read his new project, and give him your thoughts about it.

QUIDNUNC.

Give me the paper; let me ſee it.

TERMAGANT.

The deuce fetch it. Here is ſomething that ſo catches and hitches in my pocket. There, there it is. (*gives him the paper, and drops a letter*) Had not you better go and read it in bed, Sir? Bed is a pure place for thinking.

QUIDNUNC.

So it is Termagant. Go and lock the ſtreet door, and then---

TERMAGANT.

Yes, Sir. I'll be with you in an inſtant. And ſo now I ſhall get Miſs Harriet clear off--- [*Exit.*

QUIDNUNC.

Po! the fooliſh jade! this is an old paper. Hey; what have we here? (*takes up a letter*) How, how is this? "*To Miſs Harriet Quidnunc.*" Let me ſee; let me ſee. (*reads eagerly*)---"*My deareſt Harriet---no longer in* "*ſuſpence---given you every proof---conſtancy and love* "*----your happineſs---father's obſtinacy*"----Here's a "villain for you----*convey you to a family*"----Will you ſo?---"*and there you may remain in perfect ſecu-* "*rity, till you reſign your perſon to the arms of your* "*eternal admirer---Bellmour.*"---So, ſo! This is as good as a ſtate paper; here is Machiavel at work: Why daughter Harriet, where is ſhe? Harriet I ſay

ſay *(bawls violently)* A Plot! A Conſpiracy! Gunpowder Treaſon! Robbery! Murder!

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Law, Sir, what is the matter now?

QUIDNUNC.

I have found you out, traitreſs. Here is Mr. Bellmour's letter. Rob me of my daughter! where is Harriet? Search the houſe; call the watch; alarm the neighbours; I'll go and rouze the whole world. [*Exit.*

TERMAGANT.

I am all over in ſuch a *quandary*. Dear me! what ſhall I do?

BELLMOUR. *(peeping in)*

Blundering buſy-body! you have marr'd all. This is your doing. What poſſeſſed you to give him that letter?

TERMAGANT.

I did not do it on purpoſe; as I hope for mercy, I did not. Don't be angry with me, Sir. *(cries)*

BELLMOUR.

Why do you ſcreem ſo? Is the woman crazy?

TERMAGANT.

I did not go for to give it him; *(cries)* I would have ſeen him gibbeted firſt. I found the letter in my miſtreſs's bed-chamber, and my CURIOSITY did make me peep into it. Says my CURIOSITY, "Now "Ter-

" Termagant you may gratify yourſelf by finding " out the contents of that letter; which you have " had ſuch a plaguy itching for." My CURIOSITY did ſay ſo; and then I own my reſpect for my miſtreſs did ſay to me, " Huſſey, how dare you to " meddle with what does not belong to you? Keep " your diſtance, and let your miſtreſs's ſecrets " alone." And then upon that in comes my unlucky CURIOSITY again, " Read it, I tell you, Ter- " magant; a woman of ſpirit ſhould know every " thing."---Let it alone, you jade," ſays my Reſpect; " its as much as your place is worth."---- " What ſignifications a place with an old bankrup- " per?" ſays my CURIOSITY, " there's more places " than one; and ſo read it, I tell you, Termagant"-- And I did ſo. (*cries bitterly*) I did read it, what could I do, Heaven help me? I did read it; I don't go to deny it, I don't, I don't.---

(*cries very bitterly*)

BELLMOUR.

Huſh; have you a mind to ruin me?

TERMAGANT.

And after I had read it, thinks me I, I'll give it ſafe into Miſs Harriet's own hand, and her crazy old father ſhan't ſee it; and ſo as my ill ſtars would have it, as I was giving him a newſpaper, I run my hand full into the lyon's mouth. (*cries*)

A loud rap at the door.

BELLMOUR.

There, there; you have rouzed the neighbourhood, and I ſhall be detected.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC. (*within*)

Bring him along; bring the villain in.

BELLMOUR.

Death and diſtraction! our whole ſcheme is ruin'd.

Enter QUIDNUNC, *leading* HARRIET.

QUIDNUNC.

Walk in, Jezabel; I have caught you. Lead that traitor this way.

TERMAGANT.

Oh! my dear, young miſtreſs. (*taking her by the hand*)

QUIDNUNC.

Let me ſee the plunderer, that would rob me of my daughter.

WATCHMAN. (*within*)

Ay, ay; this way, Sir.

RAZOR. (*within*)

Rob my maſter Quidnunc! ſecure him; knock him down.

Enter RAZOR *and* WATCHMEN, *leading in* ROVEWELL.

WATCHMAN.

We have him faſt; now who are you?

RAZOR.

RAZOR.

Ay, who are you? Whence come you?

QUIDNUNC.

Away with him to the round-houſe. I'll go with him: I may meet a Parliament-man in the round-houſe to tell me ſome news. What buſineſs have you with my daughter?

ROVEWELL.

Wounds! if your daughter will walk the ſtreets at this late hour, a gentleman has a right to conſider her as fair game.

BELLMOUR.

Rovewell, was this well done? What unlucky planet ſent you this way?

QUIDNUNC,

How! Bellmour here! the enemy in my very camp.

BELLMOUR.

I am no enemy, Sir. My deſigns are honourable. You ſee I ſcorn to conceal myſelf.

QUIDNUNC.

I ſee you do: a bold-faced ruffian! Here, ſeize 'em both. I charge them both. Away with them.

RAZOR.

Put 'em both in irons; handcuff 'em; ſecure 'em this moment.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Don't frighten the lady: here is my ſword: I ſurrender.

RAZOR. (*ſtrips off his coat*)

Lay hold of that traitor. (*attacking* Rovewell) Seize him; bind him faſt.

ROVEWELL.

Daſtards! villains! ſtand off.

RAZOR.

Fall on him neighbours; that's right; now we have him. [Rovewell *is ſeized.*

ROVEWELL.

Raſcals, you have overpower'd me.

RAZOR.

Victory!---I have conquered. (*puts on his coat*) Here, Maſter Quidnunc, I have brought you back the Gazette.

TERMAGANT.

I believes as ſure as any thing that he is a *highwareman*, and as how it was he that robbed the mail.

QUIDNUNC.

Rob the mail, and ſtop all the news! ſearch him: he may have the letters belonging to the mail in his pocket. Here, here; here's a letter. What is it? (*reads*) "To Mr. Abraham Quidnunc." How! how is this? (*opens and reads*)---"*Your dutiful ſon, John Quidnunc.*" Quidnunc! is that your name?

ROVE-

ROVEWELL.

Quidnunc is my name, Sir, and Rovewell was but aſſumed; a travelling title.

QUIDNUNC.

And are you my ſon?

RAZOR. *(looking at him)*

Oh! my dear Sir; it is he, *(embraces him, and powders him all over)* it is he ſure enough---I remember the mole on his cheek. I ſhaved his firſt beard.

QUIDNUNC.

What, juſt returned from the Weſt Indies?

ROVEWELL.

Even ſo, and the owner of a rich plantation.

QUIDNUNC.

By being a great politician, I ſuppoſe.

ROVEWELL.

By marrying a planter's widow. I have now fortune ſufficient to afford you, Sir, the comforts and enjoyments of life.

RAZOR.

This is true joy. You'll let Razor ſhave you, I hope, maſter.

ROVEWELL.

Honeſt Razor, I ſhan't forget you. This is a lucky diſcovery. I have both ability and inclination, Sir, to convince you that I know and feel the

duty I owe to a father. I ſhall now atone for the irregularities of my youth. Bellmour, give me your hand. He is an honeſt fellow, Sir, and if you will beſtow my ſiſter upon him, you will add to the joy of this unexpected meeting.

QUIDNUNC.

Why, I think it will make a good paragraph in the papers.

TERMAGANT.

There, Madam, *calcine* your perſon to him.

ROVEWELL.

What do you heſitate, Bellmour? Here, take her, man; take her at once. I hope to know her better, and to find that ſhe is worthy of ſo honeſt a fellow.

QUIDNUNC.

Pray now, what are the Spaniards doing in the Bay of Honduras?

ROVEWELL.

Truce with politicks for the preſent, if you pleaſe, Sir. We will think of our own affairs, before we concern ourſelves about the ballance of power.

RAZOR.

With all my heart: I am pure happy now.

Come, Maſter Quidnunc, now with news have done,
Bleſs'd in your wealth, your daughter and your ſon.
May diſcord ceaſe; faction no more be ſeen;
Be *high* and *low* for COUNTRY, KING, and QUEEN.

THE

OLD MAID;

A

COMEDY,

In TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Tempus erit, quo tu, quæ nunc excludis amantem,
Frigida Desertâ Nocte jacebis Anus.

Ovid.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

CLERIMONT,	MR. OBRIEN.
Capt. CAPE,	MR. KING.
MR. HARLOW,	MR. KENNEDY.
MR. HEARTWELL,	MR. PHILLIPS.
FOOTMAN,	MR. CASTLE.

WOMEN.

MRS. HARLOW,	MISS HAUGHTON.
MISS HARLOW,	MRS. KENNEDY.
TRIFLE,	MISS HIPPISLEY.

THE

OLD MAID.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW *and Miſs* HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

MY dear ſiſter, let me tell you---

Miſs HARLOW.

But, my dear ſiſter, let me tell you it is in vain; you can ſay nothing that will have any effect.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Not if you won't hear me; only hear me.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I know you love to hear yourſelf talk, and ſo pleaſe yourſelf; talk on at your uſual rate, if your fancy ſo inclines you; but I have taken my reſolution, and nothing ſhall alter it.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And yet, upon due reflection your mind may change.

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

Never, ſiſter, never.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You can't be ſure of that, ſiſter; when you have conſidered every thing---

Miſs HARLOW.

Upon no conſideration.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You don't know how that may be: recollect, ſiſter, that you are no chicken: you are not now in that ſprightly ſeaſon of life, when giddineſs and folly are excuſable, nay becoming. Your age, ſiſter---

Miſs HARLOW.

Age, ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Do but hear me, ſiſter; do but hear me. A perſon of your years---

Miſs HARLOW.

My years, ſiſter!---Upon my word---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Nay, no offence, ſiſter---

Miſs HARLOW.

But there is offence, ma'am: I don't underſtand what you mean by it. Always thwarting me with my years; my years, indeed! when perhaps, ma'am, if I was to die of old age, ſome folks might have reaſon to look about them.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

She feels it, I ſee---oh! how I delight in mortifying her---(*aſide*)---ſiſter, if I did not love you, I am ſure I ſhould not talk to you in this manner. But how can you make ſo unkind a return as to alarm me about myſelf?---In ſome ſixteen or eighteen years after you, to be ſure, I own I ſhall begin to think of making my will. How could you be ſo ſevere?---

Miſs HARLOW.

Some ſixteen or eighteen years, ma'am!---if you you would own the truth, ma'am,---I believe ma'am, ---you would not find, ma'am, that the diſparity, ma'am, is not ſo very great, ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I vow paſſion becomes you inordinately: It blends a few roſes with the lillies of your cheek, and---

Miſs HARLOW.

And though you are married to my brother, ma'am, I would have you to know, ma'am, that you are not thereby any way authoriſed, to take unbecoming liberties with his ſiſter. I am independent of my brother, ma'am: my fortune is in my own hands, ma'am, and ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! do you know when your blood circulates a little, that I think you look mighty well? But you was in the wrong not to marry at my age. Sweet three and twenty! you can't conceive what a deal of good

good it would have done your temper and your ſpirits, if you had married early.

Miſs HARLOW.

Inſolent! provoking, female malice!

Mrs. HARLOW.

But to be waiting till it is almoſt too late in the day, and force one's ſelf to ſay ſtrange things; with the tongue and heart at variance all the time----" I don't mind the hideous men" " I am very happy as I am."---" I don't deſire to change my condition"--- and while thoſe words are at your tongue's end, the heart murmurs inwardly, and flutters upon the tenter-hooks of expectation.

Miſs HARLOW.

I upon tenter-hooks!

Mrs. HARLOW.

And to be at this work of four grapes, till one is turned of three and forty!

Miſs HARLOW.

Three and forty, ma'am!---I deſire, ſiſter---I deſire, ma'am---three and forty, ma'am!

Mrs. HARLOW.

Nay---nay---nay---don't be angry; don't blame me; blame my huſband; he is your own brother, and he knows your age: he told me ſo.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I ſee your drift; but you need not give yourſelf thoſe airs, ma'am---the men don't ſee with your eyes, ma'am---years, indeed!---Three

and

and forty, truly!---I'll aſſure you---upon my word---very fine!---But I ſee plainly, ma'am, what you are at---Mr. Clerimont, madam!---Mr. Clerimont, ſiſter! that's what frets you. A young huſband, ma'am; younger than your huſband, ma'am: Mr. Clerimont, let me tell you---

Enter TRIFLE.

TRIFLE.

Oh! rare news, ma'am, charming news: we have got another letter.

Miſs HARLOW.

From whom?---from Mr. Clerimont?---where is it?

TRIFLE.

Yes, ma'am! from Mr. Clerimont, ma'am.

Miſs HARLOW.

Let me ſee it; let me ſee it; quick; quick; (*reads*)

"Madam,

"The honour of a letter from you has ſo filled "my mind with joy and gratitude, that I want "words of force to reach but half my meaning. I "can only ſay that you have revived a heart that "was expiring for you, and now beats for you "alone"---

There ſiſter, mind that! years indeed! (*reads to herſelf*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wiſh you joy, ſiſter: I wiſh I had not gone to

Ranelagh with her laſt week. Who could have thought that her faded beauties would have made ſuch an impreſſion? (*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

Mind here again, ſiſter. --- (*reads*) "Ever ſince I "had the good fortune of ſeeing you at Ranelagh, "your idea has been ever preſent to me; and "ſince you now give me leave, I ſhall, without "delay, wait upon your brother. The terms he may "think proper to demand, I ſhall readily ſubſcribe to, "for to be your ſlave is dearer to me than liberty. I "have the honour to remain

"The humbleſt of your admirers,

"CLERIMONT."

There, ſiſter!

Mrs. HARLOW

Well! I wiſh you joy again: but remember I tell you, take care what you do. He is young, and of courſe giddy and inconſtant.

Miſs HARLOW.

He is warm, paſſionate, and tender.

Mrs. HARLOW.

But you don't know how long that may laſt; and here are you going to break off a very ſuitable match, which all your friends liked and approved, a match with captain Cape, who to be ſure---

Miſs HARLOW.

Don't name captain Cape, I beſeech you, don't name him.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Captain Cape, let me tell you, is not to be deſpiſed. He has acquired by his voyages to India a very pretty fortune: has a charming box of a houſe upon Hackney-Marſh, and is of an age every way ſuitable to you.

Miſs HARLOW.

There again now!---age! age! age! for ever!---years---years---my years! But I tell you once for all, Mr. Clerimont does not ſee with your eyes. I am determined to hear no more of captain Cape. Odious Hackney-Marſh! ah! ſiſter, you would be glad to ſee me married in a middling way.

Mrs. HARLOW,

I, ſiſter!---I am ſure nobody will rejoice more at your preferment. I am reſolved never to viſit her if Mr. Clerimont marries her. (*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

To cut the matter ſhort, ſiſter, Mr. Clerimont has won my heart: young, handſome, rich, town houſe, country houſe, equipage! To him, and only him will I ſurrender myſelf. Three and forty, indeed!---ha! ha!---you ſee, my dear, dear ſiſter, that theſe features are ſtill regular and blooming; that the love-darting eye has not quite forſook me; and that I have made a conqueſt which your boaſted youth might be vain of.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I beg you pardon, if I have taken too much liberty, it has all ariſen from affection and regard; your good is all I aim at, ſiſter.

Miſs HARLOW.

I humbly thank you for your advice, my ſweet dear friendly ſiſter; but don't envy me, I beg you won't; don't fret yourſelf; you'can't conceive what a deal of good ſerenity of mind will do your health. I'll go and write an anſwer directly to this charming, charming letter. Siſter, yours. I ſhall be glad to ſee you, ſiſter, at my houſe in Hill-ſtreet, when I am Mrs. Clerimont. And remember what I tell you: ſome faces retain their bloom and beauty longer than you imagine, my dear ſiſter. Come, Trifle, let me fly this moment. Siſter, your ſervant.

[*Exit with* Trifle.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Your ſervant, my dear!---Well! I am determined to lead the gayeſt life in nature, if ſhe marries Clerimont.---I'll have a new equipage, that's one thing: and I'll have greater routs than her, that's another: Poſitively, I muſt outſhine her there; and I'll keep up a polite enmity with her; go and ſee her, may be once or twice in a winter; Ma'am, I am really ſo "hurried with ſuch a number of acquaintances, that "I can't poſſibly find time." And then to provoke her, "I wiſh you joy, ſiſter, I hear you are breeding." Ha! ha!---that will ſo mortify her---"I "wiſh it may be a boy, ſiſter." Ha! ha!---And then when her huſband begins to deſpiſe her; "really, ſiſter, I pity you; had you taken my ad-"vice, and married the India captain---your caſe is "a compaſſionate one"---Compaſſion is ſo inſolent when a body feels none at all. Ha! ha! it is the fineſt way of inſulting.

Enter

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, my dear; how are my ſiſter's affairs going on?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, my dear, ſhe has had another letter from Mr. Clerimont. Did you ever hear of ſuch a ſtrange unaccountable thing patched up in a hurry here?

Mr. HARLOW.

Why it is ſudden, to be ſure.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Upon my word, I think you had better adviſe her not to break off with captain Cape.

Mr. HARLOW.

No, not I---I wiſh ſhe may be married to one or other of them. Her temper is really grown ſo very ſour, and there is ſuch eternal wrangling between you both, that I wiſh to ſee her in her own houſe, for the peace and quiet of mine.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Do you know this Mr. Clerimont?

Mr. HARLOW.

No; but I have heard of the family. There is very fine fortune. I wiſh he may hold his intention

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wiſh he may, but I doubt it.

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

And truly ſo do I; for between ourſelves, I ſee no charms in my ſiſter.

Mrs. HARLOW.

For my part I can't comprehend it. How ſhe could ſtrike his fancy, is to me the moſt aſtoniſhing thing: After this, I ſhall be ſurpriſed at nothing.

Mr. HARLOW.

Well! ſtrange things do happen. So ſhe is but married out of the way, I am ſatisfied. An old maid in a houſe is the devil.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Clerimont, Sir, to wait on you.

Mr. HARLOW.

Shew him in. (*Exit* Servant) How comes this viſit, pray?

Mrs. HARLOW.

My ſiſter wrote to him to explain himſelf to you. The affair ſeems now to grow ſerious. The gentleman ſeems in earneſt, and in a hurry too. Well, I ſuppoſe he wants to talk to you: I'll leave you to yourſelves. (*aſide as ſhe goes out*) The man muſt be mad to think of her. He muſt have a ſtrange taſte indeed. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter CLERIMONT.

Mr. HARLOW.

Your moſt obedient, Sir: be pleaſed to walk in.

CLERIMONT.

I preſume, Sir, you are no ſtranger to the buſineſs that occaſions this viſit.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, the honour you do me and my family---

CLERIMONT.

Oh! Sir, to be allied to your family by ſo tender a tie as a marriage with your ſiſter, will at once reflect a credit upon me, and conduce to my happineſs in the moſt eſſential point. I adore your ſiſter, Sir: my ſentiments are not to be expreſſed: ſhe charmed me at the very firſt ſight.

Mr. HARLOW. (*aſide*)

The devil ſhe did!

CLERIMONT.

The ſenſibility of her countenance, the elegance of her figure, the ſweetneſs of her manner---

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, you are pleaſed to---compliment!

CLERIMONT.

Compliment! I ſpeak the language of the heart. Where merit is ſo apparent, ſo tranſcending all praiſe, he muſt have great ſkill in flattery, who can give an air of compliment to that juſtice, which your ſiſter claims from all.

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

The ſweetneſs of my ſiſter's manner. (*aſide*) Ha! ha!

CLERIMONT.

I ſaw her, for the firſt time, a few nights ago at Ranelagh: though there was a croud of beauties in the room, thronging and preſſing all around, yet ſhe ſhone amongſt them with ſuperior luſtre. She was walking arm in arm with another lady. No opportunity offered for me to form an acquaintance amidſt the hurry and buſtle of the place. I enquired their names as they were going into their chariot: I was told they were Mrs. and Miſs Harlow. From that moment ſhe won my heart. At one glance I became the willing captive of her beauty.

Mr. HARLOW.

A very candid declaration, Sir!---how can this be? The bloom has been off the peach any time theſe fifteen years, to my knowledge. (*aſide*)---You ſee my ſiſter with a favourable eye, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

A favourable eye! He muſt greatly want diſcernment, who has not a quick perception of her merit.

Mr. HARLOW.

You do her a great deal of honour. But this affair---is it not ſomewhat ſudden, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

I grant it. You may indeed be ſurprized at it, Sir; nor ſhould I have been hardy enough to make any overtures to you,---at leaſt yet awhile,---if ſhe herſelf had not condeſcended to liſten to my paſſion. She

She has authorized me under her own fair hand to apply to her brother for his conſent.

Mr. HARLOW.

I ſhall be very ready, Sir, to give my approbation to my ſiſter's happineſs.

CLERIMONT.

No doubt you will. But let me not cheriſh an unavailing flame, a flame that already lights up all my tendereſt paſſions.

Mr. HARLOW.

To you, Sir, there can be no exception. I am not altogether a ſtranger to your family and fortune. His language is warm, conſidering my ſiſter's age; but I won't hurt her preferment. (*aſide*)---You will pardon me, Sir, if I obſerve one thing: you are, as one may ſay, juſt coming into life. Have you left the Univerſity?

CLERIMONT.

Left it, Sir?---above a year. I am almoſt two and twenty.

Mr. HARLOW.

And yet, this is a delicate point: have you conſulted your friends?

CLERIMONT.

I have: my uncle, Mr. Heartwell, who propoſes to leave me a very handſome addition to my fortune, which is conſiderable already, he, Sir---

Mr. HARLOW.

Well, Sir, if he has no objection, I can have none.

CLERIMONT.

He has none, Sir; he has given his conſent; he deſires me to loſe no time. I will bring him to pay you a viſit. He approves my choice. You ſhall have it out of his own mouth. Name your hour, and he ſhall attend you.

Mr. HARLOW.

Any time to-day. I ſhall ſtay at home on purpoſe.

CLERIMONT.

In the evening I will conduct him hither. In the mean time I feel an attachment here: the lady, Sir---

Mr. HARLOW.

Oh! you want to ſee my ſiſter. I will ſend her to you, Sir, this inſtant. I beg your pardon for leaving you alone. Ha! ha! who could have thought of her making a conqueſt at laſt? [*Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Your politeneſs, Sir, upon this occaſion, will lay me under the moſt laſting obligation.---Now, Clerimont, now your heart may reſt content: your doubts and fears may all ſubſide, and joy and rapture take their place. Miſs Harlow ſhall be mine: ſhe receives my vows; ſhe approves my paſſion. (*ſings and dances*) Soft! here ſhe comes---her very appearance controuls my wildeſt hopes, and huſhes my proud heart into reſpect and ſilent admiration.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I beg your pardon, Sir, I intrude, perhaps.

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Madam, (*bows reſpectfully*) you never can intrude, Madam. You---you muſt be ever welcome.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I thought Mr. Harlow was here, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, he is but juſt gone. How a ſingle glance of that deluding eye overaws and checks each wiſh that flutters in my heart. (*aſide*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wonder he would leave you alone, Sir. That is not ſo polite in his own houſe.

CLERIMONT.

How her modeſty throws a veil over her inclinations!---My tongue faulters!---I can't ſpeak to her. (*aſide*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

He ſeems in confuſion. A pretty man too!---- That this ſhould be my ſiſter's luck!--- (*aſide*)

CLERIMONT.

Madam!---(*embarraſſed*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I imagine you have been talking to him on the ſubject of the letter you ſent this morning.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I have preſumed to---

Mrs. HARLOW.

You are the only perſon, Sir, that will call it preſumption. Mr. Harlow has no objection, I hope.

CLERIMONT.

She hopes! Heavens bleſs her, for the word---(*aſide*)---Madam, he has frankly conſented, if his ſiſter will do me that honour.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You do his ſiſter a great deal of honour, Sir,---(*aſide*) a great deal more than ſhe deſerves, if he knew all.

CLERIMONT.

How her modeſty makes her turn aſide that lovely countenance!---Mr. Harlow, Madam, encouraged me to entertain a gleam of hope.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I think you need not deſpair, Sir, if I may venture to hazard my ſentiment.

CLERIMONT.

No doubt you may.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Then, without doubt---(*turns away*) Her ſucceſs is too provoking---(*turns to him*) I believe, Sir,---I think you may entertain ſome degree of hope.

CLERIMONT.

How coyly ſhe pronounces it!---"Oh! ſweet reluctant amorous delay."---Madam, you make me happy.

happy. If any thing could add to the ardour of my affection, you have done it. (*turns from her*). Generous Miſs Harlow!

Mrs. HARLOW.

A propoſal ſo honourable on your part, claims attention, and cannot eaſily be rejected; Mr. Harlow has too much regard for his ſiſter; and the whole family hold themſelves much obliged to you.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, this extreme condeſcenſion has added rapture to the ſentiments I felt before: it ſhall be the endeavour of my life to prove deſerving of the amiable object I have dared to aſpire to.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Sir, I make no doubt of your ſincerity. I have already declared my ſentiments. You know Mr. Harlow's; and if my ſiſter gives her approbation, nothing will be wanting to conclude this buſineſs. If no difficulties ariſe from her-----her temper is uncertain---as to my conſent, Sir, your air, your manner have commanded it. Sir, your moſt obedient: I'll ſend my ſiſter to you. [*Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Madam, (*bowing*) I ſhall endeavour to repay this goodneſs with exceſs of gratitude. She is an angel!---and yet, ſtupid that I am, I could not give vent to the tenderneſs with which my heart is ready to diſſolve. It is ever ſo with ſincere and generous love; it fills the ſoul with rapture, and then denies the power of uttering what we ſo exquiſitely feel. Generous Miſs Harlow! who could thus ſee thro' my confuſion, interpret all appearances favourably, and with a dignity ſuperior to her ſex's little

little arts, forego the idle ceremonies of coquetting, teazing, and tormenting her admirer. I hear ſomebody. Oh! here comes Miſtreſs Harlow: what a gloom ſits upon her features!---She aſſumes authority here I find. But I'll endeavour by inſinuation and reſpect to make her my friend, or at leaſt to ſoften prejudices, and get the better of that ſour, ill-natured temper.

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

My ſiſter has told me, Sir---

CLERIMONT.

Ma'am---(*bowing chearfully*)

Miſs HARLOW.

He is a ſweet figure, (*aſide*)

CLERIMONT.

She rather looks like Miſs Harlow's mother than her ſiſter-in-law---(*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

He ſeems abaſh'd----his reſpect is the cauſe----(*aſide*)---My ſiſter told me, Sir, that you was here. I beg pardon for making you wait ſo long.

CLERIMONT.

Oh, ma'am, (*bows*) the gloom diſappears from her face, but the lines of ill-nature remain. (*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

In his confuſion I ſee the ardour of his paſſion.---He has not recovered himſelf!---I'll cheer him with af-

affability---(*aſide*)---Sir, the letter you was pleaſed to ſend, my ſiſter has ſeen, and---

CLERIMONT.

And has aſſured me that ſhe has no objection.

Miſs HARLOW.

I am glad of that, Sir---I was afraid---

CLERIMONT.

No objection. And Mr. Harlow---I have ſeen him too. He has honoured me with his conſent. Now, madam, the only doubt remains with you. May I be permitted to hope---

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, you appear like a gentleman,---and---

CLERIMONT.

Madam, believe me, never was love more ſincere, more juſtly founded on eſteem, or kindled into higher admiration.

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, with the reſt of the family I hold myſelf much obliged to you, and---

CLERIMONT.

Obliged!---'tis I that am obliged. There is no merit on my ſide: it is the conſequence of impreſſions made upon my heart; and what heart can reſiſt ſuch beauty, ſuch various graces!

Miſs HARLOW.

The warmth of your expreſſion, Sir---I wiſh my ſiſter heard him. (*aſide*) I am afraid you are laviſh of

of your praiſe; and the ſhort date of your love, Sir---

CLERIMONT.

It will burn with unabating ardor. The ſame charms that firſt inſpired it, will for ever cheriſh, and add new fuel to the flame.---You cannot doubt me, Madam: no, you will not harbour an ungenerous ſuſpicion. You uſe this ſtile, to put my ſincerity to the proof. That, Madam, I perceive is your aim: but could you read the feelings of my heart, you would not thus cruelly keep me in ſuſpence.

Miſs HARLOW.

Heavens! if my ſiſter ſaw my power over him ---(*aſide*)---A little ſuſpence cannot be deem'd unreaſonable. Marriage is an important affair; an affair for life; and ſome caution you will allow to be neceſſary.

CLERIMONT.

Madam!---(*diſconcerted*)---Oh! I dread the ſourneſs of her look! (*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

One thing, Sir, you will permit me to obſerve. You ſeem to dwell chiefly on articles of external and ſuperficial merit; whereas the more valuable qualities of the mind, prudence, good ſenſe, a well-regulated conduct---

CLERIMONT.

Oh! Ma'am, I am not inattentive to thoſe matters: ſhe has a notable houſehold underſtanding, I warrant her----(*aſide*)----But let me intreat you, Madam, to do juſtice to my principles, and believe that

that never yet a fond, fond heart declared itſelf with more ſincerity.

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, I will frankly own that I have been trying you all this time, and from henceforth all doubts are baniſhed.

CLERIMONT.

Your words recall me to new life. I ſhall for ever ſtudy to merit this goodneſs. But your fair ſiſter, do you think I can depend upon her conſent? May I flatter myſelf ſhe will not change her mind?

Miſs HARLOW.

My ſiſter cannot be inſenſible of your merit, and the honour you do her and the whole family. And, Sir, as far as I can act with propriety in the affair, I will endeavour to keep them all in a diſpoſition to favour your pretenſions.

CLERIMONT.

Madam---*(bows.)*

Miſs HARLOW.

You have an intereſt in my breaſt that will be buſy for you.

CLERIMONT.

I am eternally devoted to you, Madam---*(bows.)*

Miſs HARLOW.

How modeſt, and yet how expreſſive he is! *(Aſide.)*

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I ſhall be for ever ſenſible of this extreme condeſcenſion. I ſhall think no pains too great to prove the gratitude and eſteem I bear you. I beg my compliments to Mr. Harlow. I ſhall be here with my uncle in the evening; as early as poſſible I ſhall come. My reſpects to your ſiſter, Ma'am---and pray, Madam, keep her in my intereſt---Madam, your moſt obedient---I have managed the motherly lady finely, I think (*aſide*)

[*Bows, and Exit.*

Miſs HARLOW.

What will my ſiſter ſay now? I ſhall hear no more of her taunts. A malicious thing! I fancy ſhe now ſees that your giddy flirts are not always the higheſt beauties. Set her up, indeed! Had ſhe but heard him, the dear man! what ſweet things he ſaid! and what ſweet things he looked. Well, I am enchanted with him. I ſhall love him to diſtraction.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well, ſiſter!---how!---what does he ſay?

Miſs HARLOW.

Say, ſiſter!---Every thing that is charming: he is the prettieſt man! and ſo polite, ſo ſenſible, ſo elegant, ſo every thing that is agreeable!

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I am glad of it. But all's well that ends well.

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

Envy, ſiſter! Envy, and downright malice!--- Oh! had you heard all the tender things he uttered, and with that extaſy too! that tenderneſs! that delight reſtrained by modeſty!

Mrs. HARLOW.

All that is very true: but ſtill I feel, methinks, as if every thing was not right: I can't well explain myſelf; but there is to me ſomething odd in the whole buſineſs.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! I don't doubt but you will ſay ſo. You will find, however, that I have beauty enough left to make ſome noiſe in the world. The men, ſiſter, are the beſt judges of female beauty. Don't concern yourſelf about the affair, ſiſter: the men are the beſt judges; leave it all to them.

Mrs. HARLOW.

But only think of a lover you never ſaw but once at Ranelagh.

Miſs HARLOW.

Very true! but even then I ſaw what work I made in his heart. Don't you remember how he followed us up and down the room? Oh! I am in raptures with him, and he is in raptures with me, and in a few days, ſiſter, Mrs. Clerimont will be glad to ſee you.

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, ſiſter! how ſtand matters now?

Miſs HARLOW.

As I could wiſh. I ſhall no more be a trouble to you. He has declared himſelf in the moſt warm and vehement manner; tho' my ſiſter has her doubts; ſhe is a good friend, ſhe is afraid of my ſucceſs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Pray, ſiſter, don't think ſo meanly of me. I underſtand that ſneer, Ma'am.

Miſs HARLOW.

And I underſtand you too, Ma'am.

Mr. HARLOW.

Come, come, I deſire we may have no quarrelling. You two are always wrangling. But when you are ſeparated, it is to be hoped you will then be more amicable. Things are now in a fair way. Tho', ſiſter, let me tell you I am afraid our India friend will think himſelf ill treated.

Mrs. HARLOW.

That's what I fear too: that's my reaſon for ſpeaking. Captain Cape, in my opinion, will have reaſon to think himſelf ill uſed.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! never throw away a thought on him. Mr. Clerimont has my heart; and now I think I am ſettled for life, ſiſter---I love to plague her *(aſide)* ---I ſay, ſiſter, whatever doubts you may have, you will ſee me ſettled for life, for life, for life, my dear ſiſter.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Dinner is ſerved, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

Very well! come, ſiſter, I give you joy. Let us in to dinner.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! vulgar!---I can't eat---I muſt go and dreſs my head over again, and do a thouſand things;---for I am determined I'll look this afternoon as well as ever I can. [*Exit.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

Is not all this amazing, my dear? her head is turned.

Mr. HARLOW.

Well, let it all paſs: don't you mind it: don't you ſay any thing. Let her get married if ſhe can. I am ſure I ſhall rejoice at it.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And upon my word, my dear, ſo ſhall I. If I interfere, it is purely out of friendſhip.

Mr. HARLOW.

Be adviſed by me: ſay no more to her. If the affair goes on, we ſhall fairly get rid of her. Her peeviſh humours, and her maiden temper, are become inſupportable. Come, let us in to dinner. If Mr. Clerimont marries her, which indeed will be odd enough, we ſhall then enjoy a little peace and quiet in our own houſe. [*Exit.*

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

What in the world could the man ſee in her? He will repent of his bargain in a week or a fortnight; that I am ſure he will. She is gone to dreſs now!---ha! ha!---

Oh! how ſhe rolls her pretty eyes in ſpite,--
And looks delightfully with all her might!

Ha! ha! delightfully ſhe will look indeed!---

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Enter a SERVANT, *and* Capt. CAPE.

SERVANT.

YES, Sir, my maſter is at home: he has juſt done dinner, Sir.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well then; tell him I would ſpeak a word with him.

SERVANT.

I beg pardon, Sir; I am but a ſtranger in the family---who ſhall I ſay?

Capt. CAPE.

Capt. Cape, tell him.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

I can hardly believe my own eyes. S'death! I am almoſt inclined to think this letter, ſigned with Miſs Harlow's name, a mere forgery by ſome enemy, to drive me into an exceſs of paſſion, and ſo injure us both: I don't know what to ſay to it.

Enter

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Capt. CAPE.

I have waited on you about an extraordinary affair; I can't comprehend it, Sir. Here is a letter with your ſiſter's name---Look at it, Sir: is that her hand-writing?

Mr. HARLOW.

Yes, Sir; I take it to be her writing.

Capt. CAPE.

And do you know the contents?

Mr. HARLOW.

I can't ſay I have read it; but---

Capt. Cape.

But you know the purport of it?

Mr. HARLOW.

Partly.

Capt. CAPE.

You do?---and is it not baſe treatment, Sir? Is it not unwarrantable? Can you juſtify her?

Mr. HARLOW.

For my part, I leave women to manage their own affairs. I am not fond of intermeddling.

Capt. CAPE.

But, Sir, let me aſk you: Was not every thing agreed upon? Are not the writings now in the lawyers hands? Was not next week fixed for our wedding?

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

I underſtood it ſo.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well then: you ſee how ſhe treats me. She writes me here in a contemptuous ſtile, that ſhe recalls her promiſe; it was raſhly given; ſhe has thought better of it; ſhe will liſten to me no more; ſhe is going to diſpoſe of herſelf to a gentleman with whom ſhe can be happy for life. There, that's free and eaſy, is not it? What do you ſay to that?

Mr. HARLOW.

Why really, Sir, it is not my affair. I have nothing to ſay to it.

Capt. CAPE.

Nothing to ſay to it!---Sir, I imagined I was dealing with people of honour.

Mr. HARLOW.

You have been dealing with a woman, and you know---

Capt. CAPE.

Yes, I know; I know the treachery of the ſex. Who is this gentleman, pray?

Mr. HARLOW.

His name is Clerimont. They have fixed the affair among themſelves, and amongſt them be it for me.

Capt. CAPE.

Very fine! mighty fine!---is Miſs Harlow at home, Sir?

Mr. HARLOW.

She is; and here ſhe comes this way.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well!---let me hear it from herſelf, that's all: I deſire to hear her ſpeak for herſelf.

Mr. HARLOW.

With all my heart. I'll leave you together: you know, Captain, I was never fond of being concerned in theſe affairs. [*Exit.*

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

Capt. Cape, this is mighty odd: I thought my letter informed you---

Capt. CAPE.

Madam, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and, Madam, the uſage is ſo extraordinary, that I hold myſelf excuſable, if I refuſe to comply with the terms you impoſe upon me.

Miſs HARLOW.

Not comply? I don't underſtand you.

Capt. CAPE.

Miſtake me not; I am not come to whimper or to whine, and to make a puppy of myſelf again. That, Madam, is all blown over.

Miſs HARLOW.

Well, there is no harm done, and you will ſurvive this I hope.

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

Survive it!

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes;---you won't grow deſperate: ſuppoſe you were to order ſomebody to take care of you, becauſe you know fits of deſpair are ſudden, and you may raſhly do yourſelf a miſchief. Don't do any ſuch thing, I beg you won't.

Capt. CAPE.

This inſult, Madam!---Do myſelf a miſchief! Don't flatter yourſelf that it is in your power to make me unhappy. It is not vexation brings me hither, that let me aſſure you.

Miſs HARLOW.

Then let vexation take you away. We were never deſigned for one another.

Capt. CAPE.

My amazement brings me hither; amazement that any woman can behave---but I don't want to upbraid---I only come to aſk---for I can hardly as yet believe it---I only come to aſk if I am to credit this pretty epiſtle?

Miſs HARLOW.

Every ſyllable: therefore take your anſwer, Sir, and truce with your importunity.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well, Ma'am, very well---your humble ſervant, Madam---I promiſe you, Ma'am, I can repay this ſcorn with ſcorn; with tenfold ſcorn, Madam, ſuch as this treatment deſerves; that's all;

all: I ſay no more---your ſervant Ma'am---but let me aſk you---is this a juſt return for all the attendance I have paid you theſe three years paſt?

Miſs HARLOW.

Perfectly juſt, Sir; three years!---how could you be a dangler ſo long? I told you what it would come to: can you think that raiſing a woman's expectation, and tiring her out of all patience, is the way to make ſure of her at laſt? you ought to have been a briſker lover, you ought indeed, Sir. I am now contracted to another, and ſo there is an end of every thing between us,

Capt. CAPE.

Very well, Madam,---and yet I can't bear to be deſpiſed by her---and can you, Miſs Harlow, can you find it in your heart to treat me with this diſdain? have you no compaſſion?

Miſs HARLOW.

No, poſitively none, Sir, none; none.

Capt. CAPE.

Your own Capt. Cape, whom you------

Miſs HARLOW.

Whom I deſpiſe.

Capt. CAPE.

Whom you have ſo often encouraged to adore you.

Miſs HARLOW.

Pray Sir, don't touch my hand: it is now the property of another.

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

Can't you ſtill break off with him?

Miſs HARLOW.

No Sir, I can't; I won't; I love him, and if you are a man of honour, you will ſpeak to me no more; deſiſt, Sir, for if you don't, my brother ſhall tell you of it, and to-morrow Mr. Clerimont ſhall tell you of it.

Capt. CAPE.

Mr. Clerimont, Madam, ſhall fight me for daring------

Miſs HARLOW.

And muſt I fight you too moſt noble, valiant Captain?

Capt. CAPE.

Laughed at too!

Miſs HARLOW.

What a paſſion you are in!---I can't bear to ſee a man in ſuch a paſſion. Oh! I have a happy riddance of you: the violence of your temper is dreadful. I won't ſtay a moment longer with you; you frighten me: you have your anſwer,---and ſo your ſervant Sir. *Exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

Ay! ſhe is gone off like a fury, and the furies catch her, ſay I.; I will never put up with this: I will find out this Mr. Clerimont: he ſhall be accountable to me; Mr. Harlow too ſhall be accountable; and---

Enter

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. HARLOW.

Mr. Harlow, I am uſed very ill here, by all of you, and Sir, let me tell you---

Mr. HARLOW.

Nay; don't be angry with me. I was not to marry you.

Capt. CAPE.

But Sir, I can't help being angry. I muſt be angry: and let me tell you, you don't behave like a gentleman.

Mrs. HARLOW.

How can Mr. Harlow help it, Sir, if my ſiſter---

Mr. HARLOW.

You are too warm; you are indeed. Let us talk this matter over a bottle.

Capt. CAPE.

No, Sir: no bottle: over a cannon, if you will.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Mercy on me! I beg you won't talk in that terrible manner: you frighten me out of my wits.

Mr. HARLOW.

Be you quiet, my dear. Capt. Cape, I beg you will juſt ſtep into that room with me; and if, in the diſpatching of one bottle, I don't acquit myſelf of all ſiniſter dealing, why then---come, come, be a little moderate: you ſhall ſtep with me: I'll take it as a favour. Come, come, you muſt.

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

I always found you a gentleman, Mr. Harlow, and ſo with all my heart, I don't care if I do talk the matter over.

Miſs HARLOW.

That's fair, and I am obliged to you. Come, I'll ſhew you the way. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

Juſt as I foreſaw: my ſiſter was ſure of him, and now is ſhe going to break off for a young man, who will deſpiſe her in a little time. I wiſh ſhe would have Capt. Cape.

Enter Miſs. HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

Is he gone, ſiſter?

Mrs. HARLOW.

No; and here is the deuce and all to do. He is for fighting every body: upon my word you are wrong: you don't behave genteelly in the affair.

Miſs HARLOW.

Genteelly! I like that notion prodigiouſly: an't I going to marry genteelly?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well, follow your own inclinations. I won't intermeddle any more, I promiſe you. I'll ſtep into the parlour, and ſee what they are about. [*Exit.*

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

As you pleaſe, Ma'am. I ſee plainly the ill-natured thing can't bear my ſucceſs. Heavens! here comes Mr. Clerimont.

Enter Mr. CLERIMONT.

Miſs HARLOW.

You are earlier than I expected, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

I have flown, Madam, upon the wings of love. I have ſeen my uncle: he will be here within this half hour. Every thing ſucceeds to my wiſhes. I hope there is no alteration here ſince I ſaw you.

Miſs HARLOW.

Nothing of moment, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

You alarm me: Mr. Harlow has not changed his mind, I hope.

Miſs HARLOW.

No, he continues in the ſame opinion.

CLERIMONT.

And your ſiſter---I tremble with doubt and fear---ſhe does not ſurely recede from the ſentiments ſhe flattered me with.

Miſs HARLOW.

Why there, indeed, I can't ſay much. She ſeems to---

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

How!

Miſs HARLOW.

She---I don't know what to make of her.

CLERIMONT.

I am on the rack: in pity, do not torture me.

Miſs HARLOW.

How tremblingly ſolicitous he is---Oh! I have made a ſure conqueſt. (*aſide*)---Why, ſhe, Sir---

CLERIMONT.

I am all attention, Madam. (*diſconcerted*)

Miſs HARLOW.

She does not ſeem entirely to approve.

CLERIMONT.

You kill me with deſpair.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! he is deeply ſmitten. (*aſide*)---She thinks another match would ſuit better.

CLERIMONT.

Another match!

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes, another; an India captain, who has made his propoſals; but I ſhall take care to ſee him diſmiſſed.

CLERIMONT.

Will you?

Miſs HARLOW.

I promiſe you I will. Though he runs much in my ſiſter's head, and ſhe has taken great pains to bring the family over to her opinion.

CLERIMONT.

How cruel! I could not have expected that from her. But has ſhe fixed her heart upon a match with this other gentleman?

Miſs HARLOW.

Why, truly I think ſhe has: but my will in this affair ought, and ſhall be conſulted.

CLERIMONT.

It is highly proper, Madam. Your long acquaintance with the world---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Long acquaintance, Sir! I have a few years experience only.

CLERIMONT.

That is, your good ſenſe, ma'am---Oh! confound my tongue! how that ſlipt from me. (*aſide*)---Your good ſenſe,---your early good ſenſe,---and---and---inclination ſhould be conſulted.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And they ſhall, Sir. Hark! I hear her coming. I'll leave you this opportunity to ſpeak to her once more,

more, and try to win her over by perſuaſion. It will make things eaſy if you can. I am gone, Sir.

[*Curtſies affectedly and Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

The happineſs of my life will be owing to you, Madam. The woman is really better-natured than I thought. She comes, the lovely tyrant comes.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

CLERIMONT.

She triumphs in her cruelty, and I am ruined. (*Aſide*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

You ſeem uneaſy, Sir. I hope no misfortune---

CLERIMONT.

The ſevereſt misfortune!---you have broke my heart.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I break your heart, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

Yes, cruel fair, you---you have undone me.

Mrs. HARLOW.

How can that be, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

And you ſeem unconſcious of the miſchief you have made.

Mrs. HARLOW

Pray unriddle.

CLERIMONT.

Your ſiſter has told me all.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! what has ſhe told you, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

It may be ſport to you, but to me 'tis death.

Mrs. HARLOW.

What is death?

CLERIMONT.

The gentleman from India, Madam---I have heard it all---you can give him a preference; you can blaſt my hopes, my fond delighted hopes, which you yourſelf had cheriſhed.

Mrs. HARLOW.

The gentleman is a very good ſort of a man.

CLERIMONT.

She loves him, I ſee---(*aſide*)---Madam, I perceive my doom is fixed, and fixed by you.

Mrs. HARLOW.

How have I fixed your doom?---If I ſpeak favourably of Captain Cape, it is no more than he deſerves.

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Diſtraction! I cannot bear this—*(aſide)*

Mrs. HARLOW.

I believe there is nobody that knows the gentleman, but will give him his due praiſe.

CLERIMONT.

Love! love! love! *(aſide)*

Mrs. HARLOW.

And beſides, his claim is in fact prior to yours.

CLERIMONT.

And muſt love be governed, like the buſineſs of mechanics, by thy laws of tyrant cuſtom? Can you think ſo, Madam?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, Sir, you know I am not in love.

CLERIMONT.

Confuſion!---No, Madam, I ſee you are not.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And really, Sir, reaſonably ſpeaking, my ſiſter is for treating Capt. Cape very ill. He has been dancing attendance here theſe three years.

CLERIMONT.

Yet that you knew, when you were pleaſed to fan the riſing flame that matchleſs beauty had kindled in my heart.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Matchleſs beauty!----ha! ha!----I cannot but laugh at that. (*aſide*)

CLERIMONT.

Laugh, Madam, if you will at the pangs you yourſelf occaſion: yes, triumph, if you will: I am reſigned to my fate, ſince you will have it ſo.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I have it ſo!---you ſeem to frighten yourſelf without cauſe. If I ſpeak favourably of any body elſe, what then? I am not to marry him, you know.

CLERIMONT.

An't you?

Mrs. HARLOW.

I!---No, truly; thank Heaven!

CLERIMONT.

She revives me. (*aſide*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

That muſt be as my ſiſter pleaſes.

CLERIMONT.

Muſt it?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Muſt it! To be ſure it muſt.

CLERIMONT.

And may I hope ſome intereſt in your heart?

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

My heart, Sir!

CLERIMONT.

While it is divided, while another has poſſeſſion of but part of it---

Mrs. HARLOW.

I don't underſtand him! Why, it has been given away long ago.

CLERIMONT.

I pray you do not tyrannize me thus with alternate doubts and fears. If you will but bleſs me with the leaſt kind return---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Kind return! what, would you have me fall in love with you?

CLERIMONT.

It will be generous to him who adores you.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Adore me!

CLERIMONT.

Even to idolatry.

Mrs. HARLOW.

What can he mean? I thought my ſiſter was the object of your adoration.

CLERIMONT.

Your ſiſter, Ma'am! I ſhall ever reſpect her as my

my friend on this occaſion, but love---no--no---ſhe is no object for that.

Mrs. HARLOW.

No!

CLERIMONT.

She may have been handſome in her time, but that has been all over long ago.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! this is charming---I wiſh ſhe heard him now, with her new-fangled airs. (*aſide*) But let me underſtand you, Sir: adore me?

CLERIMONT.

You!---you! and only you! by this fair hand--- (*kiſſes it*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

Hold, hold. This is going too far. But pray, Sir, have you really conceived a paſſion for me?

CLERIMONT.

You know I have; a paſſion of the tendereſt nature.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And was that your drift in coming hither?

CLERIMONT.

What elſe could induce me?

Mrs. HARLOW.

And introduced yourſelf here to have an opportunity of ſpeaking to me?

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

My angel! don't torment me thus.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Angel! and what do you ſuppoſe Mr. Harlow will ſay to this?

CLERIMONT.

Oh! Ma'am---he! he approves my paſſion.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Does he really? I muſt ſpeak to him about that.

CLERIMONT.

Do ſo, Ma'am, you will find me a man of more honour than to deceive you.

Miſs HARLOW.

Well! it will be whimſical enough if he does. And my ſiſter too, this will be a charming diſcovery for her. *(aſide)*---Ha! ha! well! really, Sir, this is mighty odd. I'll ſpeak to Mr. Harlow about this matter, and you ſhall know his anſwer. (*going.*)

CLERIMONT.

And may I then flatter myſelf?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Oh! to be ſure: ſuch an honourable project! I'll ſtep to him this moment; and then, ſiſter, I ſhall make ſuch a piece of work for you. *Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Very well, Ma'am, ſee Mr. Harlow: he will confirm it all. While there is life there is hope. To loſe

that matchleſs beauty, were the worſt miſery in the power of fortune to heap upon me.

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

I beg pardon for leaving you all this time---Well, Sir, what ſays my ſiſter?

CLERIMONT.

She has given me ſome glimmering hopes.

Miſs HARLOW.

Don't be uneaſy about her; it ſhall be as I pleaſe---

CLERIMONT.

But with her own free conſent it would be better: however, to you I am bound by every tie, and thus let me ſeal a vow---*(kiſſes her hand.)*

Miſs HARLOW.

He certainly is a very paſſionate lover. He is ready to eat my hand up with kiſſes. I wiſh my ſiſter ſaw this. *(aſide.)* Huſh! I hear Captain Cape's voice. The hideous Sea-monſter! he is coming this way. I would not ſee him again for the world. I'll withdraw for a moment, Sir. You'll excuſe me: *(kiſſes her hand and curtſies very low)* your moſt obedient---Oh! he is a charming man.

[*Curtſeys and Exit.*

Enter Capt. CAPE.

Capt. CAPE.

There ſhe goes, the perfidious! Sir, I underſtand your name is Clerimont.

CLERIMONT.

CLERIMONT.

At your ſervice, Sir.

Capt. CAPE.

Then, draw this moment.

CLERIMONT.

Draw, Sir! for what?

Capt. CAPE.

No evaſion, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Explain the cauſe.

Capt. CAPE.

The cauſe is too plain: your making love to that lady, who went out there this moment.

CLERIMONT.

That lady! not I upon my honour, Sir.

Capt. CAPE.

No ſhuffling, Sir, draw.

CLERIMONT.

Sir, I can repel an Injury like this: but your quarrel is groundleſs. And, Sir, if ever I made love to that lady, I will lay my boſom naked to your ſword. That lady!---I reſign all manner of pretenſion to her.

Capt. CAPE.

You reſign her?

CLERIMONT.

Entirely.

Capt. CAPE.

Then I am pacified. (*puts up his ſword.*)

CLERIMONT.

Upon my word, Sir, I never ſo much as thought of the lady.

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, Sir, fine doings you have been carrying on here!

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

You have been attempting my wife, I find.

CLERIMONT.

Upon my word, Mr. Harlow---

Mr. HARLOW.

You have behaved in a very baſe manner, and I inſiſt upon ſatisfaction. (*draws his ſword*)

CLERIMONT.

This is the ſtrangeſt accident! I aſſure you, Sir, ---only give me leave.

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

I will not give you leave---I inſiſt---

Capt. CAPE.

Nay, Mr. Harlow. This is neither time or place: and beſides, hear the gentleman; I have been over-haſty, and he has ſatisfied me: only hear him.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, I will believe my own wife. Come on, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Without cauſe I cannot: I have no quarrel, Sir. You may believe me, Mr. Harlow, when I aſſure you, that I came into this houſe upon honourable principles: induced, Sir, by my regard for Miſs Harlow.

Capt. CAPE.

For Miſs Harlow!---wounds! draw this moment.

CLERIMONT.

Again! this is downright madneſs: two upon me at once! you will murder me between you.

Mr. HARLOW.

There is one too many upon him ſure enough; and ſo, captain, put up your ſword.

Capt. CAPE.

Reſign your pretenſions to Miſs Harlow.

CLERIMONT.

Reſign Miſs Harlow!---not for the univerſe: in her cauſe, I can be as ready as any bravo of ye all. (*draws his ſword.*)

Mr. HARLOW.

For heaven's ſake, Captain Cape, moderate your anger; this is neither time nor place. I have been too raſh myſelf: I beg you will be pacified. (*He puts up.*)---Mr. Clerimont ſheath your ſword.

CLERIMONT.

I obey, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

Captain Cape, how can you? you promiſed me you would let things take their courſe? if my ſiſter will marry the gentleman, how is he to blame?

Capt. CAPE.

Well argued, Sir: I have done:---ſhe is a worthleſs woman, that's all.

CLERIMONT.

A worthleſs woman, Sir!

Capt. CAPE.

Ay! worthleſs.

CLERIMONT.

Damnation!---Draw, Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

Nay, now, Mr. Clerimont, you are too warm; and

and there's a gentleman coming---this is your uncle, I ſuppoſe.

CLERIMONT.

It is, and he comes opportunely.

Enter Mr. HEARTWELL.

Mr. HARLOW. (*aſide.*)

I'll wave all diſputes now, that I may conclude my ſiſter's marriage.

HEARTWELL.

My nephew has informed me, Sir, of the honor you have done him, and I am come to ratify the treaty by my conſent.

Mr. HARLOW.

I thought it neceſſary to have the advice of Mr. Clerimont's Friends, as he is very young, and my ſiſter not very handſome.

She is an angel, Sir.

HEARTWELL.

Patience, Charles, patience. My nephew's eſtate will provide for his eldeſt born, and upon the younger branches of his marriage, I mean to ſettle my fortune.

Mr. HARLOW.

Generouſly ſpoken, Sir, and after that declaration, there is no occaſion for delay. Who waits there? ---tell the ladies they are wanted.

HEARTWELL.

HEARTWELL.

I have ever loved my nephew, and ſince he tells me he has made a good choice, I ſhall be glad to ſee him happy.

Capt. CAPE.

But, Sir, let me tell you, that your nephew has uſed me baſely, and Sir---

Mr. HARLOW.

Po! Captain Cape, now you are wrong again: every thing was ſettled between us in the other room: recollect yourſelf; I beg you will---Oh! here come the ladies.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW *and Miſs* HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

Now, ſiſter, you ſhall ſee that I have completed my conqueſt.

CLERIMONT.

At length, I am happy indeed! my lovely, charming bride! thus let me ſnatch thee to my heart, and thus, and thus---(*embraces Mrs. Harlow.*)

Mr. HARLOW.

Death and diſtraction! before my face---
(*puſhing him away*)

CLERIMONT.

Prithee indulge my tranſport: my life, my angel!

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

I deſire you will deſiſt, Sir: theſe liberties may provoke me too far.

CLERIMONT.

Nay, nay, prithee be quiet: my charming, charming wife!

Mr. HARLOW.

That lady is not your wife.

CLERIMONT.

How my wife, not my wife!---extaſy and bliſs!

Mr. HARLOW.

Come, come, Sir, this is too much: I deſire ---

CLERIMONT.

Ha! ha! you are very pleaſant, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

This is downright madneſs, but it ſhall not excuſe you: that lady is my wife.

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

I ſay, Sir, that lady is my wife.

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha! I ſee through this: it is a comedy of errors, I believe. (*ſings*)

HEARTWELL.

What does all this mean?

CLERIMONT.

Your wife, Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

Yes, my wife: and there is my ſiſter, if you pleaſe to take her.

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, this is the lady whom you have deſired in marriage.

CLERIMONT.

Who I, Sir? I beg your pardon: that lady I took to be your wife (*pointing to Miſs Harlow.*)---and that lady (*pointing to Mrs. Harlow.*) I took to be your ſiſter.

Capt. CAPE *and* Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! ha!---

Miſs HARLOW.

How! how is this? have I been made a fool of all this time? furies! torture! madneſs!

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha!---my lady fair is taken in, I think.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Siſter, the men don't ſee with my eyes---ha! ha!

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha! the gentleman is no dangler, Ma'am.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

This is a complete conqueſt my ſiſter has made.

Miſs HARLOW.

I can't bear this---Sir, I deſire I may not be made a jeſt of----did not you ſolicit me? importune me?

CLERIMONT.

For your intereſt in that lady, whom I took for Miſs Harlow. I beg your pardon if I am miſtaken: I hope there it no harm done.

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes, Sir, but there is harm done. I am made ſport of; expoſed to deriſion---Oh! I cannot bear this---I cannot bear it---*(cries)*

Mrs. HARLOW.

Don't cry, ſiſter: ſome faces preſerve their bloom longer than others you know---ha! ha!

Capt. CAPE.

Loll toll loll---

HEARTWELL.

This is all a riddle to me: is that lady your wife, Sir?

Mr. HARLOW.

She is, Sir.

HEARTWELL.

And pray nephew; you took that lady for Mr. Harlow's ſiſter, I ſuppoſe.

CLERIMONT.

I did, Sir. I beg pardon for the trouble I have given---I am in ſuch confuſion, I can hardly---

HEARTWELL.

Well, well! the thing is cleared up, and you have been proceeding upon a miſtake. But you ſhould have known what ground you went upon---ha! ha! I can't help laughing neither.

Mr. HARLOW.

Why faith, nor I---ha! ha!

CLERIMONT.

Since matters have turned out ſo unexpectedly, I beg pardon for my miſtake, and Sir, I take my leave---*(going)*

Miſs HARLOW.

And will you treat me in this manner, Sir? Will you draw me into ſuch a ſcrape, and not---

CLERIMONT.

Madam, that gentleman would cut my throat: his claim is prior to mine; and I dare ſay, he will be very glad to be reconciled.

Miſs HARLOW.

You are a baſe man then, and I reject you. Captain Cape I ſee my error, and I reſign myſelf to you.

Capt. CAPE.

No, Madam, I beg to be excuſed. I have been a dangler too long. I ought to have been a briſker lover. I ſhall endeavour to ſurvive it, Madam; I won't

won't do myſelf a miſchief: I have my anſwer, and I am off, Madam. Loll toll loll---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! I told you this my dear ſiſter.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I dare ſay the gentleman will think better of it. Mr. Harlow, I am ſorry for all this confuſion, and I beg pardon of the whole company for my miſtake. Mrs. Harlow, I wiſh you all happineſs, Ma'am---Angelic creature! what a misfortune to loſe her! [*Bows and Exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

And I will follow his example---Miſs Harlow I wiſh you all happineſs. Angelic creature! what a misfortune to loſe her!---Upon my ſoul I think you a moſt admirable jilt, and ſo now you may go, and bewail your virginity in the mountains---loll toll loll--- [*Exit.*

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! oh! I can't bear to be thus diſgraced. I'll go and hide myſelf from the world for ever. The men are all ſavages, barbarians, monſters, and I hate the whole ſex. [*Exit.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

My dear ſiſter, with her beauty and her conqueſts, ha! ha!

Mr. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! whimſical and ridiculous!

HEART-

HEARTWELL.

Sir, my nephew is young: I am ſorry for this ſcene of errors, and I hope you'll aſcribe the whole to his inexperience.

Mr. HARLOW.

I certainly ſhall, Sir.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I cautioned my ſiſter ſufficiently about this matter, but vanity got the better of her, and leaves her now a whimſical inſtance of folly and affectation.

In vain the FADED TOAST her mirror tries,
And counts the cruel murders of her eyes;
For Ridicule, fly-peeping o'er her head,
Will point the roſes and the lillies dead;
And while, fond fool! ſhe weaves her myrtle chain,
She proves a ſubject of the comic ſtrain.

THE

CITIZEN:

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

HOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

OLD PHILPOT,	Mr. SHUTER.
GEORGE, his Son,	Mr. WOODWARD.
Sir JASPER WILDING,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
YOUNG WILDING,	Mr. DYER.
BEAUFORT,	Mr. BAKER.
DAPPER,	Mr. COSTOLLO.
QUILDRIVE,	Mr. PERRY.

WOMEN.

MARIA,	Miſs ELLIOT.
CORINNA,	Miſs COCKAYNE.

SERVANTS, &c.

THE

CITIZEN.

ACT the FIRST.

YOUNG WILDING, BEAUFORT, *and* WILL *following.*

WILDING.

HA, ha, my dear Beaufort! a fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a ſighing, love-ſick dangler after a high heel, a well-turned ancle, and a ſhort petticoat!

BEAUFORT.

Pr'ythee, my dear Wilding, ſpare your raillery. Maria's charms---

WILDING.

Maria's charms! And ſo now you would fain grow wanton in her praiſe, and make me liſten to your raptures about my own ſiſter! Ha! ha, poor Beaufort! Is my ſiſter at home, Will?

WILL.

She is, Sir.

WILDING.

How long has my father been gone out?

WILL.

This hour, Sir.

WILDING.

Very well. Pray give Mr. Beaufort's compliments to my ſiſter. If ſhe is viſible this morning, he will wait upon her. (*Exit* WILL.) You will be glad to ſee her I ſuppoſe, Charles.

BEAUFORT.

I live but in her preſence.

WILDING.

Live but in her preſence! How the devil could the young baggage raiſe this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her ſex.

BEAUFORT.

Nay, you have no reaſon to complain. You are come up to town, poſt-haſte, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only ſaw you laſt ſeaſon at Tunbridge, and has been languiſhing for you ever ſince.

WILDING.

That's more than I do for her; and, to tell you the truth, more than I believe ſhe does for me. This is a match of prudence, man! bargain and ſale! My reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finiſhed the buſineſs at Lloyd's coffee-houſe by inch of candle: a mere transfer of property!---"Give your ſon to "my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your "ſon." That's the whole affair, and ſo I am juſt arrived to conſummate the nuptials.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

Thou art the happieſt fellow!

WILDING.

Happy! ſo I am. What ſhould I be otherwiſe for? If Miſs Sally---upon my ſoul I forget her name.

BEAUFORT.

Well! that is ſo like you---Miſs Sally Philpot.

WILDING.

Ay! very true: Miſs Sally Philpot. She will bring fortune ſufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family-eſtate, and my father is to ſettle handſomely upon me. I have reaſon to be contented have not I?

BEAUFORT.

And are you willing to marry her without one ſpark of love for her?

WILDING.

Love! Why I make myſelf ridiculous enough by marrying, don't I, without being in love into the bargain? What! am I to pine for a girl that is willing to go to bed to me? Love of all things! My dear Beaufort, one ſees ſo many people breathing raptures about each other before marriage, and dinning their inſipidity into the ears of all their acquaintance; "My dear Ma'am, don't you think "him a ſweet man? a charminger creature never "was." Then he, on his ſide---"My life, my an-"gel, oh! ſhe's a paradiſe of ever blooming ſweets!" And then in a month's time, "He's a perfidious

" wretch! I wiſh I had never ſeen his face: the devil " was in me when I had any thing to ſay to him." " A plague go with her for an inanimated piece; I " wiſh ſhe had poiſoned herſelf with all my heart." That is ever the way; and ſo you ſee love is all nonſenſe; well enough to furniſh romances for boys and girls at circulating libraries; that is all, take my word for it.

BEAUFORT.

Pho! this is all idle talk; and, in the mean time, I am ruin'd.

WILDING.

How ſo?

BEAUFORT.

Why, you know the old couple have bargain'd for your ſiſter.

WILDING.

Bargain'd for her! And will you pretend you are in love? Can you look tamely on and ſee her bartered away at Garraway's, like cochineal, or indigo? Marry her privately, man, and keep it a ſecret till my affair is over.

BEAUFORT.

My dear Wilding, will you propoſe it to her?

WILDING.

With all my heart. She is very long a coming. I'll tell you what, if ſhe has a fancy for you, carry her off at once. But, perhaps, ſhe has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miſs Sally's brother.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

Oh, no! he's her averſion.

WILDING.

I have never ſeen any of the family but my wife that is to be: my father-in-law, and my brother-in-law, I know nothing of them. What ſort of a fellow is the ſon?

BEAUFORT.

Oh! a diamond of the firſt water; a buck, Sir, a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he ſneaks about the 'Change, in a little bit of a frock and a bob-wig, and looks like a ſedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

WILDING.

Upon my word, a gentleman of ſpirit.

BEAUFORT.

Spirit! He drives a phaeton two ſtory high, keeps his girl at this end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot all round Covent-Garden.

WILDING.

Oh, brave!---and the father?

BEAUFORT.

The father, Sir---But here comes Maria; take his picture from her. (*ſhe ſings within*)

WILDING.

Hey! ſhe is muſical this morning; ſhe holds her uſual ſpirits, I find.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

Yes, the ſpirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

WILDING.

Ay! and ſuch a lover as you too! Though ſtill in her teens, ſhe can play upon all your foibles, and treat you as ſhe does her monkey, tickle you, torment you, enrage you, ſooth you, exalt you, depreſs you, pity you, laugh at you---*Ecce ſignum!*

Enter MARIA. (*ſinging*)

WILDING.

The ſame giddy girl! Come, my dear ſiſter, have done with your fooling.

MARIA.

Be quiet, brother; let me have my own way; I will go through my ſong. (*ſings*)

WILDING.

I have not ſeen you this age; aſk me how I do?

MARIA.

I won't aſk you how I do: I won't take any notice of you, I don't know you.

WILDING.

Do you know this gentleman then? Will you ſpeak to him?

MARIA.

No, I won't ſpeak to him; I'll ſing to him; it's my humour to ſing. (*ſings*)

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

Be ſerious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

MARIA.

Oh! ſweet Sir, you are dying, are you? Then poſitively I will ſing the ſong; for it is a deſcription of yourſelf. (*She ſings a little*) Brother, how do you do? (*kiſſes him*) Say nothing, don't interrupt me. (*ſings*)

WILDING.

Have you ſeen your city lover yet?

MARIA.

No; but I long to ſee him; I fancy he is a curioſity.

BEAUFORT.

Long to ſee him, Maria!

MARIA.

Yes, long to ſee him---(Beaufort *fiddles with his lip, and looks thoughtful)* Brother, brother! (*goes to him ſoftly, beckons him to look at* Beaufort) do you ſee that? (*mimicks him*) Mind him; ha, ha.

BEAUFORT.

Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria; ſo do you don't make me unhappy, by marrying this citizen.

MARIA.

And would not you have me marry, Sir? What, I muſt lead a ſingle life to pleaſe you, muſt I? Upon

on my word you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. *(ſings)*

Can it be, or by law, or by equity ſaid,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

WILDING.

Come, come, Miſs Pert, compoſe yourſelf a little: this will never do.

MARIA.

My croſs, ill-natured brother! But it will do. Lord! what do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't ſtay among ye---*à l'honeur, à l'honeur* ---*(running away) à l'honeur.*

WILDING.

Hey, hey, Miſs Notable! come back; you muſt ſtay. *(forces her back)*

MARIA.

Well, well; what do you want?

WILDING.

Come, truce with your frolicks, Miſs Hoyden, and behave like a ſenſible girl; we have ſerious buſineſs with you.

MARIA.

Have you? Well, come, I will be ſenſible. There, I blow all my folly away: 'tis gone, gone, and now I'll talk ſenſe. Is that a ſenſible face?

WILDING.

Pc, be quiet, and hear what we have to ſay to you.

MARIA.

MARIA.

I will, I am quiet. It is charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

WILDING.

Ridiculous! how can you be ſo ſilly?

MARIA.

Bleſs me! I never ſaw any thing like you. There is no ſuch thing as ſatisfying you. I am ſure it was very good ſenſe, what I ſaid. Papa talks in that manner. Well! I'll be ſilent then: I won't ſpeak at all; will that ſatisfy you? (*looks ſullen.*)

WILDING.

Abſurd! no more of this folly, but mind what is ſaid to you. You have not ſeen your city lover, you ſay?

(Maria *ſhrugs her ſhoulders, and ſhakes her head.*)

WILDING.

Why don't you anſwer?

BEAUFORT.

My dear Maria, put me out of pain.

(Maria *ſhrugs her ſhoulders again.*)

WILDING.

I'll pinch a piece out of your arm, if you don't anſwer.

MARIA.

Why, no, then; no, no, no, no, no, no; I tell you no.

WILDING.

Ridiculous! Don't be a girl always.

MARIA.

Why don't I tell you I have not ſeen him? But I am to ſee him this very day.

BEAUFORT.

To ſee him this day, Maria?

MARIA.

Ha, ha!---look there, brother; he is beginning again. But don't frighten yourſelf, and I'll tell you all about it. My papa comes to me this morning---by the by, he makes a fright of himſelf with this ſtrange dreſs---Why does he not dreſs as other gentlemen do, brother?

WILDING.

He dreſſes like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltſhire.

MARIA.

But when he comes to town, I wiſh he would do as other gentlemen do here. I am almoſt aſhamed of him. But he comes to me this morning---"Hoic! "hoic! our Moll---Where is the ſly puſs? Tally "ho!"---Did you want me papa?---"Come hither, "Moll, I'll *gee* you a huſband, my girl; one that "has mettle enow; he'll take cover, I warrant un; "blood to the bone."

BEAUFORT.

There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

WILD-

WILDING.

Where are you to ſee the young citizen?

MARIA.

Wy, papa will be at home in an hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the ſweet creature is to be introduced to me. The old gentleman, his father, is delighted with me: but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

WILDING.

I never ſaw him: what ſort of a being is he?

MARIA.

Why, he looks like the picture of Avarice, ſitting with pleaſure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body ſhould come and take it away. He has got ſquare-toed ſhoes, and little tiny buckles, a brown coat, with ſmall round braſs buttons, that looks as if they were new in my great-grandmother's time, and his face all ſhrivelled and pinched with care, and he ſhakes his head like a Mandarine upon a chimney-piece---"Ay, ay, Sir Jaſper, you are "right---and then he grins at me---I profeſs ſhe is "a very pretty bale of goods. Ay, ay, and my ſon "Bob is a very ſenſible lad---ay, ay! I will under-"write their happineſs for one and a half per "cent."

WILDING.

Thank you, my dear girl; thank you for this account of my relations.

BEAUFORT.

Deſtruction to my hopes! Surely, my dear angel, if you have any regard for me---

MARIA.

There, there, there he is frightened again.
(*ſings* Deareſt creature, &c.)

WILDING.

No more of theſe airs: liſten to me, and I'll inſtruct you how to manage them all.

MARIA.

Oh! my dear brother, you are very good. But don't miſtake yourſelf; though juſt come from a boarding-ſchool, give me leave to manage for myſelf. There is in this caſe a man I like, and a man I don't like---It is not you I like (*to* Beaufort) No---I hate you----But let this little head alone; I I know what to do: I ſhall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

BEAUFORT.

What will you do, Maria?

MARIA.

Ho! ho! that face is enough to make me die with laughing. (*ſings*)

Do not grieve me,
Oh! relieve me, &c.

WILDING.

Come, come, you ſhall liſten to me. The old cit, you ſay, admires you for your underſtanding; and his ſon would not marry you, unleſs he found you a girl of ſenſe and ſpirit?

MARIA.

MARIA.

Even ſo: that is the character of your giddy ſiſter.

WILDING.

Why then I'll tell you. You ſhall make him hate you for a fool, and ſo let the refuſal come from himſelf.

MARIA.

But how---how, my dear brother? Tell me how?

WILDING.

Why you have ſeen a play with me, where a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife and have a wife.

MARIA.

Very well---what then?---what then?---Oh! I have it; I underſtand you; ſay no more; 'tis charming; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will; and I will ſo plague him, that he ſhan't know what to make of me. He ſhall be a very toad-eater to me; the ſour, the ſweet, the bitter, he ſhall ſwallow all, and all ſhall work upon him alike for my diverſion. Say nothing of it: it's all among ourſelves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature, and then who knows but I may take a fancy to him?

BEAUFORT.

Why will you alarm me thus?

MARIA.

Oh! now you are beginning again.

[*Sings*, Voi Amanti, &c. *and Exit.*

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

'Sdeath, Wilding, I ſhall never be your brother-in-law at this rate.

WILDING.

Pſhaw, follow me; don't be apprehenſive. I'll give her further inſtructions, and ſhe will execute them I warrant you. The old fellow's daughter ſhall be mine, and the ſon may go ſhift for himſelf elſewhere. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. OLD PHILPOT'S HOUSE.

Enter OLD PHILPOT, DAPPER, *and* QUILLDRIVE.

OLD PHILPOT.

Quilldrive, have thoſe dollars been ſent to the Bank, as I ordered?

QUILLDRIVE.

They have, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

Very well!---Mr. Dapper, I am not fond of writing any thing of late; but at your requeſt---

DAPPER.

You know I would not offer you a bad policy.

OLD PHILPOT.

I believe it. Well, ſtep with me to my cloſet, and I will look at your policy. How much do you want upon it?

DAP-

DAPPER.

Three thouſand; you had better take that ſum; there are very good names upon it.

OLD PHILPOT.

Well, well, ſtep with me, and I'll talk to you. Quildrive, run with thoſe bills for acceptance. This way, Mr. Dapper, this way. [*Exeunt.*

QUILLDRIVE *ſolus.*

QUILLDRIVE.

A miſerly old curmudgeon! digging, digging money out of the very hearts of mankind; conſtantly ſcraping together, and yet trembling with anxiety for fear of coming to want. A canting old hypocrite! and yet under his veil of ſanctity, he has a liquoriſh tooth left; running to the other end of the town ſlily every evening, and there he has his ſolitary pleaſures in holes and corners.

GEORGE *peeping in.*

GEORGE PHILPOT.

Hiſt, hiſt!---Quilldrive!

QUILLDRIVE.

Ha, Maſter George!

GEORGE.

Is Square-toes at home?

QUILLDRIVE.

He is.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Has he aſked for me?

QUILLDRIVE.

He has.

GEORGE. *(walks in on tip-toe)*

Does he know I did not lie at home?

QUILLDRIVE.

No; I ſunk that upon him.

GEORGE.

Well done; I'll give you a choice gelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday. Damnation! up all night; ſtripped of nine hundred pounds; pretty well for one night!---Picqued, repicqued, ſlamm'd, and capotted every deal!---Old Dry-beard ſhall pay all. Is forty-ſeven good? No---Fifty good? No! no, no, no---to the end of the chapter---Cruel luck! Damn me, its life tho'---this is life---'ſdeath! I hear him coming *(runs off and peeps)*---no, all's ſafe---I muſt not be caught in theſe cloaths, Quilldrive.

QUILLDRIVE.

How come you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

GEORGE.

I was afraid of being too late for old Square-toes, and ſo I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bum-bailey. ---Pretty cloaths, an't they?

QUIL-

QUILLDRIVE.

Ah! Sir---

GEORGE.

Reach me one of my mechanic city frocks. No---ſtay---it's in the next room, an't it?

QUILLDRIVE.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

I'll run and ſlip it on in a twinkle. [*Exit.*

QUILLDRIVE *ſolus.*

QUILLDRIVE.

Mercy on us! what a life does he lead? Old Cojer within here will ſcrape together for him, and the moment young maſter comes to poſſeſſion, "Ill "got, ill gone," I warrant me. A hard card I have to play between 'em both: drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one. The father is a reſervoir of riches, and the ſon a fountain to play it all away in vanity, vice, and folly.

Re-enter GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Now I'm equipp'd for the city. Damn the city: I wiſh the Papiſhes would ſet fire to it again. I hate to be beating the hoof here among them. Here comes father---no;---it's Dapper---Quildrive, I'll give you the gelding.

QUILLDRIVE.

Thank you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPPER.

DAPPER.

Why you look like a devil, George.

GEORGE.

Yes, I have been up all night; loſt all my money, and I am afraid I muſt ſmaſh for it.

DAPPER.

Smaſh for it! What have I let you into the ſecret for? Have not I adviſed you trade upon your own account? and you feel the ſweets of it. How much do you owe in the city?

GEORGE.

At leaſt twenty thouſand.

DAPPER.

Poh, that's nothing! Bring it up to fifty or ſixty thouſand, and then give 'em a good blow up at once. I have enſured the ſhip for you.

GEORGE.

Have you?

DAPPER.

The policy's full; I have juſt touched your father for the laſt three thouſand.

GEORGE.

Excellent! Are the goods re-landed?

DAP-

DAPPER.

Every bale. I have had them up to town, and ſold them all to a packer for you.

GEORGE.

Bravo!---and the ſhip is loaded with rubbiſh, I ſuppoſe.

DAPPER.

Yes; and is now proceeding on her voyage.

GEORGE.

And to-morrow, or next day, we ſhall hear of her being loſt on the Goodwin Sands, or ſunk between the Needles.

DAPPER.

Certainly.

GEORGE.

Admirable! and then we ſhall come upon the Underwriters.

DAPPER.

Directly.

GEORGE.

My dear Dapper! *(embraces him)*

DAPPER.

Yes; I do a dozen every year. How do you think I can live as I do, otherwiſe?

GEORGE.

Very true; ſhall you be at the club after 'Change?

DAPPER.

Without fail.

GEORGE.

That's right; it will be a full meeting: we ſhall have Nat Pig-tail, the dry-ſalter, there; and Bob Reptile, the 'Change-broker; and Soberſides, the banker. We ſhall all be there. We ſhall have deep doings.

DAPPER.

Yes, yes; well, a good morning; I muſt go now, and fill up a policy for a ſhip that has been loſt theſe three days.

GEORGE.

My dear Dapper, thou art the beſt of friends.

DAPPER.

Ay, I'll ſtand by you. It will be time enough for you to break, when you ſee your father near his end; then give 'em a tumble; put yourſelf at the head of his fortune, and begin the world again---Good morning. [*Exit.*

GEORGE, *ſolus.*

Dapper, adieu---Who now in my ſituation would envy any of your great folks at the court-end! A Lord has nothing to depend upon but his eſtate: he can't ſpend you a hundred thouſand pounds of other people's money. No---no. I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen, in good credit, than a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms. Commiſſioner! The King has not ſo good a thing in his gift, as a commiſſion of bankruptcy. Don't we ſee them all with

their

their country ſeats at Hogſden, and Kentiſh-town, and Newington-butts, and Iſlington; with their flying Mercuries tipt on the top of the houſe, their Apollos, their Venus's and their leaden Hercules's in the garden; and themſelves ſitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digeſtion? Wounds! here comes old Muckworm! Now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wiſdom, to prove myſelf a ſcoundrel in ſentiment, and paſs in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

OLD PHILPOT.

Twelve times twelve is a hundred and forty-four.

GEORGE.

I'll attack him in his own way---Commiſſion at two and a half per cent---

OLD PHILPOT.

There he is, intent upon buſineſs! What, plodding, George?

GEORGE.

Thinking a little of the main chance, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

That's right; it is a wide world, George.

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir, but you inſtructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

OLD

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay! I inſtilled good principles into thee.

GEORGE.

So you did, Sir. Principal and intereſt is all I I ever heard from him. (*aſide*) I ſhall never forget the ſtory you recommended to my earlieſt notice, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

What was that, George? It is quite out of my head.

GEORGE.

It item'd how Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was caſt away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him, and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to ſell her for a ſlave.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay, (*laughs*) I recollect it now.

GEORGE.

And when ſhe pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwiſe moved than to raiſe his price, and make her turn to better account.

OLD PHILPOT. (*burſts into a laugh*)

I remember it. Ha, ha!---there was the very ſpirit of trade! ay---ay---ha, ha!

GEORGE.

There was calculation for you---

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

The Rule of Three---If one gives me ſo much; what will two give me?

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay. (*laughs*)

GEORGE.

That was a hit, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

That was having his wits about him.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay! It is a leſſon for all young men. It was a hit indeed, ha! ha! (*both laugh*)

GEORGE.

What an old negro it is. (*aſide*)

OLD PHILPOT.

Thou art a ſon after my own heart, George.

GEORGE.

Trade muſt be minded. A penny ſaved, is a penny got.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay! *(ſhakes his head, and looks cunning)*

GEORGE.

He that hath money in his purſe, won't want a head on his ſhoulders.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

Rome was not built in a day. Fortunes are made by degrees. Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to loſe.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

He that lies in bed, his eſtate feels it.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay, the good boy.

GEORGE.

The old Curmudgeon! *(aſide)* think nothing mean that brings in an honeſt penny.

OLD PHILPOT.

The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

GEORGE.

Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be

be cautious in this wide world. Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

OLD PHILPOT.

I profeſs it is a wiſe ſaying---I never heard it before; it is a wiſe ſaying; and ſhews how cautious we ſhould be of too much confidence in friendſhip.

GEORGE.

Very true.

OLD PHILPOT.

Friendſhip has nothing to do with trade.

GEORGE.

No---It only draws a man in to lend money.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

There was your neighbour's ſon, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at ſchool; he wanted to borrow of me the other day, but I was too cunning.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay---let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and ſee where he will get a pound ſterling for them.

GEORGE.

So I told him. I went to his garret in the Minories; and there I found him in all his miſery! and a fine ſcene it was. There was his wife in a corner of

the room, at a waſhing-tub, up to the elbows in ſuds; a ſolitary pork-ſtake was dangling by a bit of pack-thread, before a melancholy fire; himſelf ſeated at a three-legged table, writing a pamphlet againſt the German war; a child upon his left knee, his right leg employed in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it. And ſo there was buſineſs enough for them all. His wife rubbing away, (*mimicks a waſherwoman*) and he writing on, "The King of "Pruſſia ſhall have no more ſubſidies; Saxony ſhall "be indemnified---He ſhan't have a foot in Sileſia." There's a ſweet little baby! (*to the child on his knee*) then he rock'd the cradle, huſh ho! huſh ho! ---then twiſted the griſkin, (*ſnaps his fingers*) huſh ho! "The Ruſſians ſhall have Pruſſia." (*writes*) Huſh ho! huſh ho! --- round goes the griſkin again, (*ſnaps his finger---writes*)---and ſo you have a picture of the whole family.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ha! ha! what becomes of his Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no parſnips. He had no money from you, I ſuppoſe, George?

GEORGE.

Oh! no; charity begins at home, ſays I.

OLD PHILPOT.

And it was wiſely ſaid. I have an excellent ſaying when any man wants to borrow of me. I am ready with my joke---"A fool and his money are "ſoon parted"---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Ha, ha! A wittier ſaying there never was.

OLD

OLD PHILPOT.

No; that's the truth of wit. A fool and his money are ſoon parted---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Now if I can wring a handſome ſum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he ſays. (*aſide*) And yet trade has its inconveniencies. Great houſes ſtopping payment!

OLD PHILPOT.

Hey---what! you look chagrin'd!---Nothing of that ſort has happened to thee, I hope?

GEORGE.

A great houſe at Cadiz---Don John de Alvarada ---The Spaniſh Galleons not making quick returns ---and ſo my bills are come back.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay!---(*ſhakes his head*)

GEORGE.

I have indeed a remittance from Meſſina. That voyage yields thirty per cent. profit: but this blow coming upon me---

OLD PHILPOT.

Why this is unlucky: how much money?

GEORGE.

Three and twenty hundred.

OLD PHILPOT.

George, too many eggs in one baſket. I tell thee,

George, I expect Sir Jaſper Wilding here preſently to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: huſh this up, ſay nothing of it, and in a day or two you may pay theſe bills with his daughter's portion.

GEORGE.

The old rogue! (*aſide*) That will never do, I ſhall be blown upon 'Change: Alvarada will pay in time: he has opened his affairs; he appears a good man.

OLD PHILPOT.

Does he?

GEORGE.

A great fortune left; will begin to pay in ſix monhts; but I muſt crack before that.

OLD PHILPOT.

It is unlucky! A good man you ſay he is?

GEORGE.

Nobody better.

OLD PHILPOT.

Let me ſee: ſuppoſe I lend this money.

GEORGE.

Ah, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

How much is your remittance from Meſſina?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Seven hundred and fifty.

OLD PHILPOT.

Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

GEORGE.

Exactly.

OLD PHILPOT.

Don Alvarada is a good man you ſay?

GEORGE.

Perfectly good.

OLD PHILPOT.

I will venture to lend the money. You muſt allow me commiſſion upon thoſe bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer.

GEORGE.

Agreed.

OLD PHILPOT.

Lawful intereſt, while I am out of my money.

GEORGE.

I ſubſcribe.

OLD PHILPOT.

A power of attorney to receive the money from Alvarada, when he makes a payment.

PHIL-

PHILPOT.

You ſhall have it.

OLD PHILPOT.

Your own bond.

GEORGE.

To be ſure.

OLD PHILPOT.

Go and get me a check. You ſhall have a draught on the bank.

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir. (*going*)

OLD PHILPOT.

But ſtay. I had forgot: I muſt ſell out for this. Stocks are under *par*. You muſt pay the difference.

GEORGE.

Was ever ſuch a leech! (*aſide*) By all means, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

Step and get me a check.

GEORGE.

A fool and his money are ſoon parted. (*aſide.*)

[*Exit.*

OLD PHILPOT, *ſolus.*

What with commiſſion, lawful intereſt, and his pay-

paying the difference of the ſtocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I ſhall be in the rareſt ſpirits for this new adventure I am re-recommended to. Let me ſee what is the lady's name. (*takes a letter out*) Corinna! Ay, ay, by the deſcription ſhe is a bale of goods. I ſhall be in rare ſpirits. Ay, this is the way, to indulge one's paſſions and yet conceal them, and to mind one's buſineſs in the city, as if one had no paſſions at all. I long for the evening methinks. Body o'me---I am a young man ſtill.

Enter QUILLDRIVE.

QUILLDRIVE.

Sir Jaſper Wilding, Sir, and his daughter.

OLD PHILPOT.

I am at home.

Enter SIR JASPER *and* MARIA.

(SIR JASPER *dreſſed as a fox-hunter, and ſinging*)

OLD PHILPOT.

Sir Jaſper, your very humble ſervant.

SIR JASPER.

Maſter Philpot, I be glad to zee ye, I be indeed.

OLD PHILPOT.

The like compliment to you, Sir Jaſper. Miſs Maria, I kiſs your fair hand.

MARIA.

Sir, your moſt obedient.

SIR

SIR JASPER.

Ay, ay, I ha brought un to zee you. There's my girl: I ben't aſhamed of my girl.

MARIA.

That's more than I can ſay of my father. Luckily theſe people are as much ſtrangers to decorum as my old gentleman, otherwiſe this viſit from a lady to meet her lover would have an odd appearance. Though ſo lately a boarding-ſchool girl, I know enough of the world for that. (*aſide*)

OLD PHILPOT.

Truly ſhe is a blooming young lady, Sir Jaſper, and I verily ſhall like to take an intereſt in her.

SIR JASPER.

I ha brought her to zee ye, and zo your zon may ha' her as ſoon as he will.

OLD PHILPOT.

Why ſhe looks three and a half per cent. better than when I ſaw her laſt.

MARIA.

Then there is hopes that in a little time I ſhall be above *par*. He rates me like a lottery-ticket. (*Aſide*)

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay, I like her, Sir Jaſper: Miſs has the appearance of a very ſenſible, diſcreet young lady; and to deal freely, without that, ſhe would not do for my ſon. George is a ſhrewd one; I have often heard him declare, no conſideration ſhould ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Ay, you have told me ſo before, old gentleman, but I have my cue from my brother; and if I don't ſoon give Maſter George a ſurfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. *(aſide)*

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE.

A good clever old cuff this; after my own heart. I think I'll have his daughter, if it is only for the pleaſure of hunting with him.

SIR JASPER.

Zon-in-law, gee us your hand. What zay you? Are you ready for my girl?

GEORGE.

Say grace as ſoon as you will, Sir, I'll fall to.

SIR JASPER.

Well zaid. I like you. I like un Maſter Philpot. I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

OLD PHILPOT.

And ſo he ſhall. George, ſhe is a bale of goods; ſpeak her fair now, and then you'll be in caſh. *(aſide)*

GEORGE.

I think I had rather not ſpeak to her now. I hate ſpeaking to your modeſt women. Sir,---Sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind, by advertiſing for her in a newſpaper?

OLD PHILPOT.

Talk ſenſe to her, George; ſhe is a notable girl. I'll give you a draft upon the bank preſently.

SIR JASPER.

Come along, Maſter Philpot, come along; I ben't afraid of my girl: come along.

[*Exeunt* Sir Jaſper *and* Old Philpot.

MARIA.

A pretty ſort of a lover they have found for me. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

How ſhall I ſpeak my mind to her? She is almoſt a ſtranger to me. (*aſide*)

MARIA.

Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

Ay, ſhe is as ſharp as a needle, I warrant her. (*aſide*)

MARIA.

When will he begin?---Ah, you fright! You rival Mr. Beaufort! I'll give him an averſion to me, that's what I will; and ſo let him have the trouble of breaking off the match himſelf: not a word yet? He is in fine confuſion. (*looks fooliſh*) I think I may as well ſit down, Sir.

GEORGE.

Ma'am---I---I---I---(*frighted*)---I'll hand you a chair, Ma'am---there, Ma'am. (*bows awkwardly*)

MARIA.

MARIA.

Many thanks to you, Sir.

GEORGE.

I'll ſit down too. (*in confuſion*)

MARIA.

Heigho!

GEORGE.

Ma'am!

MARIA.

Sir!

GEORGE.

I thought---I---I---did not you ſay ſomething, Ma'am?

MARIA.

No, Sir; nothing.

GEORGE.

I beg your pardon, Ma'am.

MARIA.

Oh! you are a ſweet creature. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

The ice is broke now; I have begun, and ſo I'll go on.

(*ſits ſilent, looks fooliſh, and ſteals a look at her*)

MARIA.

An agreeable interview this!

GEORGE.

Pray, Ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

MARIA.

Concerts! what's that, Sir?

GEORGE.

A muſic meeting.

MARIA.

I have been at a quaker's meeting, but never at a muſick meeting.

GEORGE.

Lord, Ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts. She notable! I'll take courage, ſhe's nobody. Will you give me leave to preſent you a ticket for the Crown and Anchor, Ma'am?

MARIA. (*looking ſimple and awkward*)

A ticket! what's a ticket?

GEORGE.

There, Ma'am, at your ſervice.

MARIA. (*curtſys awkwardly*)

I long to ſee what a ticket is.

GEORGE.

What a curtſy there is for the St. James's end of the

the town! I hate her; ſhe ſeems to be an hoor. (*aſide*)

MARIA.

Here's a charming ticket he has given me. (*aſide*) And is this a ticket, Sir?

GEORGE.

Yes, Ma'am---And is this a ticket, Sir?
(*mimicks her aſide*)

MARIA. (*reads*)

For ſale by the candle, the following goods---thirty cheſts ſtraw hats; fifty tubs chip hats; pepper, ſago, borax---ha---ha! ſuch a ticket!

GEORGE.

I---I---I have made a miſtake Ma'am. Here, here is the right one.

MARIA.

You need not mind it, Sir: I never go to ſuch places.

GEORGE.

No, Ma'am? I don't know what to make of her. Was you ever at the White-Conduit houſe?

MARIA.

There's a queſtion! (*aſide*) Is that a nobleman's ſeat?

GEORGE. (*laughs*)

Simpleton!---No Miſs---it is not a nobleman's ſeat---Lord! it's at Iſlington.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Lord Iſlington!---I don't know he.

GEORGE.

The town of Iſlington.

MARIA.

I have not the honour of knowing his Lordſhip.

GEORGE.

Iſlington is a town, Ma'am.

MARIA.

Oh! it's a town?

GEORGE.

Yes, Ma'am.

MARIA.

I am glad of it. (*laughs*)

GEORGE.

What is ſhe glad of?

MARIA.

A pretty huſband my papa has choſe for me. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

What ſhall I ſay to her next? Have you been at the burletta, Ma'am?

MARIA.

Where?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

The burletta?

MARIA.

Sir, I would have you to know that I am no ſuch a perſon. I go to burlettas! I am not what you take me for.

GEORGE.

Ma'am?

MARIA.

I'm come of good people, Sir; and have been properly educated as a young girl ought to be.

GEORGE.

What a damn'd fool ſhe is. *(aſide)*---The burletta is an opera, Ma'am.

MARIA.

Opera, Sir! I don't know what you mean by this uſage; to affront me in this manner!

GEORGE.

Affront! I mean quite the reverſe, Ma'am; I took you for a connoiſſeur.

MARIA.

Who me a connoiſſeur, Sir! I deſire you won't call me names; I'm ſure I never ſo much as thought of ſuch a thing. Sir, I won't be called a connoiſſeur ---I won't---I won't---I won't.

(burſts out a crying)

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Ma'am, I meant no offence. A connoiſſeur is a virtuoſo.

MARIA.

Don't virtuoſo me! I am no virtuoſo, Sir, I would have you to know it. I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I never will be a virtuoſo. (*cries bitterly*)

GEORGE.

But, Ma'am, you miſtake me quite.

MARIA.

(*In a paſſion, choaking her tears and ſobbing*)

Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England. My family was always remarkable for virtue. My mamma (*burſts out*) was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget (*ſobbing*) was a virtuous woman too; and there's my ſiſter Sophy makes as good and virtuous wife as any at all. And ſo, Sir, don't call me a virtuoſo. I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner, I won't---I won't---I won't. (*cries bitterly*)

GEORGE.

The girl's a natural. So much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up. Ma'am, upon my word you miſunderſtand me.

MARIA.

Sir, (*drying her tears*) I won't be called connoiſſeur by you nor any body. I am no virtuoſo, and I'd have you to know it.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Ma'am, connoiſſeur and virtuoſo are words for a perſon of taſte

MARIA.

Taſte! *(ſobbing)*

GEORGE.

Yes, Ma'am.

MARIA.

And did you mean to ſay as how I am a perſon of taſte?

GEORGE.

Undoubtedly.

MARIA.

Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant; Oh! that's another thing. I have a taſte to be ſure.

GEORGE.

I know you have, Ma'am. O you're a curſed ninny. *(aſide.)*

MARIA.

Yes, I know I have. I can read tolerably; and I begin to write a little.

GEORGE.

Upon my word, you have made a great progreſs; What could old Square-Toes mean by paſſing her upon me for a ſenſible girl? And what a fool I was to be afraid to ſpeak to her? I'll talk to her openly

at once. Come ſit down, Miſs. Pray are you inclined to matrimony?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir. (*ſmiling*)

GEORGE.

Are you in love?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

Your naturals are always amorous. (*aſide*) How ſhould you like me?

MARIA.

Of all things. (*ſmiling at him*)

GEORGE.

A girl without ceremony. (*aſide*) Do you love me?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

But you don't love any body elſe?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir. (*ſmiling at him*)

GEORGE.

Frank and free. (*aſide*) But not ſo well as me?

MARIA.

MARIA.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

Better may hap?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

The devil you do! (*aſide*) And, perhaps, if I ſhould marry you, I ſhould have a chance to be made a---

MARIA.

Yes, Sir. (*looks at him and laughs*)

GEORGE.

The caſe is clear; Miſs Maria, your very humble ſervant; you are not for my money I promiſe you.

MARIA.

Sir.

GEORGE.

I have done, Ma'am, that's all, and I take my leave.

MARIA.

But you'll marry me?

GEORGE.

No, Ma'am, no; no ſuch thing. You may provide yourſelf a huſband elſewhere, I am your humble ſervant.

MARIA.

Not marry me, Mr. Philpot? But you muſt: my papa ſaid you muſt; and I will have you.

GEORGE.

There's another proof of her nonſenſe. (*aſide*) Make yourſelf eaſy, for I ſhall have nothing to do with you.

MARIA.

Not marry me, Mr. Philpot? (*burſts out in tears*) but I ſay you ſhall, and I will have a huſband, or I'll know the reaſon why. You ſhall, you ſhall---

GEORGE.

A pretty ſort of wife they intend for me here!

MARIA.

I wonder you an't aſhamed of yourſelf to affront a young girl in this manner. I'll go and tell my papa ---I will---I will---I will. (*crying bitterly*)

GEORGE.

And ſo you may. I have no more to ſay to you; and ſo your ſervant, Miſs; your ſervant.

MARIA.

A vile barbarous man! (*cries very bitterly*) Ay! and, by goles! my brother Bob ſhall fight you.

GEORGE.

What care I for your brother Bob? (*going*)

MA-

MARIA.

How can you be ſo cruel, Mr. Philpot? How can you---Oh---(*cries and ſtruggles with him. Exit* George) (*burſts into a laugh*) I have carried my brother's ſcheme into execution charmingly. Ho! ho! he will break off the match now of his own accord---Ha! ha! this is charming; this is fine; this is like a girl of ſpirit.

End of the FIRST ACT.

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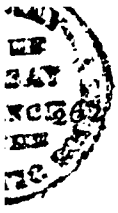

THE CITIZEN:

ACT the SECOND.

Enter CORINNA, TOM *following her.*

CORINNA.

AN elderly gentleman did you ſay?

TOM.

Yes; that ſays he has got a letter for you, Ma'am.

CORINNA.

Deſire the gentleman to walk up ſtairs. [*Exit* Tom.] Theſe old fellows will be coming after a body. But they pay well, and ſo---Servant, Sir.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

OLD PHILPOT.

Fair lady, your very humble ſervant. Truly a blooming young girl! Madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom, I preſume, you know.

CORINNA.

Yes, Sir, I know Bob Poacher. He is a very good friend of mine; (*reads to herſelf*) he ſpeaks ſo handſomely of you, Sir, and ſays you are ſo much of the gentleman, that, to be ſure, Sir, I ſhall endeavour to be agreeable.

OLD

OLD PHILPOT.

Really you are very agreeable. You ſee I am punctual to my hour. (*looks at his watch*)

CORINNA.

That is a mighty pretty watch, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

Yes, Madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time. This is a mighty pretty lodging. I have twenty guineas here in a purſe, here they are; (*turns them out upon the table*) as pretty golden rogues as ever fair fingers played with.

CORINNA.

I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

OLD PHILPOT.

There are (*aſide*) ſome light guineas among them. I always put off my light guineas in this way. You are exceedingly welcome, Madam. Your fair hand looks ſo tempting, I muſt kiſs it. Oh! I could eat it up. Fair lady, your lips look ſo cherry, they actually invite the touch; (*kiſſes*) really it makes the difference of cent. per cent. in one's conſtitution. You have really a mighty pretty foot. Oh, you little rogue! I could ſmother you with kiſſes. You little delicate, charming---(*kiſſes her*)

GEORGE *within*.

GEORGE.

Gee-houp!---Awhi!---Awhi! Gallows! Awhi!

OLD

OLD PHILPOT.

Hey---what is all that? Somebody coming!

CORINNA.

Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my ſervants will or no.

OLD PHILPOT.

What ſhall I do? I would not be ſeen for the world. Can't you hide me in that room?

CORINNA.

Dear heart! no, Sir: theſe wild young fellows take ſuch liberties. He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected. Get under the table: he ſhan't remain long, whoever he is. Here, here, Sir, get under here.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay; that will do. Don't let him ſtay long. Give me another buſs. Wounds! I could---

CORINNA.

Huſh! Make haſte.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay; I will, fair lady. (*creeps under the table and peeps out*) Don't let him ſtay long.

CORINNA.

Huſh! ſilence! you will ruin all elſe.

Enter GEORGE, *dreſſed out.*

GEORGE.

Sharper do your work---Awhi! Awhi! So my girl; how doſt do?

CORINNA.

I did not expect to ſee you ſo ſoon. I thought you was to be at the club. The ſervants told me you came back from the city at two o'clock to dreſs, and ſo I concluded you would have ſtaid all night as uſual.

GEORGE.

No; the run was againſt me again, and I did not care to purſue ill-fortune. But I am ſtrong in caſh, my girl.

CORINNA.

Are you?

GEORGE.

Yes, yes; caſh in plenty.

OLD PHILPOT. *(peeping)*

Ah the ungracious! Theſe are your haunts, are they?

GEORGE.

Yes, yes; I am ſtrong in caſh. I have taken in old curmudgeon ſince I ſaw you.

CORINNA.

As how, pray?

OLD PHILPOT. (*peeping out*)

Ay, as how; let us hear, pray.

GEORGE.

Why, I'll tell you.

OLD PHILPOT. (*peeping*)

Ay! let us hear.

GEORGE.

I talked a world of wiſdom to him.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay!

GEORGE.

Tipt him a few raſcally ſentiments of a ſcoundrelly kind of prudence.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay!

GEORGE.

The old curmudgeon chuckled at it.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay; the old curmudgeon! ay, ay.

GEORGE.

He is a ſad old fellow!

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay! go on.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

And ſo I appeared to him as deſerving of the gallows as he is himſelf.

OLD PHILPOT.

Well ſaid boy, well ſaid; go on.

GEORGE.

And then he took a liking to me. Ay, ay, ſays, he, ay, friendſhip has nothing to do with trade. George, thou art a ſon after my own heart; and then as I dealt out little maxims of penury, he grinn'd like a Jew broker, when he has cheated his principal of an eighth per cent. Ay, ay, that is the very ſpirit of trade. A fool and his money are ſoon parted. (*mimicking him*). And ſo, on he went, like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himſelf into a good humour, till, at laſt, I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.

OLD PHILPOT.

I have a mind to riſe and break his bones. But then I diſcover myſelf. Lie ſtill, Iſaac, lie ſtill.

GEORGE.

I underſtand trap. I talked of a great houſe ſtopping payment. The thing was true enough, but I had no dealing with them.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

And ſo, for fear of breaking off a match with an

ideot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me into the bargain.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, you have found it out; have ye?

GEORGE.

No old uſurer in England, grown hard-hearted in his trade, could have dealt worſe with me. I muſt have commiſſion upon theſe bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer; your bond; lawful intereſt, while I am out of my money; and the difference for ſelling out of the ſtocks. An old miſerly good for nothing ſkin-flint.

OLD PHILPOT.

My blood boils to be at him. Go on, can you tell us a little more?

GEORGE.

Po! he is an old worthleſs miſer, and ſo I will talk no more about him. Come give me a kiſs.

(*they kiſs*)

OLD PHILPOT.

The young dog, how he faſtens his lips to her!

GEORGE.

You ſhall go with me to Epſom next Sunday.

CORINNA.

Shall I? That's charming.

GEORGE.

You ſhall: in my chariot; I drive.

Co-

CORINNA.

But I don't like to ſee you drive.

GEORGE.

But I like it. I am as good a coachman as any in England. There was my lord---What d'ye call him---He kept a ſtage-coach for his own driving, but, Lord! he was nothing to me.

CORINNA.

No!

GEORGE.

Oh! no; I know my road-work, my girl, when I have my coachman's hat on---Is my hat come home?

CORINNA.

It hangs up yonder! but I don't like it.

GEORGE.

Let me ſee it. Ay! the very thing. Mind me when I go to work: throw my eyes about a few; handle the braces; take the off-leader by the jaw; here you, how have you curbed this horſe up? Let him out a link, do you blood of a---whoo eh!---Jewel---Button!---whoo eh! Come here, you Sir, how have you coupled Gallows? You know he'll take the bar of Sharper. Take him in two holes, do. There's four pretty little knots as any in England---Whoo eh!

CORINNA.

But can't you let your coachman drive?

GEORGE.

No, no; ſee me mount the box, handle the reins, my wriſt turned down, ſquare my elbows, ſtamp with my foot---Gee up! off we go. Button, do you want to have us over! Do your work do---Awhi! awhi!---There we bowl away; ſee how ſharp they are---Gallows!---ſofty up hill!. (*whiſtles*) there's a public-houſe. Give 'em a mouthful of water, do; and fetch me a dram---drink it off---Gee up! awhi! awhi!---There we go ſcrambling altogether: reach Epſom in an hour and forty-three minutes, all Lombard-ſtreet to an egg-ſhell, we do. There's your work my girl!---Eh! damn me.

OLD PHILPOT.

Mercy on me! What a profligate debauched young dog it is.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

WILDING.

Ha! my little Corinna---Sir, your ſervant.

GEORGE.

Your ſervant, Sir.

WILDING.

Sir, your ſervant.

GEORGE.

Any commands for me, Sir?

WILDING.

For you, Sir?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Yes, for me, Sir?

WILDING.

No, Sir, I have no commands for you.

GEORGE.

What's your buſineſs?

WILDING.

Buſineſs!

GEORGE.

Ay, buſineſs.

WILDING.

Why, very good buſineſs I think---My little Corinna---My life---My angel!

GEORGE.

Is that your buſineſs?---Pray, Sir, not ſo free, if you pleaſe.

WILDING.

Not ſo free!

GEORGE.

No, Sir! that lady belongs to me.

WILDING.

To you?

GEORGE.

Yes, to me.

WILD-

WILDING.

Who are you?

GEORGE.

As good a man as you.

WILDING.

Upon my word! Who is this fellow, Corinna? Some journeyman-taylor, I ſuppoſe, who chuſes to try on the gentleman's cloaths before he carries them home.

GEORGE.

Taylor!---What do you mean by that? You lie! I am no taylor.

WILDING.

You ſhall give me ſatisfaction for that!

GEORGE.

For what?

WILDING.

For giving me the lie.

GEORGE.

I did not.

WILDING.

You did, Sir.

GEORGE.

You lie; I'll bet you five pounds I did not. But if

if you have a mind for a frolick, let me put by my ſword: now, Sir, come on. *(in a boxing attitude)*

WILDING.

Why, you ſcoundrel, do you think I want to box? Draw, Sir, this moment.

GEORGE.

Not I---come on.

WILDING.

Draw, or I'll cut you to pieces.

GEORGE.

I'll give you ſatisfaction this way. *(clenches his fiſt)*

WILDING.

Draw, Sir, draw; you won't draw! There, take that, Sirrah, and that, and that, you ſcoundrel.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay; well done; lay it on---*(peeps out)*

WILDING.

And there, you raſcal; and there.

OLD PHILPOT.

Thank you; thank you. Could not he find in his heart to lay him on another for me?

CORINNA.

Pray, don't be in ſuch a paſſion.

WILDING.

My dear Corinna, don't be frighten'd; I ſhall not murder him.

OLD PHILPOT.

I am ſafe here---lie ſtill Iſaac, lie ſtill: I am ſafe.

WILDING.

The fellow has put me out of breath. *(ſits down)* (Old Philpot's *watch ſtrikes under the table*) Whoſe watch is that? *(looks round)* Hey! what is all this? *(looks under the table)* Your humble ſervant, Sir! Turn out, pray, turn out. You won't? then I'll unſhell you. *(takes away the table)* Your very humble ſervant, Sir.

GEORGE.

Confuſion! my father there all this time! *(aſide)*

WILDING.

I ſuppoſe you will give me the lie too?

OLD PHILPOT. *(ſtill on the ground)*

No, Sir; not I truly. But the gentleman there may divert himſelf again, if he has a mind.

GEORGE.

No, Sir, not I; I paſs.

OLD PHILPOT.

George, you are there I ſee.

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir, and you are there I ſee.

WILD-

WILDING.

Come riſe----Who is this old fellow?

CORINNA.

Upon my word I don't know. As I live and breathe I don't: he came after my maid, I ſuppoſe; I'll go and aſk her---let me run out of the way, and hide myſelf from this ſcene of confuſion.

[*Exit* Corinna.

GEORGE.

What an imp of hell ſhe is! (*aſide*)

WILDING.

Come, get up, Sir; you are too old to be beat.

OLD PHILPOT. (*riſing*)

In troth, ſo I am. But there you may exerciſe yourſelf again, if you pleaſe.

GEORGE.

No more for me, Sir, I thank you.

OLD PHILPOT.

I have made but a bad voyage of it. The ſhip is ſunk, and ſtock and block loſt. (*aſide*)

WILDING.

Ha, ha! upon my ſoul, I can't help laughing. As for you, Sir, you have had what you deſerv'd--- And you, reverend dad, muſt come here, tottering after a punk, ha, ha!

OLD PHILPOT.

Oh! George! George!

GEORGE.

Oh! father! father!

WILDING.

Ha, ha! what father and ſon: And ſo you have found one another out, have you?---Well, you may have buſineſs, and ſo, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourſelves. [*Exit.*

GEORGE.

This is too much to bear. What an infamous jade ſhe is! All her contrivance! Don't be angry with me, Sir. I'll go my ways this moment, tie myſelf up in the matrimonial nooſe, and never have any thing to do with theſe courſes again. *(going)*

OLD PHILPOT.

And hark you, George; tie me up in a real nooſe, and turn me off as ſoon as you will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEAUFORT, *dreſſed as a lawyer, and* SIR JASPER WILDING, *with a bottle and glaſs in his hand.*

BEAUFORT.

No more, Sir Jaſper, I can't drink any more.

SIR JASPER.

Why you be but a weezen-fac'd drinker, Maſter Quagmire: come, man, finiſh this bottle.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

I beg to be excuſed: you had better let me read over the deeds to you.

SIR JASPER.

Wounds! it's all about out-houſes, and meſſuages, and barns, and ſtables, and orchards, and meadows, and lands and tenements, and woods and underwoods, and commons, and backſides. I am o'the commiſſion for Wilts, and I know the ley, and ſo truce with your jargon, Maſter Quagmire.

BEAUFORT.

But, Sir, you don't conſider, marriage is an affair of importance: it is contracted between perſons, firſt conſenting; ſecondly, free from canonical impediments; thirdly, free from civil impediments, and can only be diſſolved for canonical cauſes or levitical cauſes. See *Leviticus* xviii. and xxviii and 9th Harry VIII. chapter vii.

SIR JASPER.

You ſhall drink t'other bumper, an you talk of ley.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Philpot, Sir, and his ſon.

SIR JASPER.

I am glad of it: they will take me out of the hand of this lawyer here. [*Exit.*

BEAU-

BEAUFORT, *ſolus.*

BEAUFORT.

Well done, Beaufort! thus far you have play'd your part, as if you had been of the pumple-hoſe family of Furnival's-Inn.

SIR JASPER. (*entering*)

Maſter Philpot, I be glad you are come; this man here has ſo plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but ſign the papers at once.

Enter OLD PHILPOT *and* GEORGE.

OLD PHILPOT.

Sir Jaſper, twenty thouſand pounds you know is a great deal of money; a large fortune to give to your ſon with my daughter: but as George likes Maria, to forward the buſineſs, I'll advance the caſh, provided you allow me diſcount for prompt payment, and ſo then we conclude a double match.

GEORGE.

Sir, I muſt beg to ſee the young lady once more before I embark; for to be plain, ſhe appears to me a mere natural.

SIR JASPER.

I tell you what, youngſter, I find my girl a notable wench: and here, here's zon Bob.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

SIR JASPER.

Bob, gee us your hand. I ha' finiſhed the buſi-

neſs

neſs; and zo now, here, here, here's your vather-in-law.

OLD PHILPOT.

Of all the birds in the air, is that he? *(aſide)*

SIR JASPER.

Go to un man: that's your vather:

WILDING.

This is the ſtrangeſt accident---Sir---Sir---*(ſtifling a laugh)*---I---I---Sir---upon my ſoul, I can't ſtand this. *(burſts out a laughing)*

OLD PHILPOT.

I deſerve it: I deſerve to be laughed at. *(aſide)*

GEORGE.

He has behaved like a relation to me already. *(aſide)*

SIR JASPER.

What's the matter, Bob? I tell you this is your vather-in-law. *(pulls* Old Philpot *to him)* Maſter Philpot, that's Bob---ſpeak to un Bob; ſpeak to un.

WILDING.

Sir---I---I am *(ſtifles a laugh)* I ſay, Sir---I am, Sir---extremely proud---of---

GEORGE.

Of having beat me, I ſuppoſe. *(aſide)*

WILDING.

Of the honour, Sir---of---of---*(laughs)*

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Ay! that's what he means. *(aſide)*

WILDING.

And, Sir---I---I----this opportunity----I cannot look him in the face---*(burſts out into a laugh)* Ha, ha! I cannot ſtay in the room---*(going)*

SIR JASPER.

Why the volks are all mad, I believe. You ſhall ſtay, Bob; you ſhall ſtay. *(holds him)*

WILDING.

Sir I---I cannot poſſibly---*(whiſpers his father)*

OLD PHILPOT.

George, George! what a woeful figure do we make!

GEORGE.

Bad enough of all conſcience, Sir.

SIR JASPER.

An odd adventure, Bob. *(laughs heartily)*

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay! there now he's hearing the whole affair, and they are laughing at me.

SIR JASPER. *(to* Old Philpot*)*

Ha, ha! Po, never mind it: a did not hurt un.

OLD PHILPOT.

It's all diſcovered.

SIR

SIR JASPER.

Ha, ha!---I told ye zon Bob could find a hare ſquat upon her form with any he in Chriſtendom. Ha, ha! never mind it man, Bob meant no harm. Here, here, Bob, here's your vather, and there's your brother. I ſhould like to ha'zeen un under the table.

WILDING.

Gentlemen, your moſt obedient.

(ſtifling a laugh)

OLD PHILPOT.

Sir, your ſervant. He has lick'd George well, and I forgive him.

SIR JASPER.

Well, young gentleman, which way is your mind now?

GEORGE.

Why, Sir, to be plain, I find your daughter an ideot.

SIR JASPER.

Zee her again then: zee her again. Here, you, ſirrah, ſend our Moll hither.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

SIR JASPER.

And then we'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and ſettle matters there. Hoic! hoic---Our Moll---Tally over.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

Did you call me, papa?

SIR JASPER.

There, the gentleman wants to ſpeak with you. Behave like a clever wench as you are. Come along good folks: Maſter Quagmire, come and finiſh the buſineſs.

[*Exit ſinging, with* Old Philpot *and* Beaufort, *manent* George *and* Maria.]

GEORGE.

I know ſhe is a fool, and ſo I will ſpeak to her without ceremony. Well, Miſs, you told me you could read and write.

MARIA.

Read, Sir, Heavens!---*(looking at him)* Ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

What does ſhe laugh at?

MARIA.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

What diverts you ſo, pray?

MARIA.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! What a fine tawdry figure you have made of yourſelf?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Figure, Madam!

MARIA.

I ſhall die, I ſhall die! Ho! ho! ho!

GEORGE.

Do you make a laughing-ſtock of me?

MARIA.

No, Sir, by no means---(*laughs*)

GEORGE.

Let me tell you, Miſs, I don't underſtand being treated thus.

MARIA.

Sir, I can't poſſibly help it---I---I---ha, ha!

GEORGE.

I ſhall quit the room, and tell your papa if you go on thus.

MARIA.

Sir, I beg your pardon a thouſand times. I am but a giddy girl. I cannot help it---I---I---ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Ma'am, this is downright inſult.

MARIA.

Sir, you look ſomehow or other---I don't know how, ſo---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Did you never ſee a gentleman dreſs'd before?

MARIA.

Never like you---I beg your pardon, Sir---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Now here is an ideot in ſpirits. I tell you this is your ignorance: I am dreſs'd in high taſte.

MARIA.

Yes, ſo you are---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Will you have done laughing?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir, I will---I will---there---there---there ---I have done.

GEORGE.

Do ſo then, and behave as you ought to do.

MARIA.

I will, Sir;---I won't look at him, and then I ſhan't laugh.

GEORGE.

Let me tell you, Miſs, that nobody underſtands dreſs better than I do.

MARIA.

Ho! ho! ho!

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

She's mad.

MARIA.

No, Sir, I am not mad---I have done, Sir---I I have done---I aſſure you, Sir, that nobody is more averſe from ill manners. I ſhould be very ſorry to affront a gentleman---Ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Again! What do you mean? You'll put me in a paſſion, I can tell you, preſently.

MARIA.

I can't help it---indeed I can't---Beat me if you will, but let me laugh---I can't help it---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

I am not uſed to ſuch uſage, Miſs.

MARIA.

I ſhall die---Do, Sir, let me laugh---it will do me good---Ha, ha, ha!

(*ſits down in a fit of laughing*)

GEORGE.

If this is your way, I won't ſtay a moment longer in the room, I'll go this moment and tell your father.

MARIA.

Sir, Sir, Mr. Philpot, don't be ſo haſty, Sir. I have done, Sir; it's over now. I have had my laugh out. I am a giddy girl, but I'll be grave. I'll compoſe myſelf and act a different ſcene with him from

from what I did in the morning. I have all the materials of an impertinent wit, and I will now twirl him about the room, like a boy ſetting up his top with his finger and thumb. *(aſide)*

GEORGE.

Miſs, I think you told me you can read and write.

MARIA.

Read, Sir! Reading is the delight of my life. Do you love reading, Sir?

GEORGE.

Prodigiouſly. How pert ſhe is grown? I have read very little, and I'm reſolved for the future to read leſs. *(aſide)* What have you read, Miſs?

MARIA.

Every thing.

GEORGE.

You have?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir, I have.

GEORGE.

Oh! brave---and do you remember what you read, Miſs?

MARIA.

Not ſo well as I could wiſh. Wits have ſhort memories.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Oh! you are a wit too?

MARIA.

I am: and do you know that I feel myſelf provoked to a ſimile now?

GEORGE.

A ſimile! Let us hear it.

MARIA.

What do you think we are both like?

GEORGE.

Like! I played once at what's my thought like, and I could not make any thing of it.

MARIA.

We are like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

GEORGE.

Jenny in Dryden's fable!

MARIA.

The fanning breeze upon her boſom blows;
To meet the fanning breeze her boſom roſe.

That's me----now you.

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went [mimicks] *for want of thought.*

GEORGE.

This is not the ſame girl. (*diſconcerted*)

MA-

MARIA.

Mark again, mark again:

The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that teſtified ſurprize.

(*He looks fooliſh, ſhe laughs at him*)

GEORGE.

I muſt take care how I ſpeak to her; ſhe is not the fool I took her for. (*aſide*)

MARIA.

You ſeem ſurprized, Sir: but this is my way. I I read, Sir, and then I apply. I have read every thing; Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Llandſdown, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addiſon, Pope, Young, Thompſon.

GEORGE.

Hey! the devil---what a clack is here!

[*He walks away.*

MARIA. (*following him eagerly*)

Shakeſpear, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Rowe, Congreve, Wicherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steel, in ſhort every body; and I find them all wit, fire, vivacity, ſpirit, genius, taſte, imagination, raillery, humour, character, and ſentiment.--- Well done, Miſs Notable! you have played your part like a young actreſs in high favour with the town. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

Her tongue goes like a water-mill.

MA-

MARIA.

What do you ſay to me now, Sir?

GEORGE.

Say!---I don't know what the devil to ſay. (*Aſide*)

MARIA.

What's the matter, Sir? Why you look as if the ſtocks were fallen; or like London-bridge at low water; or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen; or like a politician without news; or like a prude without ſcandal; or like a great lawyer without a brief; or like ſome lawyers with one---or---

GEORGE.

Or like a poor devil of a huſband hen-peck'd by a wit, and ſo ſay no more about it. What a capricious piece here is! (*aſide*)

MARIA.

Oh, fy! you have ſpoil'd all. I had not half done.

GEORGE.

There is enough of all conſcience. You may content yourſelf.

MARIA.

But I am not ſo eaſily contented. I like a ſimile half a mile long.

GEORGE.

I ſee you do.

MARIA.

And I make verſes too; verſes like an angel; off hand, extempore. Can you give me an extempore?

GEORGE.

What does ſhe mean!---No, Miſs, I have never a one about me.

MARIA.

You can't give an extempore? Oh! for ſhame, Mr. Philpot. I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly, their ſenſe ſo fine, their invention rich as Pactolus.

GEORGE.

A poet rich as Pactolus! I have heard of Pactolus in the city.

MARIA.

Very like.

GEORGE.

But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

MARIA.

As who?

GEORGE.

Pactolus---he was a great Jew merchant; lived in the ward of Farringdon without.

MARIA.

Pactolus, a Jew merchant! Pactolus is a river.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

A river!

MARIA.

Yes---don't you underſtand geography?

GEORGE.

The girl's crazy!

MARIA.

Oh! Sir---if you don't underſtand geography, you are nobody. I underſtand geography, and orthography; you know I told you I can write: and I can dance too---Will you dance a minuet?

(*ſings and dances*)

GEORGE.

You ſhan't lead me a dance, I promiſe you.

MARIA.

Oh! very well, Sir: you refuſe me? Remember you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'll be ready to hang yourſelf.

GEORGE.

Not I, I promiſe you.

MARIA.

Oh! mighty well: remember my words---I'll do it---you ſhall ſee---ha, ha!

(*Runs off in a fit of laughing*)

GEORGE.

Marry you! I would as ſoon carry my wife to live in Bow-ſtreet, and write over the door "Phil-"pot's punch-houſe."

Enter OLD PHILPOT *and* SIR JASPER.

SIR JASPER. (*ſinging*)

"*So rarely ſo bravely we'll hunt him over the downs,*
"*and we'll hoop and we'll hollow.*" Gee us your hand, young gentleman; well, what zay ye to un now? Ben't ſhe a clever girl?

GEORGE.

A very extraordinary girl indeed.

SIR JASPER.

Did not I tell un zo? Then you have nothing to do but to conſummate as ſoon as you will.

GEORGE.

No, you may keep her, Sir: I thank you: I'll have nothing to do with her.

OLD PHILPOT.

What's the matter now, George?

GEORGE.

Po! ſhe is a wit.

SIR JASPER.

Ay! I told un zo.

GEORGE.

And that's worſe than t'other. I had rather marry a fool by half.

SIR JASPER.

Odds heart! I am afraid you are no great wit.

Enter

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

Well, papa, the gentleman won't have me.

OLD PHILPOT.

The numſkull won't do as his father bids him; and ſo, Sir Jaſper, with your conſent I'll make a propoſal to the young lady myſelf.

MARIA.

How! what does he ſay?

OLD PHILPOT.

I am in great vigour, and can be a briſk lover ſtill. Fair lady, a glance of your eye is like the returning ſun in the ſpring: it melts away the froſt of age, and gives a new warmth and vigour to all nature.

(*falls a coughing*)

MARIA.

Delightfull! I ſhould like to have a ſcene with him.

SIR JASPER.

Hey! what's in the wind now? This won't take. My girl ſhall have fair play. No old fellow ſhall totter to her bed. What ſay you, my girl, will you rock his cradle?

MARIA.

Sir, I have one ſmall doubt. Pray can I have two huſbands at a time?

GEORGE.

There's a queſtion now! She is grown fooliſh again.

OLD PHILPOT.

Fair lady, the law of the land---

SIR JASPER.

Hold ye, hold ye; let me talk of law; I know the law better nor any on ye. Two huſbands at once? No; no; men are ſcarce, and that's downright poaching.

MARIA.

I am ſorry for it, Sir: for then I can't marry him, I ſee.

SIR JASPER.

Why not?

MARIA.

I am contracted to another.

SIR JASPER.

Contracted! To whom?

MARIA.

To Mr. Beaufort, that gentleman, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

That gentleman!

BEAUFORT.

Yes, Sir, (*throws open his gown*) my name is BEAU-

Beaufort. And I hope, Sir Jaſper, when you conſider my fortune, and my real affection for your daughter, you will generouſly forgive the ſtratagem I have made uſe of.

SIR JASPER.

Maſter Quagmire! what are you young Beaufort all this time?

OLD PHILPOT.

All a trick; this will never do.

BEAUFORT.

But it will do, Sir. You have ſigned the deeds for your daughter's marriage to my friend Wilding; and Sir Jaſper by this inſtrument has made me his ſon-in-law.

OLD PHILPOT.

How is this? How is this? Then, Sir Jaſper, you will agree to cancel the deeds, I ſuppoſe, for you know---

SIR JASPER.

Catch me at that, an ye can! I fulfilled my promiſe, and your ſon refuſed, and ſo the wench has looked out ſlily for herſelf elſewhere. Did I not tell you ſhe was a clever girl? I ben't aſham'd o' my girl. Our Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr. Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll ſtand to what I have ſigned, though you have taken me by ſurprize.

WILDING.

Bravo! my ſcheme has ſucceeded rarely.

OLD PHILPOT.

And ſo here I am bubbled and chouſed out of my money. George! George! what a day's work have we made of it? Well, if it muſt be ſo, be it ſo. I deſire, young gentleman, you'll come and take my daughter away to-morrow morning. And, I'll tell you what, here, here---Take my family watch into the bargain; and I wiſh it may play you juſt ſuch another trick as it has me; that's all. I'll never go intriguing with a family watch again.

MARIA.

Well, Sir! (*to* George) what do you think of me now? An't I a connoiſſeur, Sir! and a virtuoſo? Ha! ha!

GEORGE.

Yes; and much good may it do your huſband. I have been connoiſſeured among ye to ſome purpoſe. Bubbled at play; duped by my wench; cudgeled by a rake; laughed at by a girl; detected by my father; and there is the ſum total of all I have got at this end of the town.

OLD PHILPOT.

This end of the town! I deſire never to ſee it again while I live. I'll pop into a hackney-coach this moment, drive to Mincing-lane, and never venture back to this ſide of Temple-bar. (*going*)

GEORGE.

And, Sir, Sir!---ſhall I drive you? I'll overturn him at the firſt corner. (*going*)

SIR

SIR JASPER.

No, no; you ſhan't go zo, neither. You ſhall ſtay and crack a bottle. [*ſtops them both.*

OLD PHILPOT *and* GEORGE *come forward and ſpeak the*

EPILOGUE:

FATHER.

OH! George, George, George! *'tis ſuch young rakes as you,*
That bring vile jokes, and foul diſhonour too,
Upon our city youth.

GEORGE.

'Tis very true.

FATHER.

St. James's end o' th' town---

GEORGE.

No place for me.

FATHER.

No truly, no: their manners diſagree
With ours intirely: yet you there muſt run,
To ape their follies.

GEORGE.

And am ſo undone.

FATHER.

There you all learn a vanity in vice,
You turn mere fops; you game.

GEORGE.

Oh damn the dice.

FATHER.

Bubbled at play---

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir.

FATHER.

By every common cheat.

GEORGE.

Ay! here's two witneſſes---(pulls out his pockets)

FATHER.

You get well beat.

GEORGE.

A witneſs too of that, (ſhews his head) *and there's another.* (*to* Young Wilding)

FATHER.

You dare to give affronts.

GEORGE.

Wounds ſuch a pother!---

FATHER.

Affronts to gentlemen!

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

'Twas a raſh action.

FATHER.

"Damn me, you lie! I'll give you ſatisfaction.
(mimicking)
Drawn in by ſtrumpets, and detected too!

GEORGE.

That's a ſad thing, Sir! I'll be judg'd by you.

FATHER.

The dog, he has me there.

GEORGE.

Think you it right,
Under a table------

FATHER.

Miſerable plight!

GEORGE.

For grave threeſcore to ſculk with trembling knees,
And envy each young lover that he ſees!
Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam?

FATHER.

Wou'd I had ſtay'd to caſt accounts at home.

GEORGE.

Ay! there's another vice! With anxious care---

FATHER.

Sirrah, have done: theſe taunts I cannot bear.

GEORGE.

You brood for ever o'er your much-lov'd ſtore,
And ſcraping cent. per cent. *ſtill pine for more.*

At Jonathan's, where millions are undone,
Now cheat a nation, and now cheat your ſon.

FATHER.

Raſcal, enough!

GEORGE.

I could but I am loth---

FATHER.

Enough! This jury (to the Audience*) will convict us both.*

GEORGE.

Then to the court we'd better make ſubmiſſion.
Ladies and gentlemen, with true contrition,
I here repent my faults. Ye courtly train,
Farewel!---farewel, ye giddy and ye vain!
I now take up; forſake the gay and witty,
To live henceforth a credit to the city.

FATHER.

You ſee me here quite cover'd o'er with ſhame,
I hate long ſpeeches, but I'll do the ſame.
Come, George, *to mend is all the beſt can boaſt.*

GEORGE.

Then let us in---

FATHER.

And this ſhall be our toaſt:
May Britain't thunder on her foes he hurl'd,

GEORGE.

And London prove the market of the world!

No One's Enemy but his Own.

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.

PERSIUS.

Plenus rimarum ſum: hac atque illac perfluo.

TER.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

BOLD was the man, and fenc'd in ev'ry part
With oak, and ten-fold braſs about his heart,
To build a Play who tortur'd firſt his brain,
And then dar'd launch it on this ſtormy main.
What tho', at firſt, he ſpreads his little ſails
To Heav'n's indulgent and propitious gales?
As the land gradual leſſens to his eye,
He finds a troubled ſea, and low'ring ſky:
Envy, detraction, calumny, and ſpite,
Raiſe a worſe ſtorm than when the winds unite.
Around his bark, in many a dang'rous ſhoal,
Thoſe monſters of the deep, the critics, prowl.
" *She's a weak veſſel, for theſe ſeas unfit,*
" *And has on board her not a ſpice of wit:*
" *She's French-built too; of foreign make,*" *they cry;*
Like geeſe, ſtill cackling that the Gauls are nigh.
If thrown on rocks by the hoarſe daſhing wave,
Th' unhappy crew no hand is ſtretch'd to ſave;
But rouud the wreck, like Moors, with furious joy,
The witlings crowd, to murder and deſtroy.
Theſe are known dangers; and, ſtill full as certain,
The bard meets other ills behind the curtain.
Little you think, ere yet you fix his fate,
What previous miſchiefs there in ambuſh wait;
What plagues ariſe from all the mimic throng:
" *My part's too ſhort;---and, Sir, my part's too long.*"
This calls for incident; that repartee.
" *Down the back ſtairs pen an eſcape for me.*
" *Give me a ladder, Mr. Bayes, of rope;*
" *I love to wear the breeches, and elope.*
" *Something for me the groundlings ears to ſplit.*
" *Write a dark cloſet, or a fainting fit.*
" *Fix* Woodward *in ſome whimſical diſgrace:*
" *Or be facetious with* Ned Shuter's *face.*"

This

This is our way, and yet our bard to-night
Removes each obſtacle, and ſprings to light.
Some ſcenes, we hope, he brings to nature true,
Some gleams of humour, and a moral too;
No forms, groteſque and wild, are here at ſtrife:
He boaſts an etching from the real life;
Exerts his efforts in a poliſh'd age,
To drive the Smithfield muſes from the ſtage;
By eaſy dialogue would win your praiſe
And on fair decency graft all his bays.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CARELESS,	Mr. WOODWARD.
SIR PHILIP FIGUREIN,	Mr. SHUTER.
WISELY,	Mr. ROSS.
BELLFIELD,	Mr. SMITH.
BLUNT,	Mr. CLARKE.
BRAZEN, ſervant to WISELY,	Mr. CUSHING.
CRIB, a Taylor,	Mr. COSTOLLO.
LA JEUNESSE, a French barber,	Mr. HOLTOM.
TOM, ſervant to CARELESS,	Mr. ****.

WOMEN.

LUCINDA,	Miſs ELLIOT.
HORTENSIA,	Mrs. WARD.

Scene WINDSOR.

No One's Enemy but his Own.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter CARELESS *and* BLUNT.

CARELESS.

OH! ho! ho!---that laſt ſtroke I ſhall never ſurvive. My dear Blunt, you are no reader of character: the ſcience is beyond you: you don't know me.

BLUNT.

No man knows his own houſe better than I do you.

CARELESS.

Wrong, poſitively wrong.

BLUNT.

You may flatter yourſelf, Careleſs, but I wiſh you had a little of our friend Wiſely in your compoſition

CARELESS.

Wrong again! Wiſely indeed has the name of a good ſort of a ſenſible kind of man; but the heart is never concerned in any one action of his life.

BLUNT.

Why, as to his heart---

CARELESS.

He has none; no heart at all: his affections are all contracted into a narrow regard for ſelf, and his underſtanding points for ever to ſchemes of intereſt.

BLUNT.

And your heart has made a window in your breaſt, where every body may look and ſee what paſſes within. Shakeſpeare has touched you to the life: "Your heart upon your ſleeve, for daws to "peck at.

CARELESS.

There again! You obſervers of character are the ſtrangeſt characters yourſelves! I am grown very ſecret of late: I don't believe there's even a uſurer about town can hold his tongue better.

BLUNT.

S'death, man! you are the very ſieve of your own intentions; the marplot of your own deſigns; I would as ſoon truſt a ſecret with the printer of a daily paper. How did you loſe your election?

CARELESS.

Po! an old ſtory: but that has taught me wiſdom.

BLUNT.

And your wiſdom conſiſts in repenting of one folly, to commit a new one the next moment. Have you ſaid nothing of Lucinda lately.

CARELESS.

Not a ſyllable.

BLUNT.

BLUNT.

You have not ſhewn her letter?

CARELESS.

Letter!---I!

BLUNT.

You have ſhewn it, and there is Bellfield in a rage about a paragraph relating to himſelf.

CARELESS.

Well, now, that is very hard. I never ſhewed that letter to any body but Jack Tattle.

BLUNT.

It was not he that betrayed you: when did you ſee Lady Betty Gabble?

CARELESS.

My Lady Betty? I---I repeated a paſſage to my Lady *Betty Gabble*, only by way of converſation.

BLUNT.

And by way of converſation you are ever working your own ruin.

CARELESS.

Confuſion! there is no truſting any body. My Lady Betty told me the whole affair between her and Sir George---

BLUNT.

And you told it to Lucinda; ſhe whiſpered half a dozen intimates, and ſo the ſtory has gone on gathering like a ſnow ball.

CARELESS.

'Sdeath! the people that liſten to idle ſtories ſhould be all hung up by the ear---

BLUNT.

So the old poet has ſaid; but he adds, that all who fetch and carry ſtories ſhould be hung up by the tongue. Caution is neceſſary: ridicule is the taſte of the age: every man you meet is a pleaſant fellow: he has picked up a character, an incident, a ſtory, a damned high ſtory; he goes to the play with it; tells it in a ſide box; buzz, it goes round the houſe; whiſks away to the card table, and ſo flies all over the town.

CARELESS.

All this is true, but I am a new man---

BLUNT.

Po!---Bellfield has outwitted you: he will marry Lucinda.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! now you ſee I can keep a ſecret. I have been engaged upon a better proſpect this week paſt; you have been here at Windſor in the ſame houſe with me for three days, and yet not the wiſer.

BLUNT.

Three entire days!

CARELESS.

Yes; three entire days; and I have been cloſe as oak. Ha! ha! you will be ſurprized. Ha! ha! the

the greateſt thing in the world! Ha! ha!---you will never gueſs it---ha! ha! a prodigious hit!

BLUNT.

Thou art an honeſt fellow, Careleſs, and no one's enemy but your own.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!---I ſhall have the command of a borough.

BLUNT.

Very well! Keep your ſecret---

CARELESS.

The charming, blooming widow---

BLUNT.

Why ſpeak of it?

CARELESS.

Only to you, man; only to you; my dear Blunt, if you will promiſe me---

BLUNT.

No; I promiſe nothing: I muſt ſtep and write a letter: Wiſely carries it to town for me: he will be here preſently---

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!---Hortenſia, my dear boy---

BLUNT.

There now!---how did you gain acceſs to her?

CARE-

CARELESS.

I knew it would ſurprize you. Ha! ha!---I am ruined, if a ſyllable takes wind.

BLUNT.

Why ſhe has broke off ſeveral matches already, becauſe her fools were ſo imprudent as to make her the town talk.

CARELESS.

Very true: but ſhe is come-at-able for all that: a warm amorous widow I can tell you, and---

Enter TOM.

TOM.

Your Honour's taylor from London, and your peruke-maker.

CARELESS.

Shew them in. [*Exit* Tom] Ha! ha!---Blunt---preparations for my wedding! Bellfield may marry Lucinda; I ſhall loſe no prize by it---ha! ha!---have not I managed it well?

BLUNT.

You begin your triumph before the victory is gained.

Enter CRIB *and* LA JEUNESSE, *and Man with a Wig.*

CARELESS.

Walk in, Mr. Crib---Ha! La Jeuneſſe---Blunt, Blunt---a ſeal upon your lips.

BLUNT.

BLUNT.

Keep your own ſecrets, if you can. [*Exit.*

LA JEUNESSE.

Monſieur, I have l'honneur to make you ſuch wig as will be de wonder of de town.

CRIB.

And I have brought you ſuch a ſuit of cloaths! I ſhall ſo admire them, when your Honour has them on: the greateſt pleaſure of my life is to admire my own cloaths.

LA JEUNESSE.

Me go to de Mall every Sunday to ſee my wig it walk by.

CRIB.

And I go as often as I can to ſee my cloaths make a figure.

CARELESS.

Oh! you are both eminent in your vocations---

CRIB.

Ah! Sir---you will be ſuch a handſome bride-groom in this ſuit. Will your Honour try it on?

CARELESS.

I dare ſay it is elegance itſelf.---Monſieur La Jeuneſſe, you may fit on the wig.

LA JEUNESSE.

De tout mon cœur.---A ça---wid dis wig, you will look comme *un ange*.---Dis wig! It is not wig---it is head of hair---has it de honneur to ſit eaſy upon your head?

CARE-

CARELESS.

Perfectly eaſy.

LA JEUNESSE.

It is nature make dat, and not me.

CRIB.

When my cloaths are on, Madam Lucinda will ſo admire you---

CARELESS.

You think I am to be married to her, do you?

LA JEUNESSE.

It is all de talk of de great vorl.

CARELESS.

You are two very fooliſh fellows.

Enter BLUNT, *liſtening.*

LA JEUNESSE.

She will be ſo *en amour* wid my wig.

CARELESS.

You are a French coxcomb. An intrigue with Lucinda might amuſe a body's time, and perhaps I am not without hopes of ſucceſs.

LA JEUNESSE.

By gar, you may hope for intrigue wid who you will. My wig it is not eaſy reſiſt. My wig it have more intrigue dan any gentleman in all de town. My Lady Brilliante,----my Lady Carmine,----my Lady Bell-

Bellair,---Madam Lurewell, it was my wig ruin dem all.

CRIB.

And my cloaths have had ſo many fine women---

CARELESS.

Well, when you hear of a rich blooming widow---

BLUNT.

'Sdeath! going to blab.---So: I have writ my letter---

CARELESS.

Have you?---Gentlemen, I have no further occaſion---

CRIB.

Your Honour's moſt obedient--- [*Exit.*

LA JEUNESSE.

By gar I long to know my wig who it is to be marry to--- [*Exit.*

BLUNT.

Going to truſt theſe fellows!---

CARELESS.

Po! two ſilly raſcals! they will think no more about it.

BLUNT.

And thus you reconcile yourſelf to your follies. Hortenſia will require different behaviour.

CARELESS.

Oh! yes, ſo ſhe tells me in a dear charming letter ---*(ſearches his pockets)* Hey!---what have I done with it? Confuſion!---If it is loſt---Here, Tom, Richard, George---run to my dreſſing-room, and ſee if I left a letter upon the table---

BLUNT.

This is being qualified for a ſecret.

CARELESS.

Diſtraction!---I was upon the Terras laſt night--- If I dropt it there---no---no---no---I have it ſafe; you ſee, Blunt, I am cloſe; now you ſhall hear---

Enter WISELY.

WISELY.

Careleſs your ſervant: Blunt, is your letter ready?

CARELESS.

My dear Wiſely, I am ſorry we are to loſe you: but before you go, liſten, thou dear rogue, to this divine epiſtle----*(reads)* "Hortenſia preſents her "compliments"

WISELY.

Hortenſia to him!---Well, Sir.

CARELESS.

"Preſents her compliments to Mr. Careleſs: ſhe "will meet him this evening at Sir PHILIP FIGURE-"IN'S Maſk; and in the mean time expects he will "hide from the world this declaration of her heart, "which

" which his merit has extorted from her."---There's a billet doux!

BLUNT.

You obey the lady's commands moſt admirably.

CARELESS.

Po! this is only among ourſelves.

WISELY.

Nothing more: he is very ſafe with us;---(*aſide*) not if I can help it---

Enter TOM.

TOM.

SIR PHILIP FIGUREIN has ſent to know if your Honour will meet him on the Terras before dinner---

CARELESS.

I'll wait on him. [*Exit* Tom] Blunt, will you take a turn with the Knight?

BLUNT.

No, I am tired of his abſurdities, and your's too. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

Well ſaid philoſopher!---Ha! ha!---he calls me the *Marplot* of my own deſigns; but I can confide in you.

WISELY.

I am obliged to you for the intelligence, and I ſhall make a very proper uſe of it.

CARELESS.

Come and take a turn with me on the Terras, before you ſet out: I will tell you more as we walk along: pleaſure itſelf is inſipid unleſs imparted to a friend. It is a rare conqueſt, is not it? This is enough to make Hortenſia's diſcarded lovers challenge me; fight me, kill me---Oh! ho! ho!---

[*Exeunt.*

Scene the TERRAS.

Enter LUCINDA *and* BELLFIELD.

BELLFIELD.

You may depend upon it, Lucinda: in ſpite of all this raillery, you will make me the happy man at laſt.

LUCINDA.

Can you go on, Sir?

BELLFIELD.

And ſo, like a good-natured General, I invite you to capitulate, when the town can hold out no longer.

LUCINDA.

You miſtake, Mr. Bellfield: the citadel (*laying her hand to her breaſt*) is ſtill proof againſt all the artillery you have played off. I think you have not been able to throw in much fire, Mr. Bellfield.

BELLFIELD.

I have a ſecret friend there will betray the place to me.

LU-

LUCINDA.

What if you have a ſecret enemy there? Nature, you will allow, knows where to plant her antipathies.

BELLFIELD.

Oh! certainly: ſhe delights in blending contradictions to embelliſh the fair, and give her the graces of variety. A ſort of Moſaic work, where folly is inlaid with talents; a love of pleaſure with virtue, or with pride; a power of pleaſing with a perverſe delight in giving pain; and as the poet ſays,

"Fix'd principles with fancy ever new;
"Shakes all together, and produces---you."

LUCINDA.

Upon my word, this is a little extraordinary: by convincing me that you can with curious diſcernment ſpy out every little foible, you think to recommend yourſelf to my notice. Take care, Sir: you know how Apollo ſerved the critic, who collected all the faults in a celebrated poem.

BELLFIELD.

As how?

LUCINDA.

Why, from a parcel of wheat he ordered him to ſeparate the chaff, and take it for his pains.

BELLFIELD.

Oh! that was becauſe the man had no reliſh for the beauties, whereas my admiration---

LUCINDA.

Is all engroſſed by yourſelf; and for that reaſon, you have been in my black liſt---let me ſee how long (*takes out a pocket book*)---" A liſt of the men I never " will marry"---Let me ſee---(*turns over the leaves*) let me ſee----(*reads*) Mr. Worthleſs condemned May the 19th.---

BELLFIELD.

Worthleſs !---he married a rich heireſs, I think---

LUCINDA.

And took on prodigiouſly at her death---he made love to me in his weepers, and I hated him for an impoſtor, worſe than Maria does Doctor Wolf in the Nonjuror.---(*reads*) Lord Hazard ! he had a pale quality-face, and a genteel emaciated figure. I ſaw that the queen of trumps was the greateſt beauty in his eyes, and ſo I diſmiſſed him from my ſervice, and he told the world that he reſigned.

BELLFIELD.

Ha ! ha !---I ſee ſhe will drop into my arms.

LUCINDA.

Where the deuce is your name ?---Morelove---Dorimant--Blackacre.--Oh ! this Mr. Blackacre was a curioſity !---Not one civil word to my perſon, but all about my eſtate; and when the preſent leaſes expire, he would let it at an improved rent.

BELLFIELD.

A fellow fit only to be the ſteward of your manor.

LU-

LUCINDA.

The man was counted handſome, but I never thought ſo---a florid bloom, and a certain inſipidity that I hated---He brought me all the news---

BELLFIELD.

Ay!

LUCINDA.

Oh! all; but none that I valued; no news about the little victories this figure obtained in the world; no advices of what was ſaid about my laſt new cap; he never came with "We hear from Ranelagh that Lucinda's eyes ſcattered death and torment among the beaux laſt Friday night"-----his was all political intelligence---At ten in the morning a battle was fought, and the French loſt three Princes of the Blood, and five Mareſhalls of France.---At twelve, the news was doubtfull---At two, an expreſs arrived at the Secretary of State's office.---In the evening the victory was not quite ſo compleat, and a noble Lord was heard to ſay, if a certain General had done his duty, the ballance of Europe had been ſettled.---At night, the whole report was falſe, and there was no battle at all.

BELLFIELD.

You would have had a mere newſpaper for your huſband.

LUCINDA.

Oh! horrid! So I told him, and that whenever he was out of hand, or not beſpoke, that I ſhould order my ſervants to take him in by way of the Morning Chronicle, or the Gazetteer.

BELL-

BELLFIELD.

A pretty group of humouriſts you have collected.

LUCINDA.

Enough to furniſh out a comedy. The vain, the proud, the dull, the briſk, every ſpecies of abſurdity has been my moſt humble ſervant. But where is your name?---Oh! here---Mr. Bellfield!---

BELLFIELD.

Now bring him on the ſtage---

LUCINDA.

Condemned for looking at himſelf in the glaſs for a full half hour, while he was directing his diſcourſe to me---

BELLFIELD.

How can you run on thus? You know I have worſhipped you even to idolatry, and have offered up vows on my very knees.

LUCINDA.

But I require true devotion in your prayers. Would it not provoke the patience of a ſaint, to have a powdered fop kneel at his ſhrine, with "There's a "handſome fellow for you; mind my dreſs, Bruſ-"ſels' lace, diamond ring, ſaucy ſnuff-box, and im-"pudent face." And this too under the notion of aſking a bleſſing.

BELLFIELD.

I never knew you ſo much out: would not you have me approach you with a good conſcience? And what are the pleaſures of a good conſcience? Self-appro-

approbation. Beſides, darts and flames, and Cupid are all out of faſhion now, and therefore in plain Engliſh, I love you: I ſhall ſtudy your happineſs; and ſo let me call the parſon.

LUCINDA.

I am frightened at you: you are a very free-thinker in love: preach this doctrine to the ladies, and you will be thought an infidel. Love's religion is a ſort of popery, and requires penance, and faſting, and prayers in a language almoſt unintelligible. But you ſay your prayers in the vulgar tongue; "and ſo let me call the parſon."---

BELLFIELD.

And as ſighs, verſes, and fine things, muſt end in that at laſt, you may as well wave ceremony, for as to Careleſs,---

LUCINDA.

Careleſs! I deſire you will never mention him.--- Even from ſuch a wretch as *La Jeuenſſe*, I could hear the ſcandal he talks of me.

BELLFIELD.

Scandal of you!

LUCINDA.

An intrigue will ſerve his turn, and my character enſures him ſucceſs.

BELLFIELD.

He ſhall anſwer it to me: pronounce me unworthy of your love, if the injury is not redreſſed within this hour. [*Exit.*

LUCINDA.

---A ſcurrilous wretch!---Hey!---Mr. Bellfield gone!---Did not he talk of calling the baſe man to an account?---I hope he will not be ſo mad.---So---ſo---Mr. Careleſs this way---I believe I ſhall reſign my perſon to Bellfield in order to pique the wretch. [*Exit.*

Enter CARELESS *and* WISELY.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!---poor Sir Philip---I am glad we have got rid of him. A paſſion for dancing when the uſe of his limbs has almoſt left him! He is ſeventy, is not he?

WISELY.

Not very ſhort of it, and in high ſpirits ſtill.

CARELESS.

Spirits! he dances about the world as if he was bit by a tarantula. He has not a ſingle idea but what is derived from dancing. Aſk what ſort of a place ſuch a town is---"They have a very good "Monday night Aſſembly."---How many miles from London?---"They often dance forty couple."

WISELY.

You have him exactly.

CARELESS.

Well, but now we have a moment to ourſelves, have not I ſucceeded rarely with Hortenſia?

WISE-

WISELY.

To my aſtoniſhment.

CARELESS.

I thought ſo. Now, as you are going to town, here is a ſnuff-box with her picture in it: ſhe gave it to me as a pledge of her love: I let it fall laſt night upon the Terras, and have damaged it a little: leave it at *Deards'* as you paſs by, and order it to be mended.

WISELY.

With all my heart: let me ſee.

CARELESS.

There---is not it a beautiful picture?

WISELY.

Admirable!---This picture (*aſide*) ſhall be his ruin.

CARELESS.

But not a word, my dear fellow.---(Sir Philip *ſings*) 'Sdeath!---Sir Philip again to interrupt us. He gives a maſked ball to-night: I ſhall have ſome buſineſs upon my hands there: he little ſuſpects his lady: I could tell you a ſecret about her---

WISELY.

She is young, he is old, and you are well with her ladyſhip--

CARELESS.

Yes, I am much her in her good graces: if you ſee hereafter the likeneſs of your humble ſervant in

a boy of her's, tip me a ſmile, but keep your mind to yourſelf---Huſh! here comes Sir Philip, with St. Vitus ſtrong upon him---

Enter SIR. PHILIP FIGUREIN.

SIR PHILIP. *(in a minuet ſtep)*

I forgot to tell you, Careleſs; Mr. Wiſely, I forgot to tell you; the maſk begins at ſix in the evening.

CARELESS.

So your lady has informed me.

SIR PHILIP.

Has ſhe?---(*turning out his toes*) I recollect; ſo ſhe told me---a little *Fete Champetre* that I have deviſed---You intend to---La! loll *(ſinging and dancing)* you intend to come early---la! loll---

CARELESS.

By all means---

SIR PHILIP. *(advancing in a minuet ſtep)*

We ſhall be all gaiety, briſkneſs, and activity of ſpirit.---Mr. Wiſely, you intend to honour us?

WISELY.

I am afraid not, Sir: I have not your ſpirits---

SIR PHILIP.

(throwing back his ſhoulders, turning out his toes, and ſinking and riſing)

All owing to the exerciſe I take. I dance three thouſand miles a year.

WISE-

WISELY.

So much!

CARELESS.

More; he dances more; he danced to Italy and back again in a ſhorter time than ever was performed.

SIR PHILIP.

Yes, I was expeditious: did you never hear of it? I was reſolved to have a *cotillon* upon the continent: I was briſk in my career. I left England on the 15th of Auguſt, went over the Alps, reached Naples, ſaw the Veſuvius, and eat my Michaelmas gooſe in London.

CARELESS.

Beſides this, he goes to all the Aſſemblies within ſixty miles of London.

SIR PHILIP.

Yes, I go to all: I call it ſacrificing to the Graces. SOCRATES the philoſopher called it ſo before me.

CARELESS.

I ſhould like to ſee the old philoſopher turning out his toes.

SIR PHILIP.

The old philoſpher loved the elegant arts. And there was Scaliger---a great critic! he danced a Pyrrhic dance,---a dance well known to the ancients, ---to the aſtoniſhment of all Germany. We have his own word for it.

WISE-

WISELY.

And well they might be aſtoniſhed.

SIR PHILIP.

Why ſo, Sir, why ſo?

CARELESS.

Very true, Knight, It is a noble exerciſe---

SIR PHILIP.

Give me your hand: do you know Miſs Charlotte Cherry?

CARELESS.

She is the youngeſt daughter, is not ſhe?---

SIR PHILIP.

The ſame, Sir: juſt turned of fourteen: I danced with her at the laſt Aſſembly at Sunning Hill. Was it not bold to undertake her ſo young? I can match Hercules for labour in a country dance. I began the minuets with my Lady Portſoken: a comely, reſponſible woman my Lady Portſoken! ſhe moves a minuet like a cathedral: indeed a ſlight accident happened.

CARELESS.

What was that?

SIR PHILIP.

Why, Sir, as I was gliding along in the harmonious movement---you know my way---gliding along!---an unlucky hook in the great branch under the middle of the room took a fancy to my wig. I loſt

loſt the honours of my head, but did not know it. I moved on; the room tittered and laughed; I did not mind; loſt none of my dignity, and finiſhed my dance before I made the diſcovery.

CARELESS.

My dear Knight, an unlucky diſaſter.

SIR PHILIP.

Oh! no; nothing; a few lampoons, epigrams, and ſlight luteſtring verſes for the ſummer ſeaſon flew about: I danced on, and anſwered them out of Horace, *Nunc pede libero*---Hey! lads!

CARELESS.

Very well, Knight; an excellent repartee.

WISELY.

I think I heard ſomething of this from your daughter Harriet.

SIR PHILIP.

Ay! poor girl!---Heigho! *(ſinks and riſes)* ſhe did not live long *(turning out his toes)* never took to her dancing; it was the death of her.

WISELY.

I beg pardon for mentioning her, ſince it ſeems to grieve you ſo much.

SIR PHILIP. *(in a minuet ſtep)*

It was a great ſhock.

CARELESS.

But my favourite, your ſon, I hope is well.

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

He is at ſchool at *Stockbridge*, but he learns nothing; when he comes home, I ſhall take care of his dancing myſelf.

CARELESS.

Vive la dance, Sir Philip.

SIR PHILIP.

Ay, Sir, vive la dance. Well, you will be at the Maſk: Wiſely, I ſhall expect you: you may go to town to-morrow. Be in at the diverſions of the place, man; Careleſs, you won't fail; *Nunc pede libero*---Toll-der-a. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! was there ever ſuch a ridiculous character? But not a word of Hortenſia. You ſee it all depends upon ſecreſy. Take care of my picture; yours---I muſt follow the Knight. [*Exit.*

WISELY. *(alone)*

Yes, I ſhall take care of the picture. Succeſsful coxcomb! how could he bring her to this?

Enter BRAZEN.

BRAZEN.

The horſes are put to, and the chaiſe is waiting.

WISELY.

Very well, Brazen: they may be put up again: I ſhan't leave Windſor to-day.

BRA-

BRAZEN.

No, your Honour?

WISELY.

No: I have buſineſs for you. I have found out my rival.

BRAZEN.

Joy, Sir, victory! To know him, is to defeat him. What's his name?

WISELY.

Careleſs.

BRAZEN.

The gentleman I have heard you laugh at ſo often? I ſaw him go down ſtreet yeſterday evening: ---comely, well built, good figure!

WISELY.

Slave, villain!---(*collars him*)

BRAZEN.

For Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't ſtrangle me---

WISELY.

Raſcal! he handſome!---

BRAZEN.

That is, Sir---a little more tenderly on my wind-pipe---that is to ſay, Sir---not quite ſo hard---he ſeems at a diſtance---a little too tight ſtill---but when you are near him---that will do, Sir---he looks quite another thing, and very unpromiſing---

WISELY.

What am I doing?---The rage of jealouſy---

BRAZEN.

Lord, Sir, he will be nothing in our hands.

WISELY.

Well, raſcal, how to counterplot him?

BRAZEN.

Only think what you expect of me, Sir: to ſtop the courſe of a river, a bird in the air, or a lawyer at Weſtminſter, or thunder and lightning, or a poet repeating his own verſes, or a critic abuſing them, or---in ſhort, Sir, any one of theſe things is eaſier than to ſilence a coxcomb of wit and parts.

WISELY.

Wit and parts, villain!

BRAZEN.

Wit and parts to expoſe himſelf: no real parts.

WISELY.

To the purpoſe:---what muſt be done?

BRAZEN.

With ſubmiſſion, Sir, I am but a poor, ingenious good clever kind of a fellow, who pretend to no more than a tolerable ſhare of mother-ſenſe, to obey the happier talents of my maſter.

WISE-

WISELY.

Oh! Hortenſia, to favour this coxcomb, and ſend me a letter of diſmiſſion, in ſuch abrupt terms! (*reads*) "To liſten any longer to your addreſſes, "when I cannot comply with them, would be un- "generous. I muſt, therefore, by this letter, which "will be my laſt, wiſh you all happineſs, and freely "declare I never can be yours,---Hortenſia." I cannot loſe her thus:---a lucky thought! I'll ſend this letter under a cover directed to Careleſs.---Right! right!---and this ſnuff-box ſhall be conveyed back to Hortenſia. Well, hit off! Brazen, I have work for you.

BRAZEN.

The more the better, Sir: I love an active campaign.

WISELY.

Follow me this moment: can you procure a livery from one of Careleſs's ſervants?

BRAZEN.

I can give one of them his doſe of liquor, and then---

WISELY.

That will do: come this way: I'll give you your inſtructions: an admirable project this, to ſupplant my rival,---to alarm Hortenſia,---to throw them all into confuſion, to---This way Brazen: Hortenſia ſtill is mine.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Enter LUCINDA *and* HORTENSIA.

LUCINDA.

MY dear Hortenſia, I am aſtoniſhed at you: how can you be ſo captious?---This is carrying it too far: there is no harm in a little raillery.

HORTENSIA.

Won't you allow me to be deeper in my own ſecrets, than any body elſe can pretend to be?

LUCINDA.

By no means: we are all very ingenious in deceiving ourſelves: our paſſions wear ſo many cunning diſguiſes, we hardly know them. Spleen ſhall paſs for wit; avarice for œconomy; and the love of a man ſhall often be thought nothing more than pure friendſhip, or perhaps a mere delight in hearing our own praiſe.

HORTENSIA.

So that if I ſuffer a civil thing to be ſaid to me, the pleaſure I feel from the compliment, converts itſelf into a liking of the man's perſon.

LUCINDA.

Inſtantly, and almoſt imperceptibly to ourſelves; and when we think we are putting him off with cold delay, it is, at the bottom, but mere coquetry to draw him on the more: like playing with edge tools, till we cut ourſelves.

HOR-

HORTENSIA.

Still I am not wounded.

LUCINDA.

I'll lay you a pot of coffee you have your ſecond huſband, before I yield to the firſt.

HORTENSIA.

You will loſe: there it no room to infer any thing of this ſort from my conduct.

LUCINDA.

I beg your pardon: there is in your ſerious people a demure love of pleaſure, which we giddy creatures never come up to. We receive ſlight impreſſions, and ſlight impreſſions wear away, and evaporate in the whirl of fancy. Now you are a young widow; you grieve for the loſs of your huſband, and grief is very amorous, my dear.

HORTENSIA.

Mighty well: this rattle ſeems to pleaſe you: but let me tell you, the man who prevails with me, muſt have extraordinary merit.

LUCINDA.

There again now! another of the maſquerade habits our paſſions wear:---when you are in love with a man's perſon, you fancy it is a refined eſteem for his merit.

HORTENSIA.

O fy, Lucinda!---

Lu-

LUCINDA.

O fy, hypocrite!---I proteſt, I did not think a briſk widow ſo unlettered in matters of love.

HORTENSIA.

Oh! a few lectures on the ſubject from Mr. Careleſs will much improve a young lady's ideas.

LUCINDA.

That's right: do you know---Well,---I adore my own eaſe upon the occaſion---I forgot to tell you---Every thing is quite at an end between me and Careleſs.

HORTENSIA.

You amaze me: was not the wedding-day fixed?

LUCINDA.

Yes, I was under ſentence of matrimony, but he has ſent me a reprieve. He is going to be married to another.

HORTENSIA.

To another! no woman of delicacy would liſten to him, conſidering how far matters have been carried with you.

LUCINDA.

Oh! if there is any body ſo inclined, the diſpute between her love and her delicacy will not laſt long. ---Delicacy may talk of nice points of honour, but that will only reach the head, while every ſyllable from that ſly urchin Love, will make it's way directly to the heart; and while Delicacy is reading lectures, Love will perſuade, and ſo the buſineſs is over. But

pray,

pray, my dear, have not you heard that Careleſs and I have declared off?

HORTENSIA.

I, my dear!---I hope (*aſide*) ſhe does not ſuſpect me---no; I have heard nothing:---how can you aſk me ſuch a queſtion? I am not in a courſe of town news.

LUCINDA.

Well! let us change the ſubject. The man is not worth a moment's thought. His indiſcretion is the ſmalleſt of his faults.

HORTENSIA.

Give me your hand, Lucinda. If the falſe man deſerts you, ſhew yourſelf a girl of ſpirit upon the occaſion. To truſt him, is taking up water with a ſieve: ſo reſolve at once to look down with ſcorn both on him, and the proud beauty, who values herſelf for the conqueſt. Wiſh her joy of her bargain, and think no more about him.

Enter BRAZEN, *in a livery.*

BRAZEN.

Madam Hortenſia, my maſter preſents his compliments.

HORTENSIA.

To me!---who is your maſter?

BRAZEN.

Mr. Careleſs, Madam: upon conſulting his heart, he finds his inclinations fixed elſewhere, upon Madam Lucinda. (*bows to her*) I endeavoured to ſoften his proud heart---" Wont you conſider, Sir,

" that

« that Madam Hortenſia has privately given you « every kind of encouragement?"

LUCINDA.

How! how! how!---This is worth hearing.

BRAZEN.

Raſcal, ſays my Maſter, do as I bid you, and ſo off he bruſhed to the tune of an old ſong.

LUCINDA.

Oh! ho! ho! this is worth all the diſcoveries of all the philoſophers for a thouſand years.

HORTENSIA.

Who bribed you, Sir, to be guilty of this rudeneſs? Lucinda, I aſſure you---

LUCINDA.

And ſo, you are the happy lady?

HORTENSIA.

Nay, if you won't give me leave to ſpeak---Begone, Sir, this moment: I know nothing of your maſter.

BRAZEN.

Before I go, Madam, permit me to return the preſent you made my maſter; this ſnuff-box here, with your picture in it---

LUCINDA.

Her picture too!---let me ſee, let me ſee.

HOR-

HORTENSIA. *(ſnatches it.)*

No, Madam, it is not my picture.

BRAZEN.

Carry back her ſnuff-box, ſays he, and as I have done it a miſchief, if ſhe will get it mended, and ſend in her bill, I will pay the damage.

LUCINDA.

Oh! ho! ho! I ſhall die; I ſhall die.

HORTENSIA.

Vexation!---this abſurd man. *(aſide)*

BRAZEN.

Any commands for my maſter, Madam?

HORTENSIA.

No more of your impertinence.

BRAZEN.

So I ſhall tell my maſter, Madam---Well done Brazen; you are a great officer in this buſineſs---

[*Exit.*

LUCINDA.

The man who prevails with you, muſt have extraordinary merit---Oh! ho! ho!

HORTENSIA.

Let me tell you, there is no argument in a laugh.

LUCINDA.

Very true; I will command myſelf---Do you

know *(ſtifling a laugh)* that I was weak enough to, imagine, that no woman of delicacy *(ſtill ſtifling a laugh)*---conſidering---conſidering how far *(burſts into a laugh)* matters have been carried with me---Oh! ho ho!---

HORTENSIA.

Shame! diſtraction!---Will you liſten?

LUCINDA.

To truſt him, is taking up water with a ſieve.

HORTENSIA.

Inſupportable!---I will not ſtay to be inſulted thus---*(going)* If you will but hear me for a moment---

LUCINDA.

I can look down with ſcorn on the proud beauty---

HORTENSIA.

O very well---your ſervant!--- [*Exit.*

LUCINDA. *(alone)*

And has your Æneas left you? Poor diſconſolate Dido!---Oh! I feel my heart much lighter. Certainly, revenge is the ruling paſſion of every female breaſt: it is the ſecond paſſion at leaſt. But---ſtay---ſtay---ſtay. What is to be done?---what's to be done?---Shall I,---to complete my triumph,---give my hand to Careleſs?---Why,---Revenge ſays, Yes: but Love ſlily whiſpers,---Have not you a *ſecret tendre* for Mr. Bellfield?---I don't know what to ſay to that?---Let me examine myſelf---How ſay you my heart? *(lays her hand to her breaſt)*---You ſhall true anſwer make to all ſuch queſtions as ſhall

be

be aſked of you.---Ah!---thoſe flutterings are ſuſpicious.---Eyes, how ſay you?---We have ſeen the gentleman---But is that all? Have not you indulged in many a ſtolen glance, and have not you gazed with pleaſure on him?---It is too true:---Lips, what do you ſay?---Why the gentleman has rudely forced a kiſs, and though we forbade him---Forbid him!---don't equivocate.---Have not you been pleaſed with his rudeneſs?---Guilty---Guilty.---What ſay my hands?---When he has drawn a glove on you *(looking at one hand)*---or, when he has claſped you *(looking at her other hand)* to lead me to my coach---Ah! thoſe tremblings were a ſoft ſymptom I fear.---Ears---Oh! they were delighted with his flattery---I muſt call no more witneſſes: fairly in for it.---Well, but what muſt be done?---Hortenſia will be ſo picqued if I marry Careleſs---yes, and ſo will Careleſs, if I marry Bellfield. One match has been talked of; ſo has the other. I have coquetted on this ſide: ſo I have on that. I am in a fine condition; Revenge and Love have got poor weak woman's will between them, and they beat it about like a ſhuttle-cock, to and fro, backwards and forwards; tick, tack; and on which ſide it will fall, Heaven only knows.

Enter CARELESS.

CARELESS. *(repeating)*

Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly---

Hey! Lucinda here!---poor girl!---ſhe may now ſet her cap at me in vain.

LUCINDA.

You wretch what brings you?---Could not you ſtay till the game was out?---You have interrupted ſuch a battle about yourſelf.

CARELESS.

About me!

LUCINDA.

Yes, my head and my heart were at open war about you, but you would not let them fight it out. Well, I'll retire to ſolitude, and let them go to cuffs again. In my abſence, I ſuppoſe, my character will be finely handled by you.

CARELESS.

Madam, your character---

LUCINDA.

Is a ſtrange one; I know that is what you will ſay; have you no ſcraps and ends of verſe?

" Moſt women have no character at all."

CARELESS.

You will prove an exception to the general rule---

LUCINDA. (*repeating affectedly*)

" Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear"---

CARELESS.

Wound up, I ſee, to your uſual extravagance of ſpirit.

LUCINDA.

That's a fault that will mend you know. My ſpirits in time will be under due reſtraint, as flowers contract with the ſetting ſun.

CARE-

CARELESS.

And folly will ſtill encreaſe, as ſhadows lengthen with the ſetting ſun.

LUCINDA.

Satyrical Careleſs! But you ſhould not have ſaid that to my face. Would not that do better for your friends at the tavern? And La Jeuneſſe, the *friſeur*, would not he be a proper perſon to hear your ſecrets?

CARELESS.

La Jeuneſſe!---He has not (*aſide*) repeated any thing, I hope---Another of your wild flights! Why you mount like a pheaſant---Whur!

LUCINDA.

And do you vainly hope to bring me down?

CARELESS.

The gun of wit may reach you: take care.

LUCINDA.

But you have not eſtate enough in Parnaſſus to entitle you to kill game.

CARELESS.

You ſhine, Ma'am, and it is a pity you have not a train of beaux to edify by all this.

LUCINDA.

You frighten them away: let the fruit be ever ſo fine, the birds will not nibble, when there is a ſcarecrow at hand.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Oh! you want no aſſiſtance to diſperſe them. A lover with you has as bad a time as a poor animal in a philoſopher's air-pump: when your falſe refinements are too thin for him to ſubſiſt upon, you let in a little ſubſtantial air of common ſenſe, merely to have the pleaſure of rarifying all away again, and ſo leave a poor deluded fellow panting for his exiſtence.

LUCINDA.

By way of experiment, you know, one does a number of things---Oh!---your experiment to-day was the very beſt that ever was heard of. I muſt laugh with you, though you don't deſerve it.

CARELESS.

What are you driving at?

LUCINDA.

And your ſervant played his part with ſuch addreſs, and ſhe did ſo bite her lips with vexation.

CARELESS.

I am in a wood here: unriddle pray.

LUCINDA.

Oh!---you have ſeen her ſince, perhaps, and made up the quarrel.

CARELESS.

May I never have the fan of enraged beauty lifted to my throat, if I underſtand one word of all this.

LUCINDA.

You don't underſtand? Then I'll leave you to medi-

meditate upon it, and ſo I'll go and prepare for the Maſquerade. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

A l'honneur---How that pretty face will fret itſelf into a thouſand wrinkles, when ſhe hears of Hortenſia!

Enter BELLFIELD *and* BLUNT.

BELLFIELD.

I have been in queſt of you, Sir.

CARELESS.

What, with that that frozen face of care?

BELLFIELD.

My buſineſs is ſerious: that gentleman is in your ſecrets, and will, I ſuppoſe, be your friend upon the occaſion: chuſe your weapon, Sir.

CARELESS.

Laconic!---for what? Explain the cauſe.

BELLFIELD.

The cauſe of injured beauty, injured innocence, and violated honor.

CARELESS.

Still I am in the dark.

BELLFIELD.

Lucinda! does light break in upon you now? You choſe your companions well, when you could traduce her to ſuch a powder-puff as La Jeuneſſe.

BLUNT.

BLUNT.

I foreſaw this. (*aſide*)

CARELESS.

I am glad you are ſo well with the lady, as to become her champion.

BELLFIELD.

I have the applauſe of my own heart for it. Every honeſt man is concerned, when calumny draws a tear from the ſoft eye of injured beauty.

CARELESS.

If I have injured the lady, I beg her pardon, but ſtrike me ſtupid if I can marry her.

BELLFIELD.

The lady, Sir, is worthy of---not marry her! Why not? Explain yourſelf.

CARELESS.

Would you compel me into a marriage?

BELLFIELD.

Compel! no--'ſdeath! what am I about? (*aſide*)

CARELESS.

It is impoſſible: I am engaged to Hortenſia.

BLUNT. (*aſide*)

Fool! blockhead! madman!

BELLFIELD.

Engaged to Hortenſia?

CARE

CARELESS.

Positively, fixed, determined: the licence is sent for.

BELLFIELD.

Careless, give me your hand. Thou art an honest fellow.—I challenge you!---you have done Lucinda no injury, and so I shall tell her. Hey! here she comes, and Sir Philip, and---

Enter SIR PHILIP, LUCINDA, HORTENSIA.

SIR PHILIP. *(singing)*

Lads for shame! not ready for the Mask? Careless, I have made a new dance, since I saw you.

CARELESS.

You employ your time to advantage. Blunt, mind Hortensia: how she frowns upon me!---she carries it with discretion, does not she?

LUCINDA.

They take no notice of each other, but I will embroil them. *(aside)*---Sir Philip, Mr. Careless has so pestered me with fine things, and has talked of tender pain, and pleasing anguish, and---

BELLFIELD.

How, Careless! *(aside)*

CARELESS. *(to* BELLFIELD)

Never mind her: she is pleased to be merry.

LUCINDA.

That air of indifference! Hortenſia, the wretch was down on his knees, ſighing, vowing, and proteſting that he loved me, and only me.

HORTENSIA.

Falſe, perfidious man! (*aſide*)

LUCINDA.

Are you aſhamed of your paſſion for a fine woman?

SIR PHILIP.

Refuſe to be his partner at Sunning Hill.

HORTENSIA.

Refuſe to be his partner every where.

CARELESS.

Bleſſings on her diſcretion!---Blunt, ſhe does not pretend the leaſt regard for me. (*aſide*)

HORTENSIA.

Come, Lucinda, we ſhall be too late---the ball begins preſently. [*Exit.*

LUCINDA.

Mr. Bellfield, won't you ſquire us?

[*Exit with* Bellfield.

SIR PHILIP.

That's right; make you ready. Careleſs, diſpatch; we ſhall want you in my new dance. I heard bad

bad news, and ſo I compoſed it to dance away thought.

BLUNT.

Hang him; a troubleſome coxcomb. *(aſide)*

SIR. PHILIP.

All life; all vivacity: foot it at top, caſt off two couple, foot it at bottom, dance corners, croſs over, turn your partner, right hand and left.

(ſings and dances away)

CARELESS.

My affairs are in a fine train you ſee. We have both ſhewn our prudence.

BLUNT.

You'll be undone.

CARELESS.

Suſpicious to the laſt. Whom have we here?

Enter BRAZEN, *in a different livery.*

CARELESS.

Hortenſia's livery!---this is a meſſage from her.

BRAZEN.

Madam Hortenſia ordered me to deliver this letter into your own hands, Sir.

CARELESS.

A letter! let me preſs it cloſe. *(kiſſing it)*---

Here, friend, a reward for your diligence. (*gives him money*) You may wait an anſwer.

BRAZEN.

I dare not ſtay, Sir; ſecrecy is the word: I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

You ſee I am in high favour. And here, here is a proof of my approaching joys. (*opens the letter*) Now—now—(*reads*) cannot comply—Ungenerous—be my laſt—never—yours—(*ſtands in confuſion*)

BLUNT.

What's the matter now?

CARELESS.

I never was ſo let down in all my days.

BLUNT. (*taking the letter*)

A proof of your approaching joys! (*reads*) "*To liſten any longer to your addreſſes, when I cannot* "*comply with them, would be ungenerous. I muſt,* "*therefore, by this letter, which will be my laſt, wiſh* "*you all happineſs, and freely declare I never can be* "*yours. Hortenſia.*"——Your affairs are in a fine train!

CARELESS.

This muſt be ſome buſy intermeddler.

BLUNT.

Your own tongue has intermeddled.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Hell and confuſion!—what does all this mean? I never ſhall be able to ſhew my face: my friends will blame me, my enemies will rejoice, and every female tongue will clack, clack.—I'll meet her at the maſk: this ſhall be explained. That's what ſhe means: it will be a renewal of love: Blunt, I ſhall ſucceed ſtill. Come, our dreſſes are at hand: and from this moment not one unguarded word ſhall eſcape me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, an APARTMENT *at* SIR PHILIP'S.

Enter SIR PHILIP, WISELY, BELLFIELD.

SIR PHILIP. (*in a minuet ſtep*)

You amaze me, Mr. Wiſely. Careleſs form a deſign upon my wife!

WISELY.

The plot lies as I tell you.

SIR PHILIP. (*turning out his toes*)

This is enough to put a man out of tune.

WISELY.

Be directed by me, and you ſhall have full proof, and at the ſame time prevent the miſchief.

SIR PHILIP. (*dancing*)

I never was ſo diſconcerted in all my days.

BELL-

BELLFIELD.

Your own eyes, your own ears ſhall convince you. Wiſely (*aſide to him*) I'll ſtep and ſee if Lucinda is ready.

WISELY. (*aſide to* BELLFIELD)

Does ſhe enter with ſpirit into the ſcheme?

BELLFIELD.

Moſt chearfully: the frolick pleaſes her of all things: ſhe is dreſſed by this time.

WISELY.

Step and ſpeak to her once more. [*Exit* Bellfield] The folly of this man, Sir Philip, has put it in my power to do you this ſervice. Hark! he comes this way: I know his dreſs.

SIR PHILIP.

And here comes my wife to meet him: I know her dreſs. (*riſing and ſinking*)

WISELY.

Place yourſelf in this bow window: I'll let down the curtain: you may hear all unſeen and unſuſpected: quick, diſpatch; this will ſave you from diſhonour.

SIR PHILIP.

I ſhall be ever thankful to you.

(*walks in a minuet ſtep*)

WISE-

WISELY. *(letting down the curtain)*

Now, this is the very criſis of your fortune. So; I have ſtationed him, and now to find Hortenſia. [*Exit.*

Enter CARELESS *and* LUCINDA, *at oppoſite doors, and both maſked.*

CARELESS. (*unmaſking*)

Her Ladyſhip is true to her appointment.—My Lady Figure-In, this is generous indeed.

LUCINDA.

The ball-room is quite full. *(in a feigned voice)*

CARELESS.

We are ſafe here: nobody will come this way. You may throw off all reſtraint: let me hear the accents of your own ſweet voice.

LUCINDA.

No; I love to practiſe.

SIR PHILIP. *(peeping)*

I never knew ſuch treachery.

CARELESS.

The opportunity is now favourable to our mutual loves: you have encouraged me to hope for one kind moment, and in return I here vow eternal conſtancy and love.

SIR

SIR PHILIP. *(peeping)*

You ſhall dance to another tune preſently.

LUCINDA.

How can I believe you, when you are upon the very brink of marriage with Lucinda?

CARELESS.

Lucinda! that will never be.—Marry her! a giddy inſolent, who over-rates both her beauty and her fortune—But ſhe never was to my taſte, I aſſure you.

LUCINDA.

You have had a lucky eſcape: her character, I fear, is not without a blemiſh.

CARELESS.

Mere broken china: but ſhe patches it up, and turns the beſt ſide to view, in order to conceal the flaw.

LUCINDA.

I am glad you know her: but then, Hortenſia will ſeduce you from me.

CARELESS.

She will be of no inconvenience to our happineſs. I begin to know her too: an artful, ſly, deſigning, amorous widow: ſhe occaſioned the death of her firſt huſband, and that is no encouraging circumſtance to a ſecond.

SIR

SIR PHILIP. (*peeping*)

Such a villain never entered a gentleman's houſe.

LUCINDA.

I am very faint all of a ſudden: the heat has overpowered me: draw up that curtain, and give me a little air.

CARELESS.

(*drawing up the curtain and looking at her*)

Your Ladyſhip will be well in a moment. Sir Philip will be buſy among the maſks; he will never ſuſpect us, and if he ſhould, he will dance away his horns. He will ſacrifice to the graces. (*making faſt the ſtring, he ſees Sir Philip*) Confuſion!

[*Walks away.*

SIR PHILIP. (*following him*)

Mr. Careleſs, this is the vileſt proceeding; the baſeſt uſage, Sir;—the moſt ungenerous deſign—it ſets me all on fire. (*dancing*)

CARELESS.

I am blown: what ſhall I do now?

SIR PHILIP.

I did not think you capable of this perfidy: nor did I think your Ladyſhip ſuch a Jezabel: come, ſhew your face, Madam, and let me ſee how guilt becomes it.

LUCINDA. (*unmaſking*)

How innocence becomes it.

SIR PHILIP.

Lucinda all this time!

CARELESS.

Ay! more misfortunes. *(aſide)*

SIR PHILIP.

And my wife innocent!

LUCINDA.

Yes, ſhe is innocent: ſhe was willing to let you ſee the honour of your friend there: I am ſorry you have found a flaw in my character, Mr. Careleſs.

CARELESS.

I deſerve it all. *(aſide)*

LUCINDA.

And was you ſo kind as to flatter me with hopes? Oh! ho! ho!

Enter WISELY *and* BELLFIELD.

BOTH.

Your humble ſervant, Mr. Careleſs.

CARELESS.

A ſwarm of enemies upon me at once!

SIR PHILIP. *(dancing up to him)*

You ſee what a falſe ſtep you have made.

CARE-

CARELESS.

I ſhall take an opportunity to explain all, and for the preſent—I—(*going*)

Enter HORTENSIA *and* BLUNT.

CARELESS.

She too here! all my ill ſtars combined!

LUCINDA.

Hortenſia, here has been ſuch a diſcovery!

HORTENSIA.

I have heard it all, my dear.

CARELESS.

I cannot ſtand it:—this is not a proper time—I ſhall now take my leave—(*going*)

HORTENSIA. *(ſtopping him)*

Your preſence is neceſſary: you ſhall be witneſs to an act of juſtice: Mr. Wiſely, I acknowledge the errors of my conduct, and if my picture in this box can be acceptable—

WISELY.

Say, you give your heart with it.

CARELESS.

As to that ſnuff box, if you will but permit me to ſpeak—

HORTENSIA.

No explanations: you have betrayed me, and that determines every thing.

LUCINDA.

And Mr. Wiſely reaps the juſt reward of his ſecrecy: Mr. Careleſs, I have been a very tyrant to your friend Bellfield: my airs are too thin for a lover to ſubſiſt upon, and ſo now, I'll let in a little common ſenſe to keep him alive. (*gives her hand*)

BELLFIELD.

Thus I am bleſſed indeed.

SIR PHILIP.

Poor Careleſs! he has had his devil's dance, and now he pays the piper.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

CARELESS.

You may all laugh: I ſhall leave you in poſſeſſion of your mirth: I ſhall drop no hint of my future ſchemes: I ſhall ſet out for the country, and in a few days you may, perhaps, read in the Bath Journal—

LUCINDA.

Oh! brave! a ſieve to the very laſt.

SIR PHILIP.

The Bath Journal, did he ſay?—I have known them dance ſixty couple at Bath.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Wiſely, you have been at the bottom of all this: I deſerve it for putting myſelf in your power. Spare your reproaches, Blunt; I have been a very ſilly fellow: but ſince matters are come to this iſſue, I have the conſolation to feel,—whatever may have been my indiſcretions, that I am above a ſelfiſh and ungenerous character:—I ſcorn a baſe action as much as any man in England.

The Careleſs Indiſcreet (this day has ſhewn)
Is No Ones Enemy, Except his Own.

FINIS.

Three Weeks after Marriage;

A

COMEDY.

Three Weeks after Marriage;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

——— Otium & oppidi
Laudat rura ſui ———

HOR.

——— Nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala ——

HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following ſcenes were offered to the Public in January 1764; but a party of that ſpecies of CRITICS, whom the love of miſchief ſometimes aſſembles at the theatre, being unwilling to hear, the piece was *damned*. Mr. LEWIS, of Covent Garden Theatre, had the courage to revive it for his benefit in March 1776, with an alteration of the title, and it has been ſince frequently repeated with ſucceſs. A ſimilar incident happened to VOLTAIRE at PARIS. That writer, in the year 1734, produced a tragedy, intitled ADELAIDE DU GUESCLIN, which was hiſſed through every act. In 1765, LE KAIN, an actor of eminence, revived the play, which had lain for years under condemnation. Every ſcene was applauded. What can I think, ſays VOLTAIRE, of theſe oppoſite judgments? He relates the following anecdote. A banker at Paris had orders to get a new march compoſed for one of the regiments of Charles XII. He employed a man of talents for the purpoſe. The march was prepared, and a practice of it had at the banker's houſe before a numerous aſſembly. The muſic was found deteſtable. MOURET (that was the compoſer's name) retired with his performance, and ſoon after inſerted it in one of his operas. The banker and his friends went to the opera: the march was univerſally admired. Ah, ſays the banker, *that's what we wanted; why did not you give us ſomething in this taſte?* Sir, replied MOURET, the march, which you now applaud, is the very ſame that you condemned before.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir Charles Rackett,	Mr. Lewis.
Drugget,	Mr. Quick.
Lovelace,	Mr. Booth.
Woodley,	Mr. Young.

WOMEN.

Lady Rackett,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. Drugget,	Mrs. Pitt.
Nancy,	Miſs Dayes.
Dimity,	Mrs. Green.

Three Weeks after Marriage.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter WOODLEY *and* DIMITY.

DIMITY.

PO! po!—no ſuch thing: I tell you, Mr. Woodley, you are a mere novice in theſe affairs.

WOODLEY.

Nay, but liſten to reaſon, Mrs. Dimity: has not your maſter, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country-ſeat? has not he promiſed to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage? and with what pretence can he now break off?

DIMITY.

What pretence!—you put a body out of all patience. Go on your own way, Sir; my advice is loſt upon you.

WOODLEY.

You do me injuſtice, Mrs. Dimity. Your advice has governed my whole conduct. Have not I fixed an intereſt in the young lady's heart?

DIMITY.

An intereſt in a ſiddleſtick!—You ought to have made ſure of the father and mother. What, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by ſpeaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for?

for? That was the practice, indeed; but things are altered now. You muſt addreſs the old people, Sir; and never trouble your head about your miſtreſs. None of your letters, and verſes, and ſoft looks, and fine ſpeeches,—" Have compaſſion, thou angelic creature, on a poor dying"—Pſhaw! ſtuff! nonſenſe! all out of faſhion. Go your ways to the old curmudgeon, humour his whims—" I ſhall eſteem it an honour, Sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taſte." " Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman."——Then wheel about to the mother: " Your daughter, ma'am, is the very model of you, and I ſhall adore her for your ſake." " Here, come hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better for worſe." " La, mama, I can never conſent."—" I ſhould not have thought of your conſent: the conſent of your relations is enough: why, how now, huſſey!" So away you go to church; the knot is tied; an agreeable honey-moon follows; the charm is then diſſolved; you go to all the clubs in St. James's ſtreet; your lady goes to the Coterie; and, in a little time you both go to Doctor's Commons; the *Morning Poſt* diſplays you in black and white; *Poets Corner* treats you with a ballad or an epigram; your friends pity you; the town laughs at you; the lawyers abuſe you; and if faults on both ſides prevent a divorce, you quarrel like contrary elements all the reſt of your lives: that's the way of the world now.

WOODLEY.

But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

DIMITY.

Attention! to be ſure you did not fall aſleep in their company; but what then? You ſhould have en-

entered into their characters, play'd with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

WOODLEY.

But if my temper is too frank——

DIMITY.

Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself. Have not you to do with a rich old shopkeeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country? and yet you must find fault with his situation! What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens? you know his heart is set upon it; and could not you have commended his taste? But you must be too frank! "Those walks and alleys are too regular: those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes."—And thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monstrous, to follow nature. Oh, you are likely to be a successful lover!

WOODLEY.

But why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing-stock?

DIMITY.

Make him your father-in-law first.

WOODLEY.

Why, he can't open his windows for the dust: he stands all day, looking through a pane of glass, at the carts and stage-coaches, as they pass by, and he calls that living in the fresh air, and enjoying his own thoughts.

DIMITY.

DIMITY.

And could not you let him go on his own way? You have ruined yourſelf by talking ſenſe to him; and all your nonſenſe to the daughter won't make amends for it. And then the mother; how have you played your cards in that quarter? She wants a tinſel man of faſhion for her ſecond daughter. "Don't you ſee (ſays ſhe) how happy my eldeſt girl is made by her match with Sir Charles Rackett? She has been married three entire weeks, and not ſo much as one angry word has paſſed between them! Nancy ſhall have a man of quality too."

WOODLEY.

And yet I know Sir Charles Rackett perfectly well.

DIMITY.

Yes, ſo do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at laſt. But what then? You ſhould have humoured the old folks: you ſhould have been a talking empty fop to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taſte in gardening. But you have loſt him: he is grown fond of this beau Lovelace, who is here in the houſe with him: the coxcomb ingratiates himſelf by flattery, and you're undone by frankneſs.

WOODLEY.

And yet, Dimity, I won't deſpair.

DIMITY.

And yet you have reaſon to deſpair, a million of reaſons: to-morrow is fixed for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night;

night; they are engaged, indeed, at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithſtanding. The family is ſitting up for them; Mr. Drugget will keep you all in the next room there, till they arrive; to-morrow the buſineſs is over; and yet you don't deſpair!—Huſh! hold your tongue; here comes Lovelace, and Mr. Drugget with him; ſtep in, and I'll deviſe ſomething, I warrant you. [*Exit* Woodley.] The old folks ſhall not have their own way. It is enough to vex a body, to ſee an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they pleaſe, in ſpite of my judgment, and all I can do.

[*Exit.*

Enter DRUGGET *and* LOVELACE.

DRUGGET.

And ſo you like my houſe and gardens, Mr. Lovelace.

LOVELACE.

Oh! perfectly, Sir; they gratify my taſte of all things. Ones ſees villas where Nature reigns in a wild kind of ſimplicity: but then they have no appearance of art, no art at all.

DRUGGET.

Very true, rightly diſtinguiſhed: now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it all myſelf.

LOVELACE.

Indeed! I thought you had ſome of the great proficients in gardening to aſſiſt you.

DRUGGET.

Lackaday! no. Ha! ha! I underſtand theſe things.

things. I love my garden. The front of my houſe, Mr. Lovelace, is not that very pretty?

LOVELACE.

Elegant to a degree!

DRUGGET.

Don't you like the ſun-dial, placed juſt by my dining-room windows!

LOVELACE.

A perfect beauty!

DRUGGET.

I knew you'd like it: and the motto is ſo well adapted—*Tempus edax & index rerum.* And I know the meaning of it. Time eateth and diſcovereth all things. Ha! ha! pretty, Mr. Lovelace! I have ſeen people ſo ſtare at it as they paſs by! Ha! ha!

LOVELACE.

Why now, I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has ſuch a thing.

DRUGGET.

Oh no; they have got into a falſe taſte. I bought that bit of ground on the other ſide of the road, and now it is a perfect beauty. I made a duck-pond there, for the ſake of the proſpect.

LOVELACE.

Charmingly imagined!

DRUGGET.

My leaden images are well!

LOVE-

LOVELACE.

They exceed antient ſtatuary.

DRUGGET.

I love to be ſurprized at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full in the face, and can ſay nothing at all, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts. Ha! ha!—Mr. Lovelace, I'll point out a beauty to you. Juſt by the haw-haw, at the end of my ground, there is a fine Dutch figure, with a ſcythe in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth. That's a jewel, Mr. Lovelace!

LOVELACE.

That eſcaped me: a thouſand thanks for pointing it out. I obſerve you have two very fine yew trees before the houſe.

DRUGGET.

Lackaday, Sir! they look uncouth. I have a deſign about them. I intend—ha! ha! it will be very pretty, Mr. Lovelace—I intend to have them cut into the ſhape of the two giants at Guildhall!

LOVELACE.

Exquiſite!—Why then they won't look like trees.

DRUGGET.

No, no; not in the leaſt; I won't have any thing in my garden that looks like what it is.

LOVELACE.

Nobody underſtands theſe things like you, Mr. Drugget.

DRUGGET.

Lackaday! it's all my delight now. This is what I have been working for. I have a great improvement to make ſtill: I propoſe to have my evergreens cut into fortifications; and then I ſhall have the Moro caſtle, and the Havanna; and then near it ſhall be ſhips of myrtle, ſailing upon ſeas of box to attack the town: won't that make my place look very rural, Mr. Lovelace?

LOVELACE.

Why you have the moſt fertile invention, Mr. Drugget.

DRUGGET.

Ha! ha! this is what I have been working for. I love my garden. But I muſt beg your pardon for a few moments: I muſt ſtep and ſpeak with a famous nurſery-man, who is come to offer me ſome choice rarities. Go and join the company, Mr. Lovelace: my daughter Rackett and Sir Charles will be here preſently. I ſhan't go to bed till I ſee them. Ha! ha!—my place is prettily variegated. This is all I delight in now. I fined for Sheriff to enjoy theſe things—ha! ha! [*Exit.*

LOVELACE.

Poor Mr. Drugget! Mynheer Van Thundertentrunck, in his little box at the ſide of a dyke, has as much taſte and elegance. However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can but rob his garden of that flower; why then I ſhall ſay, "This is what I have been working for."

DIMITY.

Enter DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Do lend us your aſſiſtance, Mr. Lovelace. You are a ſweet gentleman, and love a good-natured action.

LOVELACE.

Why how now! what's the matter?

DIMITY.

My maſter is going to cut the two yew-trees into the ſhape of two devils, I believe; and my poor miſtreſs is breaking her heart for it. Do, run and adviſe him againſt it. She is your friend, you know ſhe is, Sir.

LOVELACE.

Oh, if that's all, I'll make that matter eaſy directly.

DIMITY.

My miſtreſs will be for ever obliged to you; and you will marry her daughter in the morning.

LOVELACE.

Oh, my rhetoric ſhall diſſuade him.

DIMITY.

And, Sir, put him againſt dealing with that nurſery-man; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

LOVELACE.

Does ſhe?

DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Mortally.

LOVELACE.

Say no more, the buſineſs is done. [*Exit.*

DIMITY.

If he ſays one word againſt the Giants at Guild-hall, he is undone. Old Drugget will never forgive him. My brain was at its laſt ſhift; but if this plot takes—So, here comes our Nancy.

Enter NANCY.

NANCY.

Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

DIMITY.

My ſtars! what makes you up, Miſs? I thought you were gone to bed.

NANCY.

What ſhould I go to bed for? only to tumble and toſs, and fret, and be uneaſy. They are going to marry me, and I am frighted out of my wits.

DIMITY.

Why then you are the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frightened at ſuch a thing.

NANCY.

Ah! if they would let me chuſe for myſelf.

DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Don't you like Mr. Lovelace?

NANCY.

My mama does, but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of faſhion, not I.

DIMITY.

And, pray, can you do better than to follow the faſhion?

NANCY.

Ah! I know there's a faſhion for new bonnets, and a faſhion for dreſſing the hair: but I never heard of a faſhion for the heart.

DIMITY.

Why then, my dear, the heart moſtly follows the faſhion now.

NANCY.

Does it! Pray who ſets the faſhion of the heart?

DIMITY.

All the fine ladies in London, o'my conſcience.

NANCY.

And what's the laſt new faſhion, pray?

DIMITY.

Why to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him; ſomething of a pert phraſe, a good operator for the teeth, and tolerable taylor.

NANCY.

NANCY.

And do they marry without loving?

DIMITY.

Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of faſhion.

NANCY.

Why then I'll wait till that faſhion comes up again.

DIMITY.

And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

NANCY.

Pſhaw! I don't like him: he talks to me as if he was the moſt miſerable man in the world, and the confident things looks ſo pleaſed with himſelf all the while. I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing. I ſhould not be able to bear the life my ſiſter leads with Sir Charles Rackett. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I will forfeit my new cap if they don't quarrel ſoon.

DIMITY.

Oh fie! no! they won't quarrel yet a-while. A quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be ſomewhat of the quickeſt. By and by we ſhall hear of their whims and their humours. Well, but if you don't like Mr. Lovelace, what ſay you to Mr. Woodley?

NANCY.

NANCY.

Ah!—I don't know what to ſay—but I can ſing ſomething that will explain my mind.

SONG.

I.

WHEN firſt the dear youth paſſing by,
Diſclos'd his fair form to my ſight,
I gaz'd, but I could not tell why;
My heart it went throb with delight.

II.

As nearer he drew, thoſe ſweet eyes
Were with their dear meaning ſo bright,
I trembled, and, loſt in ſurprize,
My heart it went throb with delight.

III.

When his lips their dear accents did try
The return of my love to excite,
I feign'd, yet began to gueſs why
My heart it went throb with delight.

IV.

We chang'd the ſtol'n glance, the fond ſmile,
Which lovers alone read aright;
We look'd, and we ſigh'd, yet the while
Our hearts they went throb with delight.

V.

Conſent I ſoon bluſh'd, with a ſigh
My promiſe I ventur'd to plight;
Come, Hymen, we then ſhall know why
Our hearts they go throb with delight.

Enter WOODLEY.

WOODLEY.

My ſweeteſt angel! I have heard it all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

NANCY.

Ah! but I did not know you was liſtening. You ſhould not have betrayed me ſo, Dimity: I ſhall be angry with you.

DIMITY.

Well, I'll take my chance for that. Run both into my room, and ſay all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman—make haſte away. [*Exeunt* Woodley *and* Nancy.

Enter DRUGGET.

DRUGGET.

A forward preſuming coxcomb! Dimity, do you ſtep to Mrs. Drugget, and ſend her hither.

DIMITY.

Yes, Sir;—it works upon him I ſee. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

The yew trees ought not to be cut, becauſe they'll help to keep off the duſt, and I am too near the road already. A ſorry ignorant fop! When I am in ſo fine a ſituation, and can ſee every cart, waggon, and ſtage-coach that goes by. And then to abuſe the nurſery-man's rarities! A finer ſucking pig in lavender, with ſage growing in his belly, was never ſeen! And yet he wants me not to have it. But have

have it I will.—There's a fine tree of knowledge, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's noſe not quite grown, but it's thought in the ſpring will be very forward: I'll have that too, with the ſerpent in ground ivy. Two Poets in wormwood! I'll have them both. Ay; and there's a Lord Mayor's feaſt in honey-ſuckle; and the whole court of Aldermen in hornbeam: and three modern beaux in jeſſamine, ſomewhat ſtunted: they all ſhall be in my garden, with the Dragon of Wantley in box, all, all; I'll have them all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace ſay what they will.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Did you ſend for me, lovey?

DRUGGET.

The yew-trees ſhall be cut into the giants at Guildhall, whether you will or not.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Sure my own dear will do as he pleaſes.

DRUGGET.

And the pond, though you praiſe the green banks, ſhall be walled round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, ſpouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

My ſweet, who hinders you?

DRUGGET.

Yes, and I'll buy the nurſery-man's whole catalogue. Do you think, after retiring to live all the

way here, almoſt four miles from London, that I won't do as I pleaſe in my own garden?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

My dear, but why are you in ſuch a paſſion?

DRUGGET.

I'll have the Lavender Pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em: and there ſhan't be a more romantic ſpot on the London road than mine.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

I'm ſure it is as pretty as hands can make it.

DRUGGET.

I did it all myſelf, and I'll do more. And Mr. Lovelace ſhan't have my daughter.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

DRUGGET.

He ſhall learn better manners than to abuſe my houſe and gardens. You put him in the head of it, but I'll diſappoint ye both. And ſo you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

I can't comprehend all this, not I. But I'll tell him ſo, if you pleaſe, my dear. I am willing to give myſelf pain, if it will give you pleaſure: muſt I give myſelf pain? Don't aſk me, pray don't; I can't ſupport all this uneaſineſs.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

I am reſolved, and it ſhall be ſo.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Let it be ſo then. (*cries*) Oh! oh! cruel man! I ſhall break my heart if the match is broke off. If it is not concluded to-morrow, ſend for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

DRUGGET.

How! I don't want that neither.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Oh! oh!

DRUGGET.

I am your lord and maſter, my dear, but not your executioner. Before George, it muſt never be ſaid that my wife died of too much compliance. Chear up, my love; and this affair ſhall be ſettled as ſoon as Sir Charles and Lady Rackitt arrive.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

You bring me to life again. You know, my ſweet, what an happy couple Sir Charles and his Lady are. Why ſhould not we make our Nancy as happy?

Enter DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Sir Charles and his Lady, Ma'am.

Mrs.

Mrs. DIMITY.

Oh! charming! I'm tranſported with joy! where are they? I long to ſee 'em. [*Exit.*

DIMITY.

Well, Sir; the happy couple are arrived.

DRUGGET.

Yes, they do live happy indeed.

DIMITY.

But how long will it laſt?

DRUGGET.

How long! Don't forbode any ill, you jade; don't, I ſay. It will laſt during their lives, I hope.

DIMITY.

Well, mark the end of it. Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good-humoured; but he can't bear the leaſt contradiction; no, not in the meereſt trifle.

DRUGGET.

Hold your tongue; hold your tongue.

DIMITY.

Yes, Sir, I have done; and yet there is in the compoſition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no diſturbance to the family till it ſettles in the head: when once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! But here he comes. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter SIR CHARLES.

SIR CHARLES.

My dear Sir, I kiſs your hand. But why ſtand on ceremony? To find you up at this late hour mortifies me beyond expreſſion.

DRUGGET.

'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES.

My obligations to you are inexpreſſible; you have given me the moſt amiable of girls; our tempers accord like uniſons in muſic.

DRUGGET.

Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

SIR CHARLES.

And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our ſiſter Nancy, I find.

DRUGGET.

Why my wife is ſo minded.

SIR CHARLES.

Oh, by all means, let her be made happy. A very pretty fellow Lovelace; as to that Mr.—Woodley, I think you call him—he is but a plain, underbred, ill-faſhioned ſort of a—Nobody knows him; he is not one of us. Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

I believe it muſt be ſo. Would you take any refreſhment?

SIR CHARLES.

Nothing in nature: it is time to retire to reſt.

DRUGGET.

Well, well! good night Sir Charles. Ha! here comes my daughter. Good night, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES.

Bon repos.

Enter LADY RACKET.

LADY RACKET.

Dear Sir! I did not expect to ſee you up ſo late.

DRUGGET.

My Lady Racket, I am glad to hear how happy you are: I won't detain you now. There's your good man waiting for you: good night, my girl. [*Exit.*

SIR CHARLES.

I muſt humour this old muckworm, in order to be remembered in his will. (*aſide*)

LADY RACKETT.

O la! I am quite fatigued. I can hardly move. Why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

There; take my arm—" Was ever thing ſo pretty made to walk?"

LADY RACKET.

But I won't be laughed at. (*looking tenderly at him*) I don't love you.

SIR CHARLES.

Don't you?

LADY RACKETT.

No. Dear me! this glove! why don't you help me off with my glove? Pſhaw! you aukward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about my perſon. I might as well not be married, for any uſe you are of. Reach me a chair. You have no compaſſion for me. I am ſo glad to ſit down. Why do you drag me to routs? You know I hate them.

SIR CHARLES.

Oh! there's no exiſting, no breathing, unleſs one does as other people of faſhion do.

LADY RACKETT.

But I am out of humour: I loſt all my money.

SIR CHARLES.

How much?

LADY RACKETT.

Three hundred.

SIR CHARLES.

Never fret for that. I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happineſs.

LADY RACKETT.

Don't you?—not value three hundred pounds to pleaſe me?

SIR CHARLES.

You know I don't.

LADY RACKETT.

Ah! you fond fool!—But I hate gaming: it almoſt metamorphoſes a woman into a fury. Do you know that I was frighted at myſelf ſeveral times to-night? I had an huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

SIR CHARLES.

Had ye?

LADY RACKETT.

I caught myſelf at it; but I bit my lips, and ſo I did not diſgrace myſelf. And then I was crammed up in a corner of the room with ſuch a ſtrange party at a whiſt-table, looking at black and red ſpots: did you mind them?

SIR CHARLES.

You know I was buſy elſewhere.

LADY RACKETT.

There was that ſtrange, unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightſhade: ſhe behaved ſo fretfully to her huſ-

husband, a poor, inoffenſive, good-natured, good ſort of a good for nothing kind of man: but ſhe ſo teized him—"How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and ſo has a pin—You're a numſcull, you know you are—Ma'am, he has the pooreſt head in the world, he does not know what he is about; you know you don't—Oh fye!—I'm aſhamed of you!"

SIR CHARLES.

She has ſerved to divert you, I ſee.

LADY RACKETT.

And to crown all, there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal larum about nothing, out of all ſeaſon, time, and place—In the very midſt of the game ſhe begins, "Lard, Ma'am, I was apprehenſive I ſhould not be able to wait on your La'ſhip; my poor little dog, Pompey—the ſweeteſt thing in the world,—a ſpade led!—there's the Knave—I was fetching a walk, Me'm, the other morning in the Park; a fine froſty morning it was; I love froſty weather of all things.—Let me look at the laſt trick—and ſo, Me'm, little Pompey—Oh! if your La'ſhip was to ſee the dear creature pinched with the froſt, and mincing his ſteps along the Mall, with his pretty innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—And ſo, Me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimſey—Your La'ſhip knows Captain Flimſey—Nothing but rubbiſh in my hand—I can't help it—And ſo, Me'm, five odious frights of dogs beſet my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can reſiſt five at once? And ſo Pompey barked for aſſiſtance. The hurt he received was upon his cheſt: the doctor would not adviſe him to venture out till the wound is healed, for fear of an inflammation—Pray what's trumps?

SIR CHARLES.

My dear, you'd make a moſt excellent actreſs.

LADY RACKETT.

Why don't you hand me up ſtairs? Oh!—I am ſo tired: let us go to reſt.

SIR CHARLES. *(aſſiſting her)*

You complain, and yet raking is the delight of your little heart.

LADY RACKETT.

(leaning on him as ſhe walks away)

It is you that make a rake of me. Oh! Sir Charles, how ſhockingly you played that laſt rubber, when I ſtood looking over you!

SIR CHARLES.

My love, I played the truth of the game.

LADY RACKETT.

No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong. Ah! Sir Charles, you have a head.

SIR CHARLES.

Po! nonſenſe! you don't underſtand it.

LADY RACKETT.

I beg your pardon: I am allowed to play better than you.

SIR CHARLES.

All conceit, my dear: I was perfectly right.

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

No ſuch thing, Sir Charles. How can you diſpute it? The diamond was the play.

SIR CHARLES.

Po! ridiculous! the club was the card againſt the world.

LADY RACKETT.

Oh, no, no, no, I ſay it was the diamond.

SIR CHARLES.

Zounds! Madam, I ſay it was the club.

LADY RACKETT.

What do you fly into ſuch a paſſion for?

SIR CHARLES.

Death and fury, do you think I don't know what I am about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

LADY RACKETT.

May be ſo. Have it your own way, Sir.

(walks about and ſings)

SIR CHARLES.

Vexation! You're the ſtrangeſt woman that ever lived; there's no converſing with you. Look'ye here, my Lady Rackett: it is the cleareſt caſe in the world: I'll make it plain to you in a moment.

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

Very well, Sir. To be ſure you muſt be right. (*with a ſneering laugh*)

SIR CHARLES.

Liſten to me, Lady Racket: I had four cards left. Trumps were out. The lead was mine. They were ſix—no, no, no, they were ſeven, and we nine; then you know, the beauty of the play was to—

LADY RACKETT.

Well, now it's amazing to me, that you can't perceive: give me leave, Sir Charles. Your left hand adverſary had led his laſt trump, and he had before fineſſed the club, and roughed the diamond: now if you had led your diamond—

SIR CHARLES.

Zoons! Madam, but we played for the odd trick.

LADY RACKETT.

And ſure the play for the odd trick—

SIR CHARLES.

Death and fury! can't your hear me?

LADY RACKETT.

And muſt not I be heard, Sir?

SIR CHARLES.

Zoons, hear me, I ſay. Will you hear me?

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

I never heard the like in my life.

(hums a tune, and walks about fretfully)

SIR CHARLES.

Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoick.—(*looks at her; ſhe walks about, and laughs*) Very well, Madam; you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the houſe. You know no more of whiſt than he does of gardening.

LADY RACKETT.

Go on your own way, Sir.

(*takes out a glaſs and ſettles her hair*)

SIR CHARLES.

Why then, by all that's odious, you are the moſt perverſe, obſtinate, ignorant—

LADY RACKETT.

Polite language, Sir!

SIR CHARLES.

You are, Madam, the moſt perverſe, the moſt obſtinate—you are a vile woman!

LADY RACKETT.

I am obliged to you, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

You are a vile woman, I tell you ſo, and I will never ſleep another night under one roof with you.

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

As you pleaſe.

SIR CHARLES.

Madam, it ſhall be as I pleaſe. I'll order my chariot this moment. *(going)* I know how the cards ſhould be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. *(going)*—And when your family were ſtanding behind counters, meaſuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my anceſtors, my anceſtors, Madam, were ſquandering away whole eſtates at cards; whole eſtates, my Lady Rackett. *(ſhe hums a tune, and he looks at her)* Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent. *(goes and turns back)* Will you command your temper, and liſten to me?

LADY RACKETT.

Go on, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

Can't you be cool as I am?—Lookye, my Lady Racket: thus it ſtood. The trumps being all out, it was then my buſineſs—

LADY RACKETT.

To play the diamond to be ſure.

SIR CHARLES.

Damnation! I have done with you for ever; for ever, Madam, and ſo you may tell your father. *(going)*

LADY RACKETT.

What a paſſion the gentleman is in!

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Will you let me ſpeak?

LADY RACKETT.

Who hinders you, Sir?

SIR CHARLES.

Once more then out of pure good nature—

LADY RACKETT.

Oh, Sir, I am convinced of your good nature.

SIR CHARLES.

That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

LADY RACKETT.

I am prodigiouſly obliged to you for the information. I am perfectly ſatisfied, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

It is the cleareſt point in the world. Only mind now. We were nine, and—

LADY RACKETT.

And for that reaſon, the diamond was the play. Your adverſary's club was the beſt in the houſe.

SIR CHARLES.

Why then, ſuch another fiend never exiſted. There is no reaſoning with you. It is in vain to ſay a word. Good ſenſe is thrown away upon you. I now ſee the malice of your heart. You are a baſe woman, and I part from you for ever. You may

live here with your father, and admire his fantaſtical evergreens, till you become as fantaſtical yourſelf. I'll ſet out for London this moment. Your ſervant, Madam. (*turns and looks at her*) The club was not the beſt in the houſe.

LADY RACKETT.

How calm you are!—Well, I'll go to bed. Will you come? You had better. Not come when I aſk you?—Oh! Sir Charles. (*going*)

SIR CHARLES.

That eaſe is ſo provoking. I deſire you will ſtay and hear me. Don't think to carry it in this manner. Madam, I muſt and will be heard.

LADY RACKETT.

Oh! Lud! with that terrible countenance! you frighten me away. (*runs in and ſhuts the door*)

SIR CHARLES. (*following her*)

You ſhall not fly me thus. Confuſion!—open the door—will you open it? This contempt is beyond enduring. (*walks away*) I intended to have made it clear to her, but now let her continue in her abſurdity. She is not worth my notice. My reſolution is taken. She has touched my pride, and I now renounce her for ever; yes for ever; not to return, though ſhe were to requeſt, beſeech and implore on her very knees. [*Exit.*

LADY RACKETT. (*peeping in*)

Is he gone? (*comes forward*) Bleſs me! what have I done?—I have carried this too far, I believe. I had better call him back. For the ſake of peace I'll give up the point. What does it ſignify which was

was the beſt of the play?—It is not worth quarrelling about.—How!—here he comes again.—I'll give up nothing to him. He ſhall never get the better of me: I am ruined for life, if he does. I will conquer him, and I am reſolved he ſhall ſee it.

(runs in and ſhuts the door)

SIR CHARLES. *(looking in)*

No; ſhe won't open it. Headſtrong and poſitive!—If ſhe could but command her temper, the thing would be as clear as day-light. She has ſenſe enough, if ſhe would but make uſe of it. It were pity ſhe ſhould be loſt. *(advances towards the door)* All owing to that perverſe ſpirit of contradiction.—I may reclaim her ſtill—*(peeps through the key-hole)* Not ſo much as a glimpſe of her. *(taps at the door)* Lady Rackett—Lady Rackett—

LADY RACKETT. *(within)*

What do you want?

SIR CHARLES. *(laughing affectedly)*

Come, you have been very pleaſant. Open the door: I cannot help laughing at all this.——Come, no more foolery: have done now, and open the door.

LADY RACKETT. *(within)*

Dont be ſuch a torment.

SIR CHARLES.

Will you open it?

LADY RACKETT. *(laughing)*

No—no——ho! ho!

SIR CHARLES.

Hell and confuſion! what a puppy I make of myſelf! I'll bear this uſage no longer. To be trifled with in this ſort by a falſe, treacherous — — (*runs to the door and ſpeaks through the key-hole*) The diamond was NOT the play. (*walks away as faſt as he can*) I know what I am about, (*looks back in a violent rage*) and the club was NOT the beſt in the houſe.

[*Exit.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Enter DIMITY.

DIMITY. (*laughing violently*)

OH! I ſhall die; I ſhall expire in a fit of laughing. This is the modiſh couple that were ſo happy! Such a quarrel as they have had; the whole houſe is in an uproar. Ho! ho! ho! a rare proof of the happineſs they enjoy in high life. I ſhall never hear people of faſhion mentioned again, but I ſhall be ready to crack my ſides. They were both—Ho! ho! ho! This is three weeks after marriage, I think.

Enter DRUGGET.

DRUGGET.

Hey! how! what's the matter, Dimity? What am I called down ſtairs for?

DIMITY.

Why there's two people of faſhion—
(*ſtifles a laugh*)

DRUGGET.

Why, you malapert huſſey! explain this moment.

DIMITY.

The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour. Are you ſatisfied now?

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

Ay!—what, have they quarrelled? What was it about?

DIMITY.

Something too nice and fine for my comprehenſion, and your's too, I believe. People in high life underſtand their own forms beſt. And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. *Exit.*

Enter SIR CHARLES.

SIR CHARLES. (*to the people within*)

I ſay, let the horſes be put-to this moment. So, Mr. Drugget!

DRUGGET.

Sir Charles, here's a terrible buſtle. I did not expect this. What can be the matter?

SIR CHARLES.

I have been uſed by your daughter in ſo baſe, ſo contemptuous, ſo vile a manner, that I am determined not to ſtay in this houſe to-night.

DRUGGET.

This is a thunderbolt to me! After ſeeing how elegantly and faſhionably you lived together, to find now all ſunſhine vaniſhed! Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach if poſſible.

SIR CHARLES.

Sir, it is impoſſible. I'll not live with her an hour longer.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

Nay, nay, don't be too haſty. Let me intreat you, go to bed and ſleep upon it. In the morning, when you are cool——

SIR CHARLES.

Oh, Sir, I am very cool, I aſſure you. Ha! ha! ---it is not in her power, Sir, to---a---a---to diſturb the ſerenity of my temper. Don't imagine that I'm in a paſſion. I am not ſo eaſily ruffled as you imagine. But quietly and deliberately, I can repay the injury done me by a falſe, ungrateful, deceitful woman.

DRUGGET.

The injuries done you by a falſe, ungrateful! My daughter I hope, Sir—

SIR CHARLES.

Her character is now fully known to me. I underſtand her perfectly. She is a vile woman! that's all I have to ſay, Sir!

DRUGGET.

Hey! how!---a vile woman! what has ſhe done? I hope ſhe is not capable---

SIR CHARLES.

I ſhall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget; the time and circumſtances will not allow it at preſent. But depend upon it, I have done with her. A low, unpoliſhed, uneducated, falſe, impoſing——See if the horſes are put-to.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this!

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Deliver me! I am all over in ſuch a tremble. Sir Charles, I ſhall break my heart if there is any thing amiſs.

SIR CHARLES.

Madam, I am very ſorry, for your ſake; but to live with her is impoſſible.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

My poor dear girl! what can ſhe have done?

SIR CHARLES.

What all her ſex can do: it needs no explanation: the very ſpirit of them all.

DRUGGET

Ay! I ſee how it is.---She is bringing foul diſgrace upon us. This comes of her marrying a man of faſhion.

SIR CHARLES.

Faſhion, Sir! that ſhould have inſtructed her better. She might have been ſenſible of her happineſs. Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life claims reſpect; claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raiſed in the world as ſhe has been by an alliance with me.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

And, let me tell you, however you may eſtimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

SIR CHARLES.

And, Sir, my character is dear to me. It ſhall never be in her power to expoſe me.

DRUGGET.

Yet you muſt give me leave to tell you——

SIR CHARLES.

I won't hear a word.

DRUGGET.

Not in behalf of my own daughter?

SIR CHARLES.

Nothing can excuſe her. It is to no purpoſe. She has married above her; and if that circumſtance makes the lady forget herſelf, ſhe at leaſt ſhall ſee that I can, and will ſupport my own dignity.

DRUGGET.

But, Sir, I have a right to aſk—

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Patience, my dear, be a little calm.

DRUGGET.

Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience. I muſt and will enquire.

Mrs. Drugget.

Don't be ſo haſty, my love; have ſome reſpect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his faſhion.

Drugget.

Hold your tongue, woman, I ſay: hold your tongue. You are not a perſon of faſhion at leaſt. My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir Charles.

I have found her out.

Drugget.

Oh! then its all over, and it does not ſignify arguing about it.

Mrs. Drugget.

That ever I ſhould live to ſee this hour! How the unfortunate girl could take ſuch wickedneſs in her head, I can't imagine. I'll go and ſpeak to the unhappy creature this moment. [*Exit.*

Sir Charles.

She ſtands detected now: detected in her trueſt colours.

Drugget.

Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumſtances of this unhappy buſineſs.

Sir Charles.

Mr. Drugget, I have not leiſure now. Her behaviour has been ſo exaſperating, that I ſhall make the beſt

beſt of my way to town. My mind is fixed. She ſees me no more, and ſo, your ſervant, Sir. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

What a calamity has here befallen us! A good girl, and ſo well diſpoſed! But the evil communication of high life, and faſhionable vices, turned her heart to folly.

Enter LOVELACE.

LOVELACE.

Joy! joy! Mr. Drugget, I give you joy.

DRUGGET.

Don't inſult me, Sir; I deſire you won't.

LOVELACE.

Inſult you, Sir! Is there any thing inſulting, my dear Sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on the approaching——

DRUGGET.

There! there! the manners of high life for you! He wiſhes me joy on the approaching ruin of my daughter. She is to be in the faſhion! Mr. Lovelace, you ſhall have no daughter of mine.

LOVELACE.

My dear Sir, never bear malice. I have reconſidered the thing, and curſe catch me, if I don't think your notion of the Guildhall giants, and the court of Aldermen in hornbeam——

DRUGGET.

Well! well! well! there may be people at the court end of the town in hornbeam too.

LOVELACE.

Yes, faith, ſo there may; and I believe I could help you to a tolerable collection. However, with your daughter I am ready to venture.

DRUGGET.

But I am not ready. I'll not venture my girl with you. No more daughters of mine ſhall have their minds depraved by polite vices.

LOVELACE.

Strike me ſtupid, if I underſtand one word of all this.

Enter WOODLEY.

DRUGGET.

Mr. Woodley, you ſhall have Nancy to your wife, as I promiſed you: take her to-morrow morning.

WOODLEY.

Sir, I have not words to expreſs——

LOVELACE,

What the devil is the matter with the old haberdaſher now?

DRUGGET.

And hark ye, Mr. Woodley; I'll make you a preſent for your garden, of a coronation dinner in greens,

greens, with the champion riding on horſeback, and the ſword will be full grown before April next.

WOODLEY.

I ſhall receive it, Sir, as your favour.

DRUGGET.

Ay, ay! I ſee my error in wanting an alliance with great folks. I had rather have you, Mr. Woodley, for my ſon-in-law, than any courtly fop of 'em all. Is this man gone? Is Sir Charles Rackett gone?

WOODLEY.

Not yet: he makes a bawling yonder for his horſes. I'll ſtep and call him to you. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

Do ſo; do ſo, Mr. Woodley. I am out of all patience. I am out of my ſenſes. I muſt ſee him once more. Mr. Lovelace, neither you nor any perſon of faſhion, ſhall ruin another child of mine. [*Exit.*

LOVELACE.

Droll this! damn'd droll! And every ſyllable of it Greek to me. The queer old putt is as whimſical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the caſe, I ſhall bruſh, and leave him to his exotics. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY RACKETT, MRS. DRUGGET, *and* DIMITY.

LADY RACKETT.

A cruel, barbarous man! to quarrel in this unaccountable

countable manner; to alarm the whole houſe, and to expoſe me and himſelf too.

Mrs. Drugget.

Oh! child! I never thought it would have come to this. Your ſhame will not end here; it will be all over St. James's pariſh by to-morrow morning.

Lady Racket.

Well, if it muſt be ſo, there is one comfort ſtill: the ſtory will tell more to his diſgrace than mine.

Dimity.

As I'm a ſinner, and ſo it will, Madam. He deſerves what he has met with.

Mrs. Drugget.

Dimity, don't you encourage her. You ſhock me to hear you ſpeak ſo. I did not think you had been ſo hardened.

Lady Rackett.

Hardened do you call it? I have lived in the world to very little purpoſe, if ſuch trifles as theſe are to diſturb my reſt.

Mrs. Drugget.

You wicked girl! do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falſehood to your huſband's bed?

Lady Rackett.

How!—— (*turns ſhort, and ſtares at her*)

Dimity.

That! that's a mere trifle indeed. I have been in

as

as good places as any body, and not a creature minds it now.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

My Lady Rackett, my Lady Rackett, I never could think to ſee you come to this deplorable ſhame.

LADY RACKETT.

Surely the baſe man has not been capable of laying any thing of that ſort to my charge? (*aſide*) All this is unaccountable to me—ha! ha!—it is ridiculous beyond meaſure.

DIMITY.

That's right, Madam: laugh at it; you ſerved him right.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Charlotte! Charlotte! I'm aſtoniſhed at your wickedneſs.

LADY RACKETT.

Well, I proteſt and vow I don't comprehend all this. Has Sir Charles accuſed me of any impropriety in my conduct?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Oh! too true, he has: he has found you out, and you have behaved baſely, he ſays.

LADY RACKETT.

Madam!

Mrs. Drugget.

You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your ſex, he ſays; and he is reſolved to come to a ſeparation directly.

Lady Rackett.

Why then if he is ſo baſe a wretch as to diſhonour me in that manner, his heart ſhall ache before I live with him again.

Dimity.

Hold to that, Ma'am, and let his head ache into the bargain.

Mrs. Drugget.

Your poor father heard it as well as I.

Lady Rackett.

Then let your doors be open for him this very moment; let him return to London. If he does not, I'll lock myſelf up, and the falſe one ſhan't approach me, though he were to whine on his knees at my very door. A baſe, injurious man! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Drugget.

Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what ſhe has to ſay for herſelf. [*Exit.*

Dimity.

She has excuſe enough I warrant her. What a noiſe is here indeed! I have lived in polite families, where there was no ſuch buſtle made about nothing. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* DRUGGET.

SIR CHARLES.

It is in vain, Sir, my reſolution is taken.

DRUGGET.

Well, but conſider, I am her father. Indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to ſay in her defence.

SIR CHARLES.

She can have nothing to ſay: no excuſe can palliate ſuch behaviour.

DRUGGET.

Don't be too poſitive: there may be ſome miſtake.

SIR CHARLES.

No, Sir, no; there can be no miſtake. Did not I ſee her, hear her myſelf?

DRUGGET.

Lackaday! then I am an unfortunate man!

SIR CHARLES.

She will be unfortunate too: with all my heart. She may thank herſelf. She might have been happy, had ſhe been ſo diſpoſed.

DRUGGET.

Why truly, I think ſhe might.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

I wiſh you would moderate your anger a little, and let us talk over this affair with temper. My daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

SIR CHARLES.

Denies it! denies it!

Mrs. DRUGGET.

She does indeed.

SIR CHARLES.

And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

She vows that you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

SIR CHARLES.

She does not allow it to be wrong then! Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly. I have found her out: I am now acquainted with her character. I am to be deceived no more.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Then you are in oppoſite ſtories. She ſwears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl ſwears ſhe never was guilty of the ſmalleſt infidelity to her huſband in her born days.

SIR CHARLES.

And what then? What if ſhe does ſay ſo?

Mrs.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

And if ſhe ſays truly, it is hard her character ſhould be blown upon without juſt cauſe.

SIR CHARLES.

And is ſhe therefore to behave ill in other reſpects? I never charged her with infidelity to me, Madam: there I allow her innocent.

DRUGGET.

And did not you charge her then?

SIR CHARLES.

No, Sir, I never dreamt of ſuch a thing.

DRUGGET.

Why then, if ſhe is innocent, let me tell you, you are a ſcandalous perſon.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Prithee, my dear—

DRUGGET.

Be quiet; though he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it. Did not I fine for ſheriff?—Yes, you are a ſcandalous perſon to defame an honeſt man's daughter.

SIR CHARLES.

What have you taken into your head now?

DRUGGET.

You charged her with falſehood to your bed.

SIR CHARLES.

No—never—never.

DRUGGET.

I ſay you did.

SIR CHARLES.

And I ſay no, no.

DRUGGET.

But I ſay you did; you called yourſelf a cuckold. Did not he, wife?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Yes, Lovey, I am witneſs.

SIR CHARLES.

Abſurd! I ſaid no ſuch thing.

DRUGGET.

But I aver you did.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

You did, indeed, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

But I tell you no, poſitively no.

DRUGGET *and* Mrs. DRUGGET.

And I ſay, yes, poſitively yes.

SIR CHARLES.

'Sdeath, this is all madneſs.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

You ſaid that ſhe followed the ways of moſt of her ſex.

SIR CHARLES.

I ſaid ſo, and what then?

DRUGGET.

There he owns it; owns that he called himſelf a cuckold, and without rhyme or reaſon into the bargain.

SIR CHARLES.

I never owned any ſuch thing.

DRUGGET.

You owned it even now—now—now—now—

Mrs. DRUGGET.

This very moment.

SIR CHARLES.

No, no; I tell you, no.

DRUGGET.

This inſtant.—Prove it: make your words good: ſhew me your horns, and if you can't, it is worſe than ſuicide to call yourſelf a cuckold, without proof.

Enter DIMITY. (*in a fit of laughing*)

DIMITY.

What do you think it was all about? Ha! ha! the whole ſecret is come out, ha! ha! It was all about a game of cards—Ho! ho! ho!

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

A game of cards!

DIMITY. (*laughing*)

It was all about a club and a diamond. (*runs out laughing*)

DRUGGET.

And was that all, Sir Charles?

SIR CHARLES.

And enough too, Sir.

DRUGGET.

And was that what you found her out in?

SIR CHARLES.

I can't bear to be contradicted, when I am clear that I am in the right.

DRUGGET.

I never heard of ſuch a heap of nonſenſe in all my life. Woodley ſhall marry Nancy.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Don't be in a hurry, my love, this will all be made up.

DRUGGET.

Why does he not go and beg her pardon then?

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

I beg her pardon! I won't debaſe myſelf to any of you. I ſhan't forgive her, you may reſt aſſured. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

Now there, there's a pretty fellow for you.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

I'll ſtep and prevail on my Lady Rackett to ſpeak to him: all this will be ſet right. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

A ridiculous fop! I am glad it is no worſe, however.—He muſt go and talk ſcandal of himſelf, as if the town did not abound with people ready enough to take that trouble off his hands.

Enter NANCY.

DRUGGET.

So, Nancy—you ſeem in confuſion, my girl!

NANCY.

How can one help it, with all this noiſe in the houſe? And you are going to marry me as ill as my ſiſter. I hate Mr. Lovelace.

DRUGGET.

Why ſo, child?

NANCY.

I know theſe people of quality deſpiſe us all out of

of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

DRUGGET.

The girl's right,

NANCY.

They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themſelves.

DRUGGET.

And then quarrel about a card.

NANCY.

I don't want to be a gay lady. I want to be happy.

DRUGGET.

And ſo you ſhall: don't fright yourſelf, child. Step to your ſiſter, bid her make herſelf eaſy: go, and comfort her, go.

NANCY.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

I'll ſtep and ſettle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment. *Exit.*

Scene, another Apartment,

SIR CHARLES, *with a pack of cards, at a table.*

SIR CHARLES.

Never was any thing like her behaviour. I can pick

pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then tis as plain as the ſun.—There—there—now—there—no—damn it—no—there it was—now let me ſee—They had four by honours and we play'd for the odd trick,—damnation! honours were divided---ay!---honours were divided and then a trump was led, and the other ſide had the---confuſion!---this prepoſterous woman has put it all out of my head [*Puts the Cards into his Pocket.*] Mighty well, Madam; I have done with you.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Sir Charles, let me prevail. Come with me and ſpeak to her.

SIR CHARLES.

I don't deſire to ſee her face.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

If you were to ſee her all bath'd in tears, I am ſure it would melt your very heart.

SIR CHARLES.

Madam it ſhall be my fault if ever I am treated ſo again. I'll have nothing to ſay to her [*Going, ſtops.*] Does ſhe give up the point?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

She does, ſhe agrees to any thing.

SIR CHARLES.

Does ſhe allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Juſt as you pleaſe: ſhe is all ſubmiſſion.

SIR CHARLES.

Does ſhe own that the club was not the beſt in the houſe?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

She does; ſhe is willing to own it.

SIR CHARLES.

Then I'll ſtep and ſpeak to her. I never was clearer in any thing in my life.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now, and then they'll be as happy as ever.

[*Exit.*

Enter NANCY.

NANCY.

Well! they may talk what they will of taſte, and genteel life; I don't think it's natural. Give me Mr. Woodley---La! that odious thing coming this way.

Enter LOVELACE.

LOVELACE.

My charming little innocent, I have not ſeen you theſe three hours.

NANCY.

NANCY.

I have been very happy theſe three hours.

LOVELACE.

My ſweet angel, you ſeem diſconcerted. And you neglect your pretty figure. No matter for the preſent; in a little time I ſhall make you appear as graceful and as genteel as your ſiſter.

NANCY.

That is not what employs my thoughts, Sir.

LOVELACE.

Ay! but my pretty little dear, that ſhou'd engage your attention. To ſet off and adorn the charms that nature has given you, ſhould be the buſineſs of your life.

NANCY.

But I have learnt a new ſong that contradicts what you ſay, and though I am not in a very good humour for ſinging, yet you ſhall hear it.

LOVELACE.

By all means; don't check your fancy: I am all attention.

NANCY.

It expreſſes my ſentiments, and when you have heard them, you won't teize me any more.

SONG.

I.

TO dance, and to dreſs, and to flaunt it about,
To run to park, play, to aſſembly and rout;
To wander for ever in whim's giddy maze,
And one poor hair torture a million of ways;
To put at the glaſs every feature to ſchool,
And practiſe their art on each fop and each fool;
Of one thing to think, and another to tell,
Theſe, theſe are the manners of each giddy belle.

II.

To ſmile, and to ſimper, white teeth to diſplay;
The time in gay follies to trifle away;
Againſt ev'ry virtue the boſom to ſteel,
And only of dreſs the anxieties feel;
To be at Eve's ear the inſidious decoy,
The pleaſure ne'er taſte, but the miſchief enjoy;
To boaſt of ſoft raptures they never can know,
Theſe, theſe are the manners of each giddy beau.

[*Exit.*

LOVELACE.

I muſt have her, notwithſtanding this: for tho' I am not in love, I am moſt confoundedly in debt.

Enter DRUGGET.

DRUGGET.

So, Mr. Lovelace! any news from above ſtairs? Is this abſurd quarrel at an end? Have they made it up?

LOVELACE.

Oh! a mere bagatelle, Sir: theſe little fracas among

mong the better ſort of people never laſt long: elegant trifles cauſe elegant diſputes, and we come together elegantly again; as you ſee; for here they come, in perfect good humour.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* LADY RACKETT.

SIR CHARLES.

Mr. Drugget, I embrace you; you ſee me in the moſt perfect harmony of ſpirits.

DRUGGET.

What, all reconciled again?

LADY RACKETT.

All made up, Sir. I knew how to bring the gentleman to a ſenſe of his duty. This is the firſt difference, I think, we ever had, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES.

And I'll be ſworn it ſhall be the laſt.

DRUGGET.

I am happy now, as happy as a fond father can wiſh. Sir Charles, I can ſpare you an image to put on the top of your houſe in London.

SIR CHARLES.

Infinitely oblig'd to you.

DRUGGET.

Well! well! It's time to retire: I am glad to ſee you reconciled; and now I wiſh you a good night, Sir Charles. Mr. Lovelace, this is your way. Fare ye well

well both. I am glad your quarrels are at an end: this way Mr. Lovelace.

[*Exeunt* Drugget and Lovelace.

LADY RACKETT.

Ah! you are a ſad man, Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done.

SIR CHARLES.

My dear, I grant it: and ſuch an abſurd quarrel too--- ha! ha!

LADY RACKETT.

Yes---ha! ha!--- about ſuch a trifle.

SIR CHARLES.

It is pleaſant how we could both fall into ſuch an error. Ha! ha!---

LADY RACKETT.

Ridiculous beyond expreſſion! Ha! ha!

SIR CHARLES.

And then the miſtake your father and mother fell into!

LADY RACKETT.

That too is a diverting part of the ſtory. Ha! ha---But, Sir Charles, muſt I ſtay and live with my father tell I grow as fantaſtical as his own evergreens!

SIR CHARLES.

Nay, prithee don't remind me of my folly.

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

Ah! my relations were all ſtanding behind counters, ſelling Whitechapel needles, while your family were ſpending great eſtates.

SIR CHARLES.

Spare my bluſhes: you ſee I am covered with confuſion.

LADY RACKETT.

How could you ſay ſo indelicate a thing? I don't love you.

SIR CHARLES.

It was indelicate; I grant it.

LADY RACKETT.

Am I a vile woman?

SIR CHARLES.

How can you, my angel?

LADY RACKETT.

I ſhan't forgive you! I'll have you on your knees for this. (*Sings and plays with him.*)—"Go, naughty man."—Ah! Sir Charles!

SIR CHARLES.

The reſt of my life ſhall aim at convincing you how ſincerly I love you.

LADY RACKETT. (*Sings*)

"Go, naughty man, I can't abide you"—Well! come

come, let us go to reſt. *(Going.)* Ah, Sir Charles! now it's all over, the diamond was the play.

SIR CHARLES.

Oh no, no, no; now that one may ſpeak, it was the club indeed.

LADY RACKETT.

Indeed, my love, you are miſtaken.

SIR CHARLES.

You make me laugh; but I was not miſtaken: rely upon my judgement.

LADY RACKETT.

You may rely upon mine: you was wrong.

SIR CHARLES. *(laughing.)*

Po! no, no, no ſuch thing.

LADY RACKETT. *(laughing.)*

But I ſay, yes, yes, yes.

SIR CHARLES.

Oh! no, no; it is too ridiculous; don't ſay any more about it, my love.

LADY RACKETT. *(toying with him.)*

Don't you ſay any more about it: you had better give it up, you had indeed.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Your honour's cap and ſlippers.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Lay down my cap, and here take theſe ſhoes off. (*He takes 'em off, and leaves 'em at a diſtance.*) Indeed, my Lady Rackett, you make me ready to expire with laughing. Ha! ha!

LADY RACKETT.

You may laugh, but I am right notwithſtanding.

SIR CHARLES.

How can you ſay ſo?

LADY RACKETT.

How can you ſay otherwiſe?

SIR CHARLES.

Well now mind me, my Lady Rackett, we can now talk of this matter in good humour: we can diſcuſs it coolly.

LADY RACKETT.

So we can—and it is for that reaſon I venture to ſpeak to you. Are theſe the ruffles I bought for you?

SIR CHARLES.

They are, my dear.

LADY RACKETT.

They are very pretty. But indeed you played the card wrong.

SIR CHARLES.

Po, there is nothing ſo clear, if you will but hear me; only hear me.

LADY RACKETT.

Ah! but do you hear me. The thing was thus. The adverſary's club being the beſt in the houſe—

SIR CHARLES.

No, no, liſten, to me: the affair was thus: Mr. Jenkins having never a club left—

LADY RACKETT.

Mr. Jenkins fineſſed the club.

SIR CHARLES. *(peeviſhly)*
How can you?

LADY RACKETT.
And trumps being all out——

SIR CHARLES.
And we playing for the odd trick——

LADY RACKETT.
If you had minded your game——

SIR CHARLES.
And the club being the beſt——

LADY RACKETT.
If you had led your diamond——

SIR CHARLES.
Mr. Jenkins would of courſe put on a [illegible]

LADY RACKETT.
And ſo the odd trick was ſure.

(both ſpeaking very faſt, and together.)

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Damnation! will you let me ſpeak?

LADY RACKETT.

Well, to be ſure, you are the ſtrangeſt man.

SIR CHARLES.

Plague and torture! there is no ſuch thing as converſing with you.

LADY RACKETT.

Very well, Sir, fly out again.

SIR CHARLES.

Look here now: here is a pack of cards. Now you ſhall be convinced.

LADY RACKETT.

You may talk till to-morrow, I know I am right. (*walks about.*)

SIR CHARLES.

Why then, by all that's perverſe, you are the moſt headſtrong—Can't you look here? here are the very cards.

LADY RACKETT.

Go on; you'll find it out at laſt.

SIR CHARLES.

Will you hold your tongue, or not? will you let me ſhew you?—Po! it's all nonſenſe. (*puts up the cards*) Come, let us go to bed. (*going*) Only ſtay one mo-

ment. (*Takes out the cards*) Now command yourſelf, and you ſhall have demonſtration.

LADY RACKETT.

It does not ſignify, Sir,. Your head will be clearer in the morning. I chuſe to go to bed.

SIR CHARLES.

Stay and hear me,-can't you?

LADY RACKETT.

No; my head aches. I am tired of the ſubject.

SIR CHARLES.

Why then, damn the cards. There, and there, and there. (*throwing them about the room*) You may go to bed by yourſelf. Confuſion ſeize me, if I ſtay here to be tormented a moment longer. (*Putting on his ſhoes.*)

Enter DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Did you call, Sir?

SIR CHARLES.

No; never, never, Madam.

DIMITY. (*in a fit of laughing*)

At it again!

LADY RACKETT.

Take your own way, Sir.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Now then I tell you once more, you are a vile woman.

DIMITY.

Law, Sir!—This is charming; I'll run and tell the old couple. [*Exit.*

SIR CHARLES. (*ſtill putting on his ſhoes.*)

You are the moſt malicious, poſitive, nonſenſical—

LADY RACKETT.

Don't make me laugh again, Sir Charles. (*walks and ſings.*)

SIR CHARLES.

Hell and the devil! will you ſit down quietly and let me convince you?

LADY RACKETT.

I don't chuſe to hear any more about it.

SIR CHARLES.

Why then I believe you are poſſeſſed. It is in vain to talk ſenſe and reaſon to you.

LADY RACKETT.

Thank you for your compliment, Sir—Such a man! (*with a ſneering laugh.*) I never knew the like of this. (*Sits down.*

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

I promiſe you, you ſhall repent of this uſage, before you have a moment of my company again. It ſhan't be in a hurry you may depend, Madam—Now ſee here — I can prove it to a demonſtration *(ſits down by her, ſhe gets up.)* Look ye there again now: the very devil muſt be in your temper. I wiſh I had never ſeen your face. I wiſh I was a thouſand miles off. Sit down but one moment.

LADY RACKETT.

I am diſpos'd to walk Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

Why then may I periſh if ever—a blockhead, an ideot I was to marry. *(walks about.)* ſuch provoking impertinence! *(She ſits down.)* Damnation! I am ſo clear in the thing. She is not worth my notice—*(Sits down, turns his back, and looks uneaſy.)* I'll take no more pains about it. *(Pauſes for ſome time, then looks at her.)* Is it not very ſtrange, that you wont hear me?

LADY RACKETT.

Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

SIR CHARLES

Very well then, very well; you remember how the game ſtood. *(draws his chair near her.*

LADY RACKETT.

I wiſh you would untie my necklace, it hurts me.

SIR CHARLES.

Why, can't you liſten?

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

I tell you it hurts me terribly.

SIR CHARLES.

Death and confuſion! *(moves his chair away.)* there is no bearing this. *(looks at her angrily)* It won't take a moment, if you will but liſten. *(moves towards her)* Can't you ſee, that by forcing the adverſary's hand, Mr. Jenkins would be obliged to—

LADY RACKETT.

(Moving her chair away from him.)

Mr. Jenkins had the beſt club, and never a diamond left.

SIR CHARLES. *(riſing)*

Diſtraction! Bedlam is not ſo mad. Be as wrong as you pleaſe, Madam. May I never hold four by honours, may I loſe every thing I play for, may fortune eternally forſake me, if I endeavour to ſet you right again.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. DRUGGET, WOODLEY, LOVELACE, *and* NANCY.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Gracious! what's the matter now?

LADY RACKETT.

Such another man does not exiſt. I did not ſay a word to the gentleman, and yet he has been raving about the room, and ſtorming like a whirlwind.

DRU-

DRUGGET.

And about a club again! I heard it all. Come hither, Nancy; Mr. Woodley, ſhe is yours for life.

MRS. DRUGGET.

My dear, how can you be ſo paſſionate?

DRUGGET.

It ſhall be ſo. Take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

WOODLEY.

My whole life ſhall be devoted to her happineſs

LOVELACE.

The devil! and ſo I am to be left in the lurch in this manner, am I?

LADY RACKETT.

Oh! this is only one of thoſe polite diſputes which people of quality, who have nothing elſe to differ about, muſt always be liable to. This will be made up to morrow.

DRUGGET.

Never tell me: it is too late now. Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care. I ſhall have nothing now to think of, but my greens, and my images, and my ſhrubbery. Though, mercy on all married folks, ſay I!—for theſe wranglings are, I am afraid, What they muſt all come to.

LADY

LADY RACKETT. (*comes forward.*)

WHAT we muſt all come to? What? Come to what?
Muſt broils and quarrels be the marriage lot?
If that's the wiſe, deep meaning of our poet,
The man's a fool! a blockhead! and I'll ſhew it.

What could induce him in an age ſo nice,
So fam'd for virtue, ſo refin'd from vice,
To form a plan ſo trivial, falſe, and low?
As if a belle could quarrel with a beau:
As if there were in theſe thrice happy days,
One who from nature, or from reaſon ſtrays!
There's no croſs huſband now; no wrangling wife,
The man is downright ignorant of life.

'Tis the millennium this: devoid of guile,
Fair gentle Truth, and white rob'd Candour ſmile.
From every breaſt the ſordid love of gold
Is baniſh'd quite; no boroughs now are ſold!
Pray tell me, Sirs—(for I don't know, I vow,)
Pray, is there ſuch a thing as Gaming now?
Do peers make laws againſt that giant Vice,
And then at Arthur's break them in a trice?
No, no; our lives are virtuous all, auſtere and hard;
Pray, ladies—do you ever ſee a card?
Thoſe empty boxes ſhew you don't love plays;
The managers, poor ſouls! get nothing now a days.
If here you come—by chance—but once a week,
The pit can witneſs that you never ſpeak.
Penſive Attention ſits with decent mien;
No paint, no naked ſhoulders to be ſeen!

And yet this grave, this moral, pious age,
May learn one uſeful leſſon from the ſtage.

Shun ſtrife, ye fair, and once a conteſt o'er,
Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more.
From fierce debate fly all the tender loves,
And Venus cries, "coachman, put-to my doves."
The genial bed no blooming Grace prepares,
"And ev'ry day ſhall be a day of cares."

End of the SECOND VOLUME.

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